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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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"A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

How the generous endowment of the Carnegie Gallery has brought Pittsburgh forward as a center of American art—Pictures and picture notes of the day.

A GROWING ART CENTER.

The material incentives offered last year to American artists by the management of the Carnegie Art Gallery in

Pittsburgh are repeated this season, with some modifications. Though the first and second prizes of \$5,000 and \$3,000 have been reduced to \$3,000 and \$1,000,



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"WAR AND SENTIMENT."

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"GAITY."

From the painting by A. Piot, by permission of Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co.

the total amount to be distributed reaches the very respectable sum of seven thousand dollars—much more, probably, than will be awarded at any other exhibition.

This particular "department of fine arts" is drawing deserved attention to the great iron city of Pennsylvania, and the possibilities lurking in Mr. Carnegie's

millions seem golden to many a struggling native artist. Pittsburgh and its industries made Mr. Carnegie's wealth, and he has often said that he would make the city of his labors the center of American art. No other gallery or art department in the United States offers prizes so liberally, though many profess as their



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"A ROMAN HOLIDAY."

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"BUTTERFLY DAYS."

From the painting by N. Prescott-Davies—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

object "the founding of a collection that will represent American art."

A WOMAN ARTIST'S IDEA OF LIFE.

M. Pierre du Mont, the French art critic, has expressed his opinion of woman's artistic limitations:

"Women who are professional artists have their specialties. They can paint flowers, still nature, occasionally a landscape and portraits, but they waste their time when they attempt historical subjects or great decorative themes."

M. du Mont voices the national opinion



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"IN ROMNEY'S STUDIO."

From the painting by W. A. Breakspear—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"LIFE."

From the painting by Eva Withrow.

in these words, and yet Miss Withrow's life size figure "Life" won universal praise in the French capital when it was exhibited at the Salon. There were expressions of surprise that a woman should attempt such an ambitious piece of ideal work, but that she had succeeded in her

undertaking was admitted by all the critics. The suggestion of "Life" enveloped in mist, pursuing evanescent bubbles over a shimmering mirror, is beautifully conceived and admirably carried out in her painting, which is reproduced on page 328.



WHEN DOROTHY GOES TO SKATE.

Oh, the wind goes capering to and fro,
The leaf imps dance at the gate,
The ice gems glow on the breast of the snow,
When Dorothy goes to skate!

Oh, the gleaming stream is a charmèd land
Where love wrought raptures wait,
And I take command as I clasp her hand,
When Dorothy goes to skate!

Oh, the sky gains a glint of tenderness,
And it seems like tempting fate
That a wind swept tress meets my lips' caress
When Dorothy goes to skate!

Oh, the blue of her eyes, where the lovelight lies,
As I pilot my precious freight
O'er a path of ice into paradise,
When Dorothy goes to skate!

Ethel M. Kelley.



JUDGING THE PONY CLASS AT LONG BRANCH.

THE MODERN HORSE SHOW.

The great displays that set the standards of "good form" for the world of horses and horsemen—Characteristic scenes at some of the famous shows at which wealth and fashion gather to admire and to be admired.

THE modern horse show is an achievement to which society can point with pride; for it is society that has developed the old time county fair into the dignity and splendor of the equine exhibitions which have become, during recent years, an established American institution. Besides their commercial importance—and the horse is so important a part of contemporary life that whole industries center about him—these displays have served several more or less practical purposes. They give fashion a

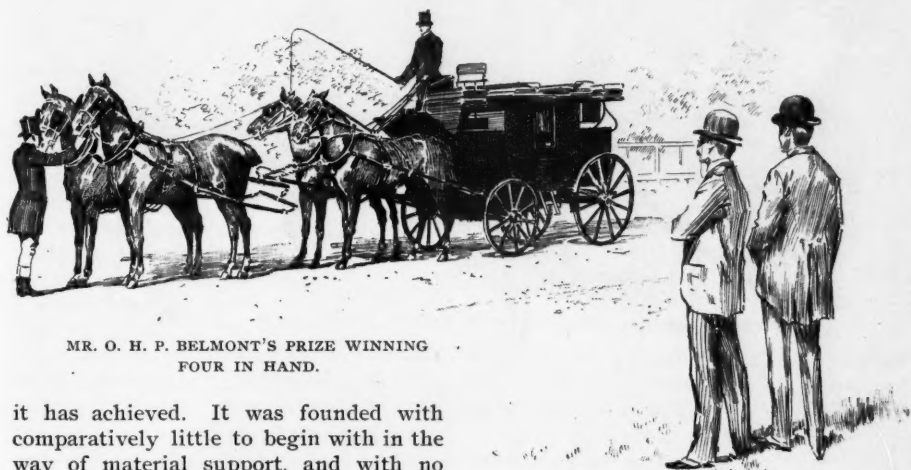
field day, and combine instruction and amusement for thousands who do not claim to be within the social pale. They are both an index of the growing taste for healthful outdoor recreation and a stimulus to it. They are indispensable to horsemen as promoters of all that is "good form" in equestrian matters. They give invaluable encouragement to the breeding of horses of the finest and most useful types, and set the highest standard in the many branches of equine equipments.



JUDGING THE MARE AND FOAL CLASS AT LONG BRANCH.

The great horse show of the year in America, of course, is the one that celebrated its thirteenth season only a few days ago in Madison Square Garden, New York. By the world at large, this annual function has come to be regarded as primarily a dress parade for the "four hundred" of the metropolis, and an exhibition of richly clad humanity rather than of thoroughbred horseflesh. Such an idea is based upon ignorance of the history of the show, and of the results

side the Wissahickon Creek—a region loved of Philadelphia horsemen and wheelmen. It is the last day of May, one of the fairest seasons of the year, when we may enjoy the natural beauties of summer without summer's torrid heat. The tan bark oval is fringed with a close cropped hedge of greenest box, topped by a glistening white rail, beyond which are seen a thousand enthusiastic horsemen and interested spectators of both sexes. Behind these rise the walls of the club house, par-



MR. O. H. P. BELMONT'S PRIZE WINNING
FOUR IN HAND.

it has achieved. It was founded with comparatively little to begin with in the way of material support, and with no idea of the social importance to which it was speedily destined to grow. Its promoters saw that there was an urgent need of improvement in the American standards of horseflesh and horsemanship, and of a classification of horses and vehicles to suit the social evolution of the present generation. Such was the practical work to which the National Horse Show Association set itself; and any one who is at all familiar with the conditions of the equestrian world knows whether the task has been accomplished.

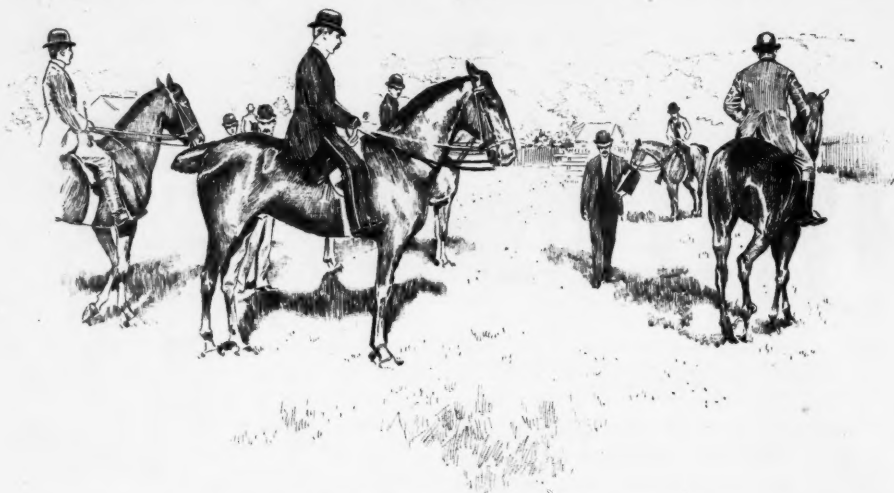
The Madison Square Garden display is always so fully exploited by the daily press that the reader, whether he visited it or not, is likely, when this magazine appears, to have had a surfeit of descriptions of the famous metropolitan exhibition. There are other notable American horse shows worthy of being pictured with pen and pencil. Let us imagine that we are standing within the picturesque grounds on St. Martin's Green, lying be-

tially covered by climbing plants. Passing to and fro around the circle stroll a bewildering mass of gaily appareled visitors, whose attention is more often fixed upon their friends and acquaintances in the private boxes, or on the galleries of the grand stand, than on the horses moving in the show ring. Behind us, and bordering the walk, is drawn up a line of park drags and mail coaches, filled to overflowing with the beauty and fashion of the Quaker City, who have been driven out to the show grounds, four in hand, by members of the horse show association. On the green, horses of all kinds are being exercised, while at intervals about the grounds exhibitors, judges, and members of the cognoscenti are gathered in groups to discuss the points of their favorites.

The bugler calls the hunters into the ring, and as Pennbrook and Kensington, Wavelet and Lady Bird "take off" and "land" at the furze, the crowd stays its

enthusiasm, while the chimes of the distant village church ring out their melody. Next the "high steppers" have the floor, and Mr. Elkins' prettily topped bays, Sherry and Crum, trot into position immediately behind the winners Don Wilkes and His Excellency. As change about is fair play, in the next class, for pairs to brougham, Mr. Elkins wins with the well appointed Robin and Robin Hood. Next is seen a fine string of saddle hacks, with

very choice on St. Martin's Green. Some members of the coaching club, who had not lined up at the ring side, were absent for the reason that they were entered in the road race from Philadelphia to the show grounds. The horses arriving in the best condition after the twelve mile journey are to be adjudged the winners. Presently the first team swings under the archway, and the crowd enthusiastically applauds as young Harrison K. Caner,



JUDGING THE SADDLE CLASS AT WHITE PLAINS.

clever Miss Holloway winning "hands down" on the four year old brown, Grenadier. Bismarck, Jack Dane, and Kismet all come in for a colored rosette. Later Miss Doremus pilots Chester to victory.

Next the larger high steppers come before the judges, and Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont's unbeatable Sundown scores far above his competitors for the championship of the show. Leader, the Scotchman, though, has given him a hard battle. Ladies driving their own horses to a park phaeton are next called, and form an interesting class, Mrs. John Gerken, Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, Miss Corlies, Miss Cassatt, and Miss Roberts putting their brilliant pets through their paces as calmly as if within the confines of their home parks. In one class Mrs. Gerken wins, in another Mrs. Widener, and in the class for pairs Mrs. Presgrave shows the superiority of the horses she handles.

The exhibit of four in hand coaches is

"tooling" three bays and a skewbald, pulls up in the center of the ring. Then comes Barclay Warburton's yellow and blue coach, driven by Edward B. Smith, and followed by the black and red vehicle with which Edward Browning will win on account of the good condition of his team. Soon is heard the toot of a horn, and all eyes are turned to the entrance, through which Rittenhouse Miller drives, his coach loaded with pretty children garlanded in flowers. A more picturesque sight could scarcely be imagined; and if for nothing else than this, the four in hand section of the Philadelphia show must be remembered as one of its most attractive features.

As the summer season progresses, the scene changes, and we are at Long Branch, listening to the roar of the breakers on the white, sandy beach. Here, at the Hollywood show, though we shall see some of the same horses that appeared at

THE MODERN HORSE SHOW.

Philadelphia, the general atmosphere is a totally different one. There is a pervading air of holiday gaiety, rather than the strict decorum of a formal social function. The dresses are lighter both in texture and in shade, the movement is livelier, and the action more crisp. The grand stand fairly glitters, and as the occupants of the boxes move towards the lawn, the brightness seems to go with them. The horses are put through their paces on a smooth red track, while on the green which it encircles the hunters and jumpers rise over fence and hurdle.

Among the "high steppers" many well known to New Yorkers are easily distinguishable, the Whirl of the Town and Actor arousing special interest by their action in the tandem competition, and one or other of them doing equally well in single and double harness. Superior and Surprise, those typical victoria horses, deserve all the praise they get for their brave showing in their class, and Mr. Wormser may well be proud of them. Sunlight and Starlight make a fine team, and as they are both horses of the larger class their brilliance in action is all the more pronounced. It is a surprise, however, when one of them is shown under saddle and takes the varicolored rosette. Single horses, pairs, tandems, and four in hand teams follow one another in glittering array at Long Branch, and through the whole galaxy shines that peerless little cob Coxe, whose phenomenal action at high speed is simply wonderful.

Again the scene shifts, and we are at White Plains, viewing the horse show held under the auspices of the Westchester County Association. It is a county fair and an equine exhibition combined. On the third day of the meet, twenty thousand persons are gathered at the ring side, and overflow upon the race track. Millionaire horsemen may be seen among the farmers and countrymen who have



IN THE BOXES, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

come out to see the side shows, to chat with their neighbors over the merit of their cattle, sheep, and pigs, or perhaps to watch the trotters as they try for such records as are made at rural fairs. The horse show proper attracts us, however, and here we see, in part, a repetition of what has gone before at previous shows, so far as many of the high stepping horses and some few of the exhibitors are concerned. But we have never seen so many visitors at an outdoor show, and such a number and variety of vehicles "parked" on the grounds; nor have we met before the fashionable colonies of Larchmont, Rye, Mamaroneck, Port Chester, Belle Haven, and New Rochelle, whose members are clustered about the ring.

Among the horses, too, there are some we have not seen before, notably the bay gelding Adonis, which Mr. Blanding has brought from Providence, and which wins persistently, the judges liking him on account of his finished style and deportment as a gentleman's park horse. When, however, speed enters into the argument, he goes down before the gamier little bay McKusic, and of course cuts no figure in the classes where Amuse-



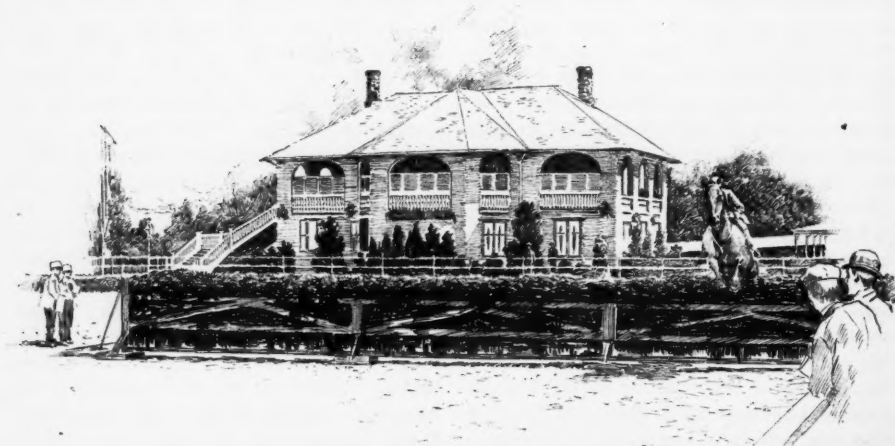
MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY DRIVING TO MINEOLA.

ment, Amazement, Coxe, Brown Donna, and Leader the Scotchman have things their own way.

There are some nice saddle horses to be seen at White Plains, and it is a very clever win which Mrs. Kotman achieves on her chestnut mare Fanny Fern. She does not fare so well in another class, where Miss Gallatin's Baby Anne and Miss Doremus' Chester rank higher, their work at the canter, and in changing from foot to foot, being deemed more commendable. Of other horses under saddle, Mr. Reynall's chestnut mare Kennett and his black mare Huntress both distinguished themselves, while his brother Nat's ponies are voted the cleverest seen this season. These are of the hardy polo sort, though furnished as prettily as miniature saddle

hacks, and, of course, of a different stamp to the chubby little piebalds which we saw at Long Branch and Philadelphia. These latter are children's ponies, pure and simple, although as show animals in the ring their snappy action, on the order of small hackneys, gets them many friends and makes them an interesting exhibit. It is needless to say that such is not the pony for the sportsman, who prefers an animal formed on thoroughbred lines, that can either run a flat race, win over hurdles, or "hustle" in a good game of polo.

Among the later offsprings of the parent National Horse Show, that at Mineola, Long Island, has a social aspect all its own, and brings out a quota of the "cottagers" whose country seats are in



"OVER THE FURZE" AT ST. MARTIN'S GREEN.

and around Hempstead, Cedarhurst, Westbury, and Garden City. Here, among other well known people, Mr. William C. Whitney exhibits in the four in hand coach classes, as does also Mr. August Belmont. Mineola is near the headquarters of the Long Island hunting set, and here some of the best equestrians and sportsmen find companionship suited to their tastes. Many classes are arranged specially to bring out good horses which

the amateurs. Apparently they fail to see that in seeking opportunities to advertise their stock, they are not only destroying public interest in the competitions, but are driving from the field their own customers, the buyers wealthy enough to purchase high priced horses of a class qualified to win prizes. If the dealers were also breeders, the situation would be different; but most of them are merely traders, and their place is the sale



MR. O. H. P. BELMONT DRIVING TANDEM.

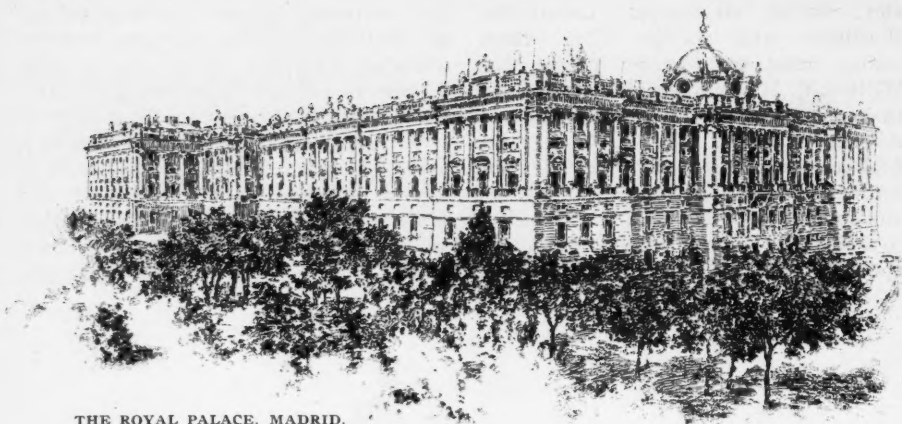
may happen to be in the vicinity at the time. Ralph N. Ellis, master of the Meadowbrook hounds, and Edwin D. Morgan, whose fine place at Wheatleigh is not far away, have been particularly interested in these competitions, which have produced displays of a sort dear to the heart of every true horseman.

In concluding this brief sketch of the modern horse show as a factor in the advancement of the equestrian world, there is one word of criticism that must be added to many words of commendation. The time has come to issue a warning against the increasing prominence of dealers and professionals as exhibitors. In some classes, especially the departments for high stepping harness horses, they are simply overwhelming

stable, not the show ring. Society is not likely to continue its patronage unless its members take part in the exhibition; nor will the public be interested in a purely mercantile and professional display.

The remedy would seem to lie in the relegation of this obtruding element to separate classes. Here arises the practical objection that the classes are already too numerous and too large to admit of further division with any certainty of careful adjudication within the necessary time limit. The difficulty could be overcome by a cutting down of entries, but the proper discrimination could scarcely be made unless a circuit of local or county shows was organized, and only the best of their exhibits were allowed to enter the national lists.

A. H. Godfrey.



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

THE ROMANCE OF SPANISH ROYALTY.

The latest chapters in the stormy history of the Bourbon house that has reigned for two centuries at Madrid—Alfonso, the boy king, and the perils that threaten his throne and his country.

THE attention of those who follow the course of current history has been centered for some months past upon Spain, and particularly upon those bleak and windy gardens of the palace in Madrid, where Don Alfonso XIII must walk up and down, through the long afternoons, with such staid companions as gouty generals and asthmatic statesmen, who are long winded only in debate, and very short of breath indeed upon the romp and promenade with their youthful sire.

A child who has never known the pleasure of being young and without a care, who has never played afield with boys and girls, who has found all his natural impulses and desires restrained by the iron doublet of Spanish etiquette and court ceremonial, would perhaps of necessity develop into just such a strange, almost weird, little creature as is the boy King of Spain today. He is only twelve years of age, when you count the months that have passed over his head; but by the truer criterion of experiences and of sensation, he has lived very much longer indeed. He is small for his age and not of vigorous build, but he seems active and able bodied; his eyes are deep, mysterious, and melan-

choly, his face drawn and pale. Sometimes, as I have seen him driving through the streets of Madrid with his adoring mother, the queen regent, I have wondered if this strange child, who even when he does childish things does them in a quaint, old mannish way, did not live as a boy, really as a boy, centuries ago. Then, perhaps, he played and raced upon his pony in the parks of Aranjuez like that bonnie prince of his blood, who with nodding plumes and the beaver of a cavalier looks down upon us for all time from the walls of the Prado, where the brush of Velasquez has painted the truest documents known to the student of Spanish history. This, I have thought, is only the poor boy's second childhood—a second childhood harassed by the surveillance of gouty generals and asthmatic ministers of state, and by the many things which make the boy's life unbearable and have no rightful place in it, including the very real bugaboo of bomb throwing anarchists.

When I recall his precocious expression, which betrays the wisdom of the council chamber and his innocence of the nursery, I would not be surprised if he should apprehend, as do the older men who surround him, that stirring days, and sad

ones, too, I fear, are coming for war racked Spain. The signs of the times seem to indicate that another chapter is to be written in the sanguinary story of the Spanish succession. Signs which are unmistakable indicate that the period of peace and tranquillity with which Spain has been blessed since the auspicious day when this man child was born a king is now nearing a close, and that an

flect how possible such a step is in the near future, we can only regret that the Spaniards' various essays in republican government should have proven so barren of satisfactory or even encouraging results.

In the crypt of the Escorial, in a perpetual twilight, where those who have worn the purple in Spain, from Charles the Great to Alfonso XII, are taking their rest, there remains only room for



MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

era of civil strife and of foreign war is dawning. Perhaps it will be the last chapter in the story of Spain as constituted today; perhaps, when it is over, and the victory is won, the student of the history of our own times will roll up the ancient scrolls upon which are emblazoned the family trees of the Bourbons, the Montpensiers, and the Hapsburgs, and lay them away out of sight, upon the dusty shelves of libraries devoted to the forgotten lore of heraldry. When we see how easy it was for a long suffering people to rise in their righteous wrath, and with a cry of "A plague on both your houses!" sweep the Bourbons and the Carlist pretenders back over the Pyrenees, from whence they came, bringing with them no good fortune for the country of their adoption; when we re-

one more royal tomb. As the Castilian peasants, with bended knee, cap in hand, and trembling with the fervor of idolatry, feel their way about in the gloomy vaults of the great mausoleum, and as their eyes fall upon the vacant place, they ask, as I do now, "*Quien sera?*" Who will it be? Who will lie here, the last of his line? I wonder if the prophetic Canning would have been so pleased with his work had he lived to see, as we see, that the new world which he thought had been called into being to redress the balance of the old world, would in time outweigh and topple over the fabrics of kingcraft upon which so many wise men have labored for thousands of years! I wonder what Canning would say of it all—the reaction of Brazil upon Portugal, of Mexico, or rather the Mexican expedition, upon the

empire of Napoleon the Little, and, last of all, of long exploited Cuba upon devoted Spain!

While we have direct and most important interests in the drama upon which the curtain has been rung up, interests which, perhaps unfortunately, will prevent us from taking merely a platonic interest in the scene, in this article I shall endeavor to chronicle

Alfonso XII was called back from the miserable life of a king in exile because the Italian Amadeo had proved a failure, and because the republic had degenerated into a state of affairs bordering very closely upon anarchy. The choice lay between anarchy and Alfonso XII, and the rational and conservative people of the kingdom decided for Alfonso; not that they loved the son of Isabella deeply,



ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN.

events dispassionately and even sympathetically, as they might appear to a burgher of Seville or a doctor of Salamanca, with only eyes for the pathos of the situation, with only ears for the sound of the tragic voices. And yet, when we read in the pages of *Las Casas* of the conquest of the new world by the Spaniards, and see the cruelty which characterized it, especially in Cuba and the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and when we see how the last uprising of Cuba has brought with it the downfall of Spain, we are forced to admit that although the accounts both of debit and credit which the recording angel keeps are allowed to run very long at times, yet in the end they have to be balanced, and that of a truth His judgments are righteous altogether.

or even at all, but because they knew what anarchy and civil war were, and feared that an era of internecine strife was approaching. Then it was that the day of compensation came—the day in which all the miserable years of exile, of want, of fickle fortune and the bad faith of time serving friends, were forgotten. Then it was that there came to the king a few days of that happiness which only the love of a noble woman can give. This day came when he met his cousin Doña Mercedes, a daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, born, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, to all the resplendent beauty of the women of Seville.

She was his first cousin, and there were many reasons of state against the marriage, but they were one and all over-

come by the ingenious arguments of the king. Official objections melted before the eloquence of the lover, and to overcome those which remained Alfonso conceived reasons of his own, which were not altogether unreasonable. When Canovas explained how desirable it was that he should seek his consort from among the reigning families of Europe, he re-

years. Then the king who went was a different man, and he went, not in pursuit of happiness, but in the performance of a duty. The first honeymoon in the shady groves of Aranjuez—one of the old summer palaces which Schiller, who had never been in Spain, painted with the intuition of genius—was hardly at an end, and the young lovers had scarcely



THE LATE ALFONSO XII, FATHER OF THE PRESENT KING.

plied that his throne was not threatened by those abroad, but by those at home, and that never had a foreign princess become a popular queen in Spain. "It is at home," he said, "that my dynasty and my throne are threatened, and our position can be strengthened by attracting to us the powerful influence of the Montpensiers. The women, and the men, too, of Andalusia, worship the Princess Mercedes as though she were Our Lady of Pilar. She will win the affection of the people of the court of Madrid as never a foreign woman could."

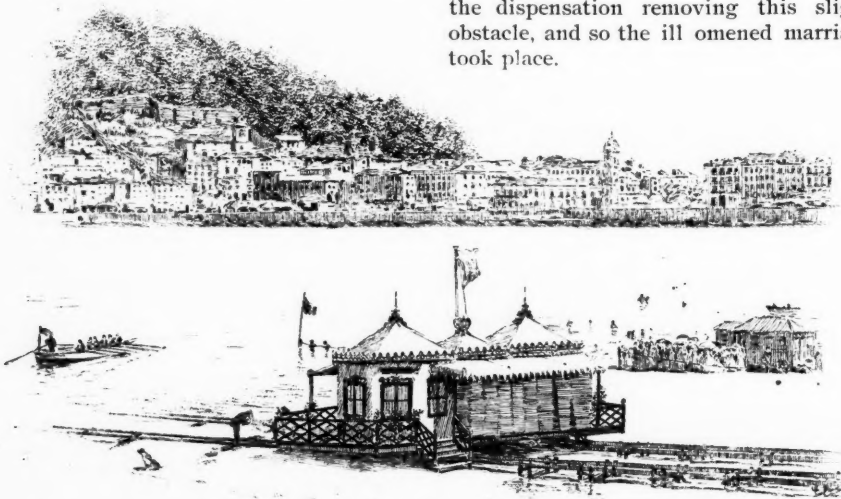
So true love carried the day, and a visit to Austria, in quest of the bride who had been proposed, was not made until in after

been torn from their fragrant orange groves and the song of the nightingale in the Prince's Garden to return to Madrid and a life of public and formal ceremony, when it was seen that the Doña Mercedes was fading like a flower before the chilling breath of the autumn winds. Like a tropical plant she withered before the biting blasts that blow down so mercilessly from the Guadarrama upon the cold, damp palace of Madrid, and in a very few months the honeymoon of the royal children ended in the sepulcher of the Escorial. When the king left his bride of less than a year in the crypt, he carried the wedding gown she had worn to the shrine of Our Lady of the Atocha, but his heart

he left with her. Then began a life of duty and of work for which, by education and the handicap of heredity, he was so little fitted. He could truly say with Don Carlos, his luckless ancestor, "The fair days, the happy days of Aranjuez are now over, and forever." Only a very few days had passed, and the orange blossoms upon the bridal dress of the Lady Mercedes had hardly faded, and still filled with their fragrance the shrine at which the women of Madrid prayed, when the inexorable duties of state, and the necessity of providing an heir to the throne, sent the young king abroad upon a tour of *Brautschau*, as the Germans call the quest of a wife; for Queen Mercedes, the bride of a year, had left no child. When convinced of the necessity of an immediate second marriage, Alfonso found his choice far from an embarrassing one. When reasons of state, of family, and of religion had all been duly heard and carefully weighed it was found that there was only one woman in the world whom he could marry, and that was the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria.

Of course, there were not a few objections to be advanced against this alliance. In the first place, Austrian queens are as unpopular in Spain as in France, and with the same historical justification. Secondly, this archduchess had

originally been designed as his consort, before his love for Mercedes had broken the bonds of statecraft. In the third place, when the marriage which had been mooted, and even widely spoken of, had come to nothing, the archduchess had retired from the court and become the prioress of an aristocratic nunnery in Prague. This step on her part did not indicate a broken heart as the result of being jilted, but a very thrifty appreciation on the part of her father, the Archduke Rainer, of the certain value of semi ecclesiastical sinecures. His son, the Archduke Eugène, is now at the head of the Order of German Knights, with a yearly income of four or five hundred thousand dollars derived from the pious bequests of retired crusaders, who on their deathbeds bequeathed large sums to carry on the good fight against the infidel. In return for these emoluments the only obligation entered upon by the archduke is that he must never marry, a condition with which, as he is one of the most unstable and fickle blades of the Austrian court, he finds it not difficult to comply. The order into which the Archduchess Maria Christina had entered was equally remunerative; she had also taken at least the preliminary vows to lead a life of single blessedness, but it was not difficult for His Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, to obtain from Rome the dispensation removing this slight obstacle, and so the ill omened marriage took place.



THE BEACH AT SAN SEBASTIAN, AND THE ROYAL BATHING HOUSE.

It is unnecessary to dwell here upon the years that followed. While not very happy, the union was more congenial than doubtless either of the participants in this sacrifice upon the altar of state necessity had ventured to expect. Kings and queens, like lesser folk, are but playthings in the hands of destiny, and when King Alfonso died so unexpectedly, in

announce their coming in this way, but break out spontaneously, as it were. Pronunciamientos were the order of the day, then as now; the little chiefs, the *cabecillas*, of the various parties, announced that the moment for action, decisive action, had come. Of course, the semi official announcement that was made before even the king had been placed away



THE PLAZA MAJOR, MADRID.

1885, it was with the almost certain knowledge that his sacrifice had been made in vain, that his marriage had failed of its purpose. Two children, both daughters, had been born to his queen when death came so suddenly, like a thief in the night, like a thunderbolt out of the blue sky. But at the state funeral, a magnificent pageant, it was rumored that Queen Christina was in an interesting condition, and the whole kingdom was agog to see whether the king's hopes, which had not been realized in life, would now be granted after death by the birth of a posthumous son and heir.

The death of Alfonso had been awaited as the signal for a long delayed uprising. Preparations for a civil struggle were noticed on every side—though, as a rule, in unhappy Spain, revolutions do not

to rest from life's fitful fever, by the side of the bride of his youth, created an immense sensation. The Carlists saw their hopes of an easy and uncontested accession to the throne, by default of the Bourbon line, dashed to the ground. To the republicans the announcement was not encouraging, but the Bourbons, the beneficiaries of the "heaven sent boy" that was to come, as they said, went wild with joy.

This state of tension, of suppressed excitement, and of secret preparation for every possible contingency, lasted for more than six months, until one evening, before the eyes of a waiting, excited throng, a bright light was run up on one of the towers of the palace which proclaimed to the court, to the city, and to the country, that a man child had been

born a king. Within the palace there was taking place one of the strangest and most inhuman scenes ever decreed by necessity of state, or to which helpless woman has ever been compelled to submit. Little Alfonso XIII was not only born a king, but he came into the world in the presence of his ministers of state, his cabinet officers, and members of the regency and privy council. Politics and



DON JAIME, SON OF DON CARLOS.

political passion being what they are, it is not strange, under the circumstances, that some months before a rumor had been placed in circulation, and had received wide credence, to the effect that the story from the palace was not founded upon fact, but had been inspired by Canovas with the idea of palming off upon the Spanish people a bogus heir to the throne. This is the justification, as it was called, for the fact that the unhappy child, when he first opened his eyes, found himself in the very midst of a cabinet council, to which Sagasta and several other leaders of the opposition had been invited. Every consideration of privacy, and of the chivalrous treatment due to a woman in her hour of agony, had to yield before the inexorable demands of the political situation. The cruel ordeal which I have outlined here, and to which, from

time immemorial—in form, at least—every Spanish queen has been subjected, was never, or at least never in modern times, strictly enforced except upon this occasion.

At this critical juncture in the affairs of the dynasty and of the kingdom, Canovas gave evidence of unexpected statesmanship, and of a keen appreciation of the strongest quality of a Spanish character. He placed the resignation of his cabinet in the hands of the queen, and urged her to call to her assistance Sagasta, the leader of the liberal opposition, many of whose closest friends and most influential followers were republicans, wearing but the thinnest veneer of loyalty to the reigning house.

"I call upon you all," he said, "for a truce to party strife. All Spaniards will respect the helpless situation of the widowed mother and the fatherless child. I give place gladly to those who politically oppose me, and I place the mother and the child under the palladium of the chivalry of the Spanish people."

Though somewhat medieval in form, the sentiment was in reality simply the voice of common sense, and it was immediately taken up by every caste and class in the kingdom. It may be said, to their credit, that not a few Spaniards who during the last decade have rendered the state the most valuable services are those who are conscientiously opposed to the continuance of the Bourbon régime. So it has happened that the truce of parties and the peace of the widow over the cradle of the king have not been broken until now, and would not in all probability have been broken until the boy came of age, had it not been for the outbreak of the Cuban war, with all the misfortunes it has entailed.

Personally, as well as politically, the situation of the boy king today is indeed a pathetic one. The revelations which come to all in the later years of life have been crowded into his childhood. He knows that to be born a king brings less assurance of happiness than to be born a peasant. He knows, for the best of reasons, that there is no one in the peninsula upon whose unswerving loyalty and devotion he can always count except upon that of his mother, a helpless woman, an



ISABELLA II, EX QUEEN OF SPAIN.
Grandmother of the present king.

unpopular queen, a stranger in a strange land. Every American boy will be sorry for this little fellow born to the purple and clothed in the robes of stiff, unbending ceremonial from the very cradle, when he learns that the boy King of Spain can have no playmates, because in his kingdom he has no peer.

No one knows better than this prematurely aged boy that politics is a game that is even more cruel than war, and that even the medieval attachment to the throne, which is still to be found in the provinces of Spain, is yet no respecter of persons, and that it regards him as simply a pawn in the struggle for the throne—a pawn which it might be well to sacrifice at any time should the contest which began so many long years ago be thereby decided. It must be saddening to know, as he knows, that there are many good and worthy people in the kingdom, which he may some day be called upon to rule, who wish, and perhaps pray, that he may not be permitted to live to take up the

scepter. According to the law in Spain, a king attains his majority at fifteen, so there would have remained to him only three more years of probable peace and tranquillity had not the Cuban war, and the political dilemma which has resulted from it, hastened events.

Those who hope that the little Alfonso may never live to wear his father's crown are not all, by any means, to be found in the ranks of the Carlists, or in the councils of the republicans. Many of them are—or pass for being—devoted adherents of the house of Bourbon and of the monarchy with constitutional limitations; one of them, at least, is a member of the present cabinet. Four years ago, as I walked on the Concha or shell shaped beach of San Sebastian, the summer capital of Spain, with the statesman in question, I was for the first time apprised of the very cruel turn which a strong current of political opinion has taken in regard to the future of Alfonso XIII, and by which, indeed, his fate may be decided. As shown in the illustration, drawn from a photograph taken at the time, the little king is returning from a visit to a cruiser lying out in the bay. He is accompanied by the minister of marine, the minister then in attendance; the admiral's gig has landed them opposite the royal bathing house, and is putting off again through the surf on its return to the ship. The



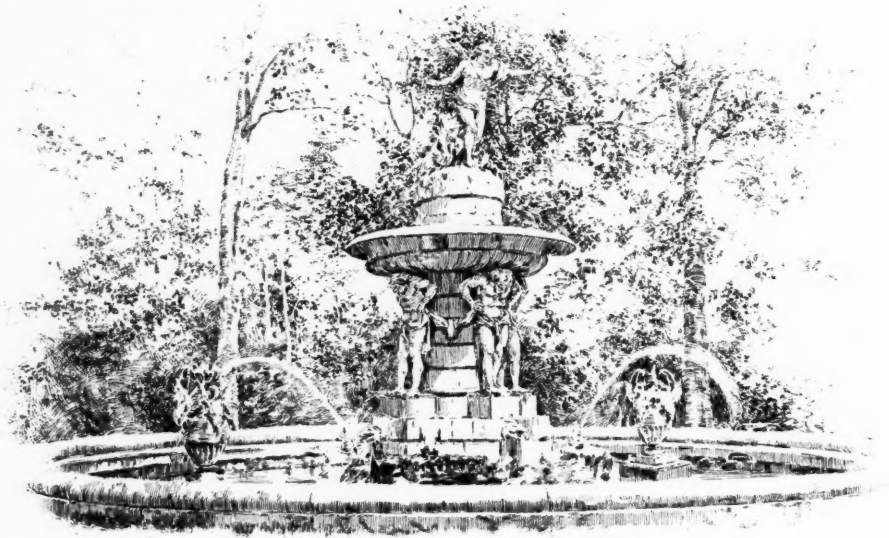
DON CARLOS, WHO CLAIMS THE SPANISH THRONE.

minister is making his obeisance, and the boy king is sprinkling the gorgeous uniform of that pompous official with handfuls of sand, to notify him, without waste of words, that the serious business of the day is over, and that he proposes to spend the rest of the afternoon in building sand forts upon the beach, and in swimming races with his big sisters, the Infantas Maria de Las Mercedes and

preserved in Spain," he continued, in a lower tone, "is to bring about an alliance, an understanding of some sort, between the Carlists and the reigning house—in other words a compromise."

"But that is impossible. As well attempt to mix oil and water."

"It is impossible at present, but any day it may become possible—in fact, an imperative necessity. You know," he



FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE, ARANJUEZ.

Maria Theresa, who, not having the onerous official duties of their small but august brother to perform, are already disporting themselves in the waves.

It was while we watched this pretty tableau that the Spanish statesman, who, as I now know, is by no means alone in the views which he expressed, said impressively: "The people of Spain are naturally peaceful. They are worn out and weary of these dynastic wars. In a very few years from now, if not sooner, when Alfonso XIII begins his reign, there will surely take place another Carlist outbreak, and the most probable result of this conflict will be that all peace loving people will rise in their might and banish Alfonso as well as Don Carlos and Don Jaime. The only way, in my opinion, and that of many others, in which monarchical institutions can be

continued, with impressive earnestness, "what was the physical condition of the late king when he died. Though he was but entering, in years, at least, upon the prime of life, he died suddenly of a complete collapse of vitality—in other words, of senile decay. When this little boy was born, six months after his father's death, it was said by those most competent to judge that the child of such a father could never survive the dangers of infancy, but he has."

We looked down the beach, where the scrawny, puny little figure of the boy king could be seen bobbing up and down in the waves. "As you see, in appearance he is a weak and delicate child, but as a matter of fact he is lithe, active, and perfectly tireless, as the ministers of state, when in attendance, not seldom find to their sorrow. The chances would

now seem to be, barring an accidental death, that he will live to reach his majority, and then I am sure that another civil war will ensue, which will bring ruin to Spain and exile to the contending royal factions. Conservative people will be driven to the republicans, and a democratic régime—for which we are not at all prepared—will be inaugurated.

"If the king should die now, an arrangement satisfactory to the adherents of both houses could be reached. The most stanch and uncompromising adherents of the Bourbon line know very well that should the king die, no woman with Bourbon blood in her veins will be allowed to ascend the throne. The remembrance of the disastrous reigns of Queen Christina and of Isabella II are too fresh in our memories for that. If it be decreed that Alfonso is not to live, I trust it is not impious or disloyal to pray that he may die before the civil war begins. The only solution for the situation created by his death would be the marriage of his eldest sister, Dona Maria de Las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, with Don Jaime, the Carlist pretender. This would satisfy the Whites of Spain, because it would place their prince upon the throne of his fathers. It would satisfy the Bourbons because in the course of nature it would most probably secure the succession of a grandson of Alfonso XII to the throne. They would prefer such a political certainty to treading again the hard road of exile, as they did when they were banished from Spain with Isabella. You may be sure that this is an alliance which promises peace to Spain for at least a generation, and that such a prospect would certainly appeal to all the conservative elements of both monarchical parties, and not a few from the republicans. The only thing that stands in the way of this consummation, so devoutly to be hoped for, is the life of that little boy."

And this cool and calculating statesman, who on many occasions has shown that he has the best interests of his country at heart, followed with melancholy eyes the little figure of the boy king, as with screams of delight he plunged up and down in the waves.

Poor little fellow, I thought, into what a world of trouble you came when you were born to the purple!

The termination of the Cuban war—and it seems that it can only end in one way—hangs over the king today like the sword of Damocles. Despite his tall, lank figure, so like the cadaverous outline of the Knight of La Mancha, Sagasta, owing to his frequent use of expressions of vulgar but homely wisdom, is more frequently compared to Sancho Panza. We can only hope that he will seize the opportunity which now presents itself of making the parallel good, and of relinquishing the island which so unexpectedly he has been called upon to rule, with the same joy as that with which his stout and lowly prototype relinquished his principality of Barataria.

Today the king signs himself Leon Ferdinand Marie Jaime Isidore Pascal Antonio, King of Spain, of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Grenada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Cerdena, of Cordova, of Corsica, of Murcia, of Jaen, of the Algarves, of Algéliras, of Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, of the Indies, East and West, of India and the Oceanic Continent, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of Tyrol and Barcelona, Lord of Biscay and Molina, et cetera. Tomorrow his signature may simply be "Alfonso Garcia y Perez"—the commonplace name which his father entered upon the dingy books of many a shabby, second class hotel during the years that he spent in not very luxurious exile.

However the Cuban war may end, not even the intelligence and the watchfulness of the queen, a mother in a thousand, will be able to keep from the head of her boy the dangers to which he seems devoted by destiny and heredity. Nor can she change the environment to which he was born, and from which perhaps he will only escape on the day when he is placed away in the last empty tomb of the Spanish kings in the dark crypt of the Escorial, which yawns today for some one yet in the land of the living.

Stephen Bonsal.

"LOVES ME—LOVES ME NOT."

BY JULIUS S. FLETCHER.

How the course of true love did not run smooth with Donald and Lorraine—
A misunderstanding and its unexpected ending.

THE north wind blew through the valley and over the frozen lake, whirling the ice flakes, cut by sharp bladed skates, against the bright faces that glowed in the warfare against the cold.

Among the crowd two solitary skaters circled the lake in opposite directions, passing each other twice without a sign of recognition, and apparently absorbed in themselves. As they met a third time, the girl made a voluntarily awkward turn, swayed forward, and might have fallen, had not a hand suddenly grasped her arm. Her rescuer was the man whom she had seen coming, but she did not speak to him, merely bowing her acknowledgments without looking up while she busied herself with her skate strap.

"Did you hurt yourself, Lorraine?" the man asked, standing by.

"Not at all, thank you."

"Here, let me fix that strap," he said, dropping his stick and kneeling beside her. The girl steadied herself by his shoulder. When he rose, she stamped her feet, looking down at them tentatively.

"You're cold. Come and take a turn with me," he said.

"I'm warm enough, thank you!"

He laughed, drew her arm over his shoulder, and then, holding her hand against his breast, started slowly as if he expected her to resist. But she skated on with him in silence, the hum of the laughter and gay talk surrounding them making their own restraint more marked. All at once the man slid in front of his companion and looked down into her face with a smile.

"Isn't the child ashamed and ready to make up?" he asked.

"Please don't, Don."

"Anything when you say 'please,'" he

answered, as if glad to have a quarrel ended.

The girl looked up with a quick, coaxing laugh. "And you will go down to the mill pond, won't you, Don?"

"Certainly, if you say so," the man returned, his face growing indifferent again; "but you know what I think."

"Ah, but I know more than you think," the girl said. She skated away in curves, her small, radiant face flashing at him alternately over each shoulder. Donald smiled as one would at a child's artifice, and followed with slow, regular strokes.

Not waiting for him, Lorraine sat down on the dyke when she reached the lock gates, took off her skates and climbed over the wall into the rocky slope of woodland which stretched from the lake to the mill pond below the falls. She was in a state of extreme attention, listening to hear if his footsteps were gaining on her; but the soft snow muffled every sound so that she had to stop to try to hear! It was very silent in the woods. The water voices under the snow whispered unintelligibly. The cataracts were dumb, and their sprawling rills hung in stiff chains of ice along the steep ramparts of the channel. The northern blast which streamed through the tops of the hemlock trees was softened to a sigh beneath them, and old winter seemed to sit and hug his withered knees as he watched the stark loneliness around him.

The impassive chill crept through the girl, and her glow of triumph faded to a childish petulance. She had wanted to go to the mill pond so they might be alone. Donald never seemed to think of such things! Just look at him now, poking along behind and hardly knowing if she were alive or drowned in the stream! Tears rose to her eyes and she bit her lips.

"He doesn't seem to care a bit for me as he used to," she thought, and she wished she had not come. A lean bramble clutched her, and as she paused again to loose herself from it she stole another look at Donald. He was coming along through the snow as if it were a smooth road or a flowery meadow, his hands in his pockets, his face set seriously under his cap brim. She turned and went on.

The mill pond widens where two streams join to fill it with their whirling currents and then to sweep in mad company through the mill race down to the sea. This waterway is seldom frozen. The tide runs up to meet the torrent flowing down, and their continuous turmoil defeats the assault of any ordinary degree of cold. For once, the place was ice bound from shore to shore with a transparent substance like glass. One could look through this lucent sheet and see the dark water with its strange shifting lights and its bubbles that rose to one's feet like the eyes of imprisoned water nymphs winking upward from their gloomy vaults. The ice gave out sharp, ringing reports as the girl ventured upon it. Donald came up a moment later and looked at it gravely. "I don't think this is safe!" he said.

The girl shrugged her shoulders. Donald had started out with a theory that the mill pond was unsafe, and he was capable of arguing all day in support of it. It was enough to make one angry.

"I know it isn't usually safe," she answered; "but in this weather everything is different."

"I don't like that current!" Donald insisted.

"But what difference does the current make as long as it stays underneath?"

The man lifted his eyebrows for answer and walked slowly out upon the pond, testing its strength. The girl sat down impatiently, put on her skates, and started off alone. After a while Donald was partly satisfied and went back to the bank for his skates.

There was a subtle difference in the movements of the two. Lorraine darted away in swift, swallow-like curves, swaying as the bird sways in the wind. Whenever she came near Donald she held out her hands to him gaily and then whirled

round him like a thought. He laughed and pursued her with huge leaps and rushes, throwing out his arms in pretended efforts to catch her, and then ignoring her while he stopped to cut figures, no matter how near she came. All his motions were solid and accurate rather than impulsive, having a sort of precision as if each step were planned.

The girl soon wearied, and coming up to him, paused. He finished a figure, and, inclosing her in one loop, caught her hand without stopping, but she pulled it away and went over to the bank and began to unfasten her skates. Donald tightened his lips as he followed her.

"What is the matter, Lorraine?" he asked. "You've been as cranky as a kitten all the afternoon. I thought you wanted to skate. No! You shall not take them off until you tell me what is wrong."

He took both of her hands in one of his, but she looked down and away from him.

"Nothing—I don't know—you act as if—but I'll not tell you. Let me go, Don," she said.

He laughed gently and lifted her obstinate, pouting little face until he could meet the lowered eyes. A tremulous smile answered him.

"Lorraine," he pleaded, "why do you waste our holiday? Be a good child. There are only a few hours left, for I've got to go tonight."

"Oh, Don, not tonight!" she said swiftly. "Why, I am going to town in the morning and we can go together."

"It can't be helped. I have to go; and besides, you are driving me away!"

"Driving you away!" she cried. Then her face changed and she said nothing for several moments. At last she met his eyes timidly. "Don, you're not mad, are you?" she asked.

"No," he answered teasingly; "I'm perfectly sane."

She slipped away from him with an impatient shrug, but her lips were quivering as she began chipping a hole in the ice with her skate. The sharp little blows came back to them in a queer muffled echo from the woods.

"What are you doing now?" he demanded. "You'll catch your foot in that hole and fall when you're not thinking of it."

"Nonsense," she laughed; "you're too fussy for anything, Don. I only want a drink, and I can't fall through a hole three inches round."

"You forget that this ice is pretty thin," he said severely. "It wouldn't take much to break it."

"What nonsense!" she repeated, as she knelt to drink.

Donald smiled at her as she gasped after tasting the cold water. She seemed such a child to him; and some way, a tiresome child—just now. "Does it taste good?" he asked.

"Have some?" she answered, nodding at him with a smile.

He shook his head. "I'm going over to the wall to have a smoke," he said. "Come along."

"We'll take our deaths of cold," Lorraine demurred, but as he started across the pond she followed him with many swerves and little runs and stood watching him while he filled his pipe.

He looked down at her through the smoke and reached his hands out to draw her up beside him. She put hers behind her back and chipped softly against the ice with one foot, seeming more than ever like a child.

"But I want to talk to you," he urged.

His tone was more argumentative than pleading, and she shook her head. He put his elbow in the palm of his left hand, and holding the pipe, smoked, frowning at the pipe. The place where he sat was a low wall around an ancient burying ground. Behind him, almost looking over his shoulder, rose the tall gravestones—sandstone and marble alike grown green with mildew and lichens. They leaned together as if whispering of those who slept beneath, for as the years had passed they had settled slowly downward, returning the forgotten names to those who owned them. Overhead, the low boughs of the hemlocks bent like monks in prayer while the red sun stared between the black trunks, and gleamed on the gravestones with their death's heads and winged cherubs.

Lorraine watched Donald silently. There were tears in her eyes, but they were unseen, for her face was dark in its own shadow. Once or twice she opened her lips to speak, but everything seemed

hopelessly futile against the cool indifference with which he puffed away at the pipe. She looked back at all her spoken and unspoken protests against his mood, and the certainty flamed up in her that whatever else she said or did, he would laugh or argue down. She leaned forward a little, casting an angry question at him which he did not see, and then flung herself away blindly across the ice, the lines cut by her skates shining white.

Donald sat suddenly upright, and then settled back, gazing after her in amusement. "The child!" he said to himself. "I wonder why I'm so fond of her—or am I so fond of her? I wish I didn't know how soon she'd forgive me after dinner." He swung himself to the ground and looked across the pond whither Lorraine had vanished. "I'm a brute not to be in more of a hurry to go and say that I am sorry. I dare say she's crying." Lorraine was out of sight and he started slowly across the ice, feeling irritated by the knowledge that he had hurt her. He could see now what the trouble was with him. He did not like to feel all the time that he belonged to some one, and she was never content when she was not claiming him. They had made a mistake. He filled his pipe afresh, calling once or twice between puffs, but scarcely exerting himself until it was well lighted. Lorraine did not answer.

"Lorraine," he called again impatiently, "it's time to go!"

"Go-o-o!"

A faint echo from the hollows along the shore answered him, and as he listened in the hush that followed he could hear the water—its murmur seemed to have risen to a smothered roar! He could see nothing, for the deepening twilight hid the west bank even though he looked beneath the shadow of his hand. He skated slowly along the margin of the pond, at first expecting to meet the forlorn little figure; and then watching for it beyond every turn—even watching the trees and bushes on the bank where, as he angrily told himself, it would be her delight to hide and laugh as she saw him hunting for her! But he need not have feared, for no small face peered out at him; nor, when he wheeled at a fancied sound, was she

there to mock him. He stood still, half puzzled as to what he ought to do. The walk home was a long one for her to take alone after sunset, even though she were angry. Stars were trooping out into the far plains of the sky; the ice cracked and snapped in the tense cold; fine snow flew up from the glittering mounds in the gusts of wind, like the smoke of funeral pyres; the distant mill race thundered solemnly.

He was provoked at being kept there, and started almost fiercely on a last search for the girl. As he hurried along the shore he stumbled and went down on his knees. His skate had struck something soft, and he touched it fearfully with his hand. It was dark and limp. All at once he saw that it was Lorraine's cap. He lifted it, and as his eyes searched further through the twilight he drew back with a cry! Before him swirled a black horror of lapping water where the ice was gone. He remained there on his hands and knees leaning out over the hole, fixed with dread, his frozen blood crawling feebly in his veins.

"Lorraine! Lorraine! Lorraine!" he called in a voice so shrill with anguish that it might have startled those far down the river, but it brought no answer save the echoes mocking him from shore to shore. He looked at the water. She could not be there. She would have cried out to him before she sank! But the current was swift enough to have swept her beneath the ice before she rose.

"Lorraine!" he tried to call again. "Lorraine!" But his voice broke in a sob. Then he rose and stood quite still, clenching his hands. "She must be hiding from me," he said slowly. "Perhaps she's gone on home." He took off his skates, glancing around him all the while with a nervous eagerness, and stumbled up the bank toward the road; but turned and came back, calling, "Lorraine, are you here?"

"Here! Here! Here!" answered the echoes faintly. The silence listened with him. The stars leaned out of the sky to watch him. The snow that shut him in this narrow valley seemed to know his doubt and wait for his decision. He turned and ran out to the road. If she were safe at home he must know it, and if she were not there, then—then he was

guilty of her death. He had wished to be free from her such a little while ago; and already he was thinking of the long years that must pass without her. He clutched the small cap tighter in his hand. It could not be all that was left to him. She must be alive—perhaps even now she was struggling to get out of that awful black water, was calling to him! He turned back running. But she could not be alive if she had fallen in before he found her cap. He must go home and get help to find her. How should he tell them—her mother, the boys? What would they say to him? He stopped in the road with his head sunk on his breast. She had been angry, and he wondered if she had forgiven him. If there could only be made a chance now for him to ask her to, and to tell her how dear she was to him—he cried out to God to give him back that much of the joy which he had lost and take the rest. Her little cap was so warm in his hand that he put it up against his face as if it understood him, and went on trying to steady himself to meet those who were waiting for him in the house.

Lights were shining from the windows. A child's laugh thrilled out of the silent air, striking him like a knife. Then some one began to play the piano, and he wondered how any one could play. He had to feel his way up to the steps and through the door.

Her brother was in the hall. "Hello, Donald, you're late!" he cried.

Donald put out his hand. "Joe," he said; "Joe, old fellow!" and then he stopped.

Joe caught him by the arm and looked into his face. "Steady, old boy," he said gently; "what's gone wrong?"

The music stopped, a door opened and—Lorraine stood there in a flood of light! His face startled her. "Oh, Don," she cried, running to him as he shrank against the wall, "you did care. I wanted to see—I am so sorry—Don!"

But he had fallen on his knees before her, holding her close in his arms and hiding his face in her dress.

The little cap was lying almost at her brother's feet. Joe stooped and picked it up and looked in bewilderment from it to them.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

The author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" tells of his favorites in fiction, and dilates upon the strange and special charm of Laurence Sterne's unique creation, "Tristram Shandy."

WITH the deepest respect to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, this is rather a perverse question to put to a man; it causes such searching of the heart, such painful puzzle of the mind. It is like asking him what woman he most admires of all whom he has ever seen. Is it Silvia or Cynthia, Chloe or Lalage, Amaryllis or Neera? As soon as he tries to say one, the image of another rises before the eyes of memory and forbids the utterance. And, as everybody knows, literary men are even more enamored of books than of beauties, so that to choose among them is still more difficult.

If the substantives were in the plural, all trouble would vanish; a long and very vaguely limited list, easily stretching to let in a new fancy, or re-admit a half forgotten friend, would answer the question, perhaps to the bewilderment of the reader, but certainly to the satisfaction of the writer. Alas, it is "novelist," not "novelists," "book," not "books." But it might have been worse; the question might have run simply, "What is the best novel?" instead of "What is your favorite?" As it stands, I need not pose as a critic; a judgment must be defended, but a liking is admittedly an arbitrary thing, for which a man need show no cause, and produce no arguments. Kissing goes by favor; it resembles the Order of the Garter, in that there is "no d—d nonsense about merit" in respect to it. So surely it may be with a man's favorite book. It may not be

the best book according to critical standards; it is only the book that suits him best. He is not involved in grave inquiries, prolific of highly disputable propositions; he does not undertake to settle an order of greatness for the great; he need develop no theory of fiction. The worst that he has to fear is an imputation of bad taste, and—well, perhaps, a little revelation of character into the bargain.

Yet even to know what you like best is not so simple a thing as it sounds. I read "Middlemarch" again a little while ago, and found myself reveling in the grand breadth and fullness of that picture of English life; indeed, it is rather a picture gallery than a picture, so many are the figures, so varied the colors. But what of "Vanity Fair," with its almost equal variety, its greater humanity, its tenderness, and its fun? Yet you cannot praise "Vanity Fair" without seeming to slight "Esmond" and the adorable *Beatrice*. And I myself should be grossly ungrateful for hundreds of happy hours—I speak, I am sure, without exaggeration—if I passed by the "Three Musketeers" and its companion volumes. The "Vicomte de Bragelonne" is my favorite of the three, because in it the wonderful character of *D'Artagnan* is shown perfect, mature, and fully developed; but all are delightful for their whirl, the dash and movement of life in them, and for their unexcelled dialogue, probably the most dramatic—I mean the best example of action by talk—to be found in fiction.

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is printing a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. Papers by William D. Howells, Brander Matthews, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burton Harrison, S. R. Crockett, Paul Bourget, Bret Harte, and W. Clark Russell have already appeared, and forthcoming numbers will contain the opinions of Conan Doyle, Ian Maclaren, Jerome K. Jerome, and others.

Again, I have a great liking, witnessed by a periodical re-reading, for the pleasant scampishness and easy, go as you please narrative of "Gil Blas"; and I humbly claim to share in the learned's appreciation of Miss Austen, taking "Emma" as my first choice among the fruits of a genius so great and yet so ladylike, so almost young ladylike. If a novel in verse is a novel all the same, where is better reading (given liberty to skip when you like) than in "Don Juan"? And if short stories are not ruled out, badly read as I am in foreign literature, I must still pay my thanks to Guy de Maupassant for at least fifteen or twenty to which I return with ever increasing admiration and delight. It would be hard to choose among Stevenson's books; his exquisite mastery of form, and of all that form can do, no less than his gay and gallant heart, is in them all. And since we may look for more from Mr. Meredith, it would be futile (as well as unbecoming, perhaps) for me to single out one or two from among the splendidly rich and luxuriant fruits of his brain.

I might mention more favorites, but the puzzle would only grow worse, and the one solitary favorite which I have to declare seem harder still to find. The only thing to be done is to leave reflections and get back to facts. When I have a choice of going to either of two places, I sometimes find it impossible to decide between their rival attractions so long as I sit in my chair and think about each in turn; but, as a rule, when I reach the street, I find in my feet very little hesitation about where they are going. Action comes to the rescue of thought, and I know what I prefer because I find myself doing it. So with this favorite novel. Leaving all question of what I might like best, or ought to like best, I will ask simply—what novel do I read most?

This matter of fact inquiry gives illumination at once. I am no longer a theorist, no longer the sport of imagination; I become a witness under examination, and as a tolerably truthful person, can make only one answer. There is really no doubt about it at all; and I think that the answer to this question of mine is the best answer I am likely to find to that of the editor of this magazine.

My time for "good reading" is at night, before (and after) going to bed; and I have a little row of books dedicated to that hour. They are all favorites, but, luckily for my newly won illumination, most of them are not novels. For example, Boswell and Montaigne are not novels, nor, of course, are the "Thoughts" of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Indeed, the book I am going to mention is, if I may so put it, only just a novel. It is unlike all other novels (especially the imitations of it), and perhaps is only called one because it must be something and is certainly nothing else, not being reducible to any other known category of books. It is contained in a queer old marbled volume which I bought years ago, second hand, for a very small sum, and in this volume I always study it. The volume contains another very famous work, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and two less famous, namely, the "History of Louisa Mildmay" (a lady of adventures) and "Solyman and Almena, an Oriental Tale." The last named I have not read; I have got through most of "Louisa Mildmay"; the "Vicar" I have read in another form. The first book in the volume is my book, and it is entitled: "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, by The Rev. Mr. Sterne."

Now I have answered the question, and I am much comforted by the manifest unoriginality of my answer. So many men would say the same that I am sure of sympathizers. Whatever the reason, I have never yet found a woman who understood the taste, or at least who shared it at all fully. But trite as the choice is, I could declare no other; for unquestionably I open that book oftener than any other novel, and this problem, like so many others, *solvitur ambulando*. It will be evident now why I rejoiced that I was not asked to say what I thought the best novel. For to call "Tristram Shandy" the best of novels would be a very revolutionary proceeding, since it could be justified only by throwing aside and disregarding utterly all the rules, canons, standards, and marks by which it is customary to try and test novels at the high bar of criticism. (And, after all, most of them only aimed at being amusing, poor things!)

It is indeed a strange book, certainly not everybody's book. To start with, it is often tedious, sometimes silly, not seldom downright nasty. It does not begin at the end, because it has no end to begin at; but it does begin very nearly as far on as it ever gets, and goes back great distances in between. If anything at all happens—and it is possible to disentangle two or three events—it happens quite out of its right order; if the vehicle moves at all, it is with the cart before the horse; it is purposely so mixed up that a page of uninterrupted narrative is hardly to be found in it. It is a mass of tricks and affectations, some amusing, some very wearisome. To say that it has no plot is nothing; it takes the utmost pains to persuade you that it has not a plan. It is sometimes obviously and laboriously imitative. Its pathos, sometimes superb, is sometimes horribly maudlin. We must not ask for good taste, and can by no means rely on decency; there is even a perverse spirit of impropriety which seizes occasions and topics apparently quite innocent. This is not a complete catalogue of its sins; these are only a few points which occur to an old friend, a few characteristics which it is well to mention, lest those who do not know the book should suffer too severe a shock on making its acquaintance. For the difficulty with it is in the beginning; to read it the first time is almost hard; every reading after that goes more easily. Nevertheless, although there are, I believe, fanatic admirers who read all of it every time, I am not of those. I think I have earned the right to skip, and I exercise it freely, without qualms of conscience. What's the use of being on intimate terms with a book if you cannot have that liberty?

So many much better qualified people have set out to describe the attraction of "Tristram Shandy" that I hesitate to try my hand; but after what I have said against it I must give one or two of my own impressions about it, jotted down with a want of system appropriate to the subject. To me, infinitely the greatest charm lies in the talk. In this there is a peculiar flavor, so far as I know proper to Sterne, and to him only. It has all the discursiveness of actual con-

versation; the interruptions are as vital as the theme. It is developed through the mouths of characters admirably contrasted. Three occur at once to the mind, *Mr. Shandy*, his wife, and *Uncle Toby*. These might perhaps be roughly described as representing the speculative, the traditional, and the quietest types of humanity. Nothing ever presents itself to one of them in the same light in which it appears to another. They are thinking either about different things, or about the same thing in utterly different ways. The comment of the audience is never in the least what the speaker expects it to be. Sterne suddenly presents, in a sentence, with marvelous terseness, the point of view most opposed to that which he has been developing; a gulf of difference, intellectual or moral, is shown in a word, almost as it seems in a look. This diverse spirit of the interlocutors imparts to the dialogue an extraordinary piquancy, a quality of unexpectedness. The reader never knows what is coming next, and Sterne, quite alive to the value of keeping him in this state of suspense, constantly interrupts the sentence in the middle by a description of the air or the gestures which accompanied the remark.

This last habit may perhaps be called a mere trick, but it has immense value, first in the way to which I have referred, secondly as serving the purpose of most admirably apt and pointed stage directions. You seem to see and hear the man speaking. You wait while he fills his pipe, and, impatient as you grow, you watch how he fills it; for that throws out a hint of what he is going to say. And yet, surprising as the comment is, viewed in relation to the topic, it is always perfectly true to the character of the person uttering it. In this respect Sterne's dialogue is unrivaled within the range of my reading; there is an absolute sinking of the writer in the character.

But there is more in the matter than this. Sterne fits himself with a cast of characters so chosen and so handled that, in the course of a whimsical and fantastic record of trivial, and meaner than trivial, occurrences (and very few of those), he seems to travel over so large an extent of human nature, and to embrace so many

varieties of human character, that it is impossible to read his book without recognizing the hand and the insight of a master. In a way, it is a most personal book; that is, it is redolent of the author's individuality, and he himself is obtruded at every turn. None the less—and no paradoxes seem really paradoxical in this connection—it exhibits a power of equal sympathy with, and understanding of, the most widely different types of man and modes of thought; and these are exhibited with the richest sense of the humorous conflict and contrast between one and another of them—exhibited with no apparent elaboration, very rarely with any apparent seriousness. Indeed, they are made to show themselves accidentally, as it were, in the course of talk, in the pursuit of absurd hobbies and pottering occupations. This is, of course, very fine art, although it seems nothing of the kind as you read with an easy languor and a luxurious smile.

Foremost among these contrasts is that between the speculative and the non speculative mind, between notions and facts, the ordinary course of the world and recondite, learned theorizing about it. *Mr. Shandy's* out of the way and grotesque learning is applied to his family affairs with an uncompromising disregard of facts. *Mrs. Shandy* assents to the theories (she always assents) but attends to the fact. *Uncle Toby* is puzzled in his mind, but never troubled in his heart; the will of God about the matter is all that he wants to know.

"By the solution of noses," says *Mr. Shandy*, "I meant the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the causes of short and long noses."

"There is no cause but one," replies *Uncle Toby*, "why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because God pleases to have it so."

"It is a pious account," cries the other, "but not philosophical; there is more religion in it than sound science."

Upon which *Uncle Toby* whistles "Lillibullero" with more zeal (though more out of tune) than usual.

Mr. Shandy finds little more sympathy from his wife. That she is not a woman

of science is her misfortune, he complains. "But she might ask a question!" She never does. She waits till his mind has done playing over a thousand alternatives—to all of which she patiently accords much merit—and considers that her part begins only when the moment of action has arrived. There are many reasons for and against putting *Tristram* into breeches, and for and against those breeches having pockets. She admitted the force of all of them, and waited till the course of time made the question pressing. In her are to be found the mingled reverence and contempt of the practical person for the learned, shown, according to Sterne's method, in an absurd and even farcical fashion. *Mr. Shandy* is driven to seek a solution of his difficulties in the work of Albertus Rubenius; but no doubt when the time came (it never does in the book) *Tristram's* breeches were like other boys'.

For my own part I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it, but in my opinion to write a book is for all the world like humming a song. Be but in tune with yourself, madam, it is no matter how high or how low you take it.

Sterne is as good as his word; his song is all in tune with itself, his book is, amid its baffling varieties, twists, and surprises, of a consistent temper and born of one spirit. That spirit the reader must catch; it treats great things as small, small as infinitely great; it is perverse, unreasonable, unseemly alike in gravity and in mirth; it is a foe to all accepted standards, to the dictates of convention, to the limits of decency. "What does it all mean?" is a question which may well burst from our lips as we turn over the pages. Listen to Sterne invoking his predecessors, his heroes.

By the tombstone of Lucian—if it is in being—if not, why then by his ashes! By the ashes of my dear Rabelais and dearer Cervantes!

Aristophanes and Swift come to our minds as additions to the list. There may be a few more who are worthy of inclusion in it, but the company of the Great Buffoons is a small one. To it Sterne belongs; this is the first thing (it seems to me) to be borne in mind about him. Wit and judgment he calls the "top ornaments of the mind of man

which crown the whole entablature"; with him the wit is what is explicit, the judgment what you have to find.

Writers of this temper make great demands on our forgiveness—for some things we men of today find it harder to forgive them than our fathers did. Their first task is to outrage all our prejudices and to shock all our ordinary ideas, to turn our world upside down for us, to show us the rude underneath of every polished surface. This must be done before our minds are open to their lessons. Some people are not interested in having their minds opened; some cannot stand having the operation performed in this way; to be honest, there are many who would do themselves very little good by submitting to it. Still, it is the way these men—and Sterne among them—see the world and get at truth, in the mean time gratifying their malicious humor by plentiful mockery, and indulging themselves in a good deal of plain tomfoolery. Indiscreet admirers seem to me to do them no service by denying these last mentioned proclivities of their favorites.

"Every man," said Dr. Johnson, "must take existence on the terms on which it is offered to him." The same is true in the fullest degree about books. We can't cut and snip at an author till he is exactly of our pattern and our size; we cannot re-make his mind and his temperament to suit our tastes. We can leave him alone, or we can take him as he is and get what he has to give out of him. But to do this latter is not a duty, not a thing to be pressed on others, not to be regarded as part of a gentleman's education. It is rather a gift, an aptitude, a capacity, probably depending, in the last resort, on the existence of something in the mind of the pupil which answers not only to what is great and fine in the master, but also to what is less great and less fine, and which is in sympathy not only with the writer's qualities but with his foibles. It is not enough to value what is said; you must be more or less blind, at least you must be naturally indulgent, to what is faulty or objectionable in the manner of saying it.

Thus it was that at the beginning I expressed the fear that to name a favorite

book might turn out to be more than the enunciation of a taste; it might also prove in some measure, for good or evil, an indication of character or of a certain stamp of mind.

But let us not leave "Tristram Shandy" in this mood of a somewhat alarming gravity. There is so much in the book that is purely delightful, such an inexhaustible well of fun, such pleasant tenderness, in the end such a reverence for what is simply good and unaffectedly kind, such an impatience of humbug, such an appreciation of true manhood of whatever sort. Amid all the whimsicality of the relations between *Mr. Shandy* and *Uncle Toby* there is a picture of the love of brothers unsurpassed in fiction; for the ideal position of servant to master we can do no better than turn to *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim*. A writer's greatness comes out in his handling of these common relations of life, more perhaps than in anything else; and Sterne rises triumphant from the test, the more so in that he seems to handicap himself by throwing seriousness to the winds.

Beyond everything, it is his own temper that those who like him like, his burlesque gravity, his genuine gaiety and merriment. He laughs while he learns, while he teaches, while he lives. It has been admitted that he often laughs when he should not. But after all, there's no great harm done; and we lay down his books—either this of which I have been writing, or that other, the "Sentimental Journey"—inclined to say of him what he himself says of women:

'Tis the delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are; and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is that he has either a pumpkin for his head or a pippin for his heart—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

To make the appreciation of Sterne so crucial a test as this is to go a great deal too far; my quotation, so applied, would be, in fact, a reckless and a monstrous statement. Yet even so applied, there is a truth in it. And a reckless and monstrous statement, with a truth somewhere in it, is so appropriate to Sterne that I cannot find a better way of ending this tribute and confession.

Anthony Hope.

THE COLONEL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY EDNAH ROBINSON.

The strange meeting of two old rivals on a Christmas eve of war time—
Carey's terrible temptation, and the tragedy that followed.

AS Colonel Wright walked up the steps of the Park National Bank, a street urchin clutched his sleeve.

"Buy a bit of Crismus, sir!" the thin little voice shrilled out. "Three wreaths f'r a dime. I'll tek it home f'r yer, sir, if yer'd ruther not carry it yerself. Every one lugs a bit of Crismus, Crismus eve, sir."

The colonel did not answer. He shook off the detaining little hand, but it returned automatically.

"Buy jest one, sir, and tek it home to yer wife." By this time they were inside the bank.

"I don't want your wreaths," the colonel said harshly, and pulled himself away from the boy's grip.

The little fellow spied a possible victim passing out of the building, and dashed after him—to the relief of the colonel, who could hear him repeating his insistent cry: "Buy a bit of Crismus. Three wreaths f'r a dime!"

Wright went to the cashier's window, and presented a check. As the paying teller's swift fingers ran through a thick bundle of notes, a small crowd gathered around the window, each with a check in hand, waiting for his turn. Wright observed the faces absently, some anxious, others bright, all eager. A young girl was standing near him. As the clerk added yet more notes to the already thick pile, an unconscious little sigh escaped her. The colonel chuckled grimly as he read her glance; she was coveting his fortune. His Christmas shopping would be on a larger scale than hers, but not nearly so attractive. And then he reached out his hand for the money.

"That's a tidy sum, colonel," the clerk said courteously, as he pushed the bundle under the grating. "This war is going

to cost our government a pretty penny before it is over."

Colonel Wright smoothed out the notes carefully in his pocketbook.

"It's worth the money," he said with emphasis, as he dropped the case into his pocket. "The government is spending its money for the education of the nation. We are going to teach the people a lesson they will never forget. Good morning. Oh, yes, thank you. The same to you."

"He is the hottest headed Yank in the service," the cashier said to the next comer. "I think it must gall him to be kept tied up here, although the position is such a responsible one. He is purchasing quartermaster. I should be a rich man if I owned a tenth of what passes through his hands in a month. It's a pity, I think, that Uncle Sam does not keep him out in the field. Fine bearing? Yes, indeed, sir. 'Military' is stamped on his chest. I only wish we had more like him in the army."

The colonel passed down the steps and out upon the snow covered street. The snow was falling lightly, but he did not open his umbrella. People hurried past him, jostling each other with their bundles, in eager haste to reach their destinations. It was the winter of '62, and though all over the country hearts were throbbing with fear and sympathy for the divided nation, yet the ogre war had dropped out of sight on this eve of the birthday of the Prince of Peace. If there was sorrow, it was stifled, fear was unconfessed. All was confusion, merriment.

Wright met several acquaintances on his walk up Broadway. Their gay greetings made him feel cross. For a bachelor, Christmas was a failure; and what, in war time, had an old soldier to do with peace and joy?

Something should have been invented for the unmarried man's Christmas. There was only one way out of it; every bachelor should adopt both wife and children over the holidays. Wright laughed at his conceit, and then grew somber. He hated the season; it always made him think of *her*. He had built his future around her image, woven around her presence all his dreams of home. It would have been sacrilege to displace her image; to take her out of his dreams would have torn the fabric into shreds.

As it was, Christmas brought up the old hopes. It was twenty years ago, exactly. The winter of '42. How clear the memory was! He had searched the town for a suitable gift for her, and when he had found and offered it, she would not take it, and had told him why. He remembered how he stumbled out of the room, and when she had called him back, how he squeezed the little hand until it was so red that he had to kiss it to make it pale again. Jove! How weak and stupid he was not to be able to forget! Would the old memories never grow less poignant? This year it had been worse.

He wished he had not run across Carey. What in all the powers had made him cross his path again? And to put up at his hotel! The man had no delicacy. Of course he knew. She must have told him how hard Wright had taken it. Carey looked anything but a victor now; his seams admitted poverty and distress. There must have been some truth in that rumor of his failure.

Wright had experienced a moment of exultation when the news of Carey's collapse first came; but pity followed close on its heels, when he thought of her. What a lottery life was! She had chosen twenty years ago, for the best, it seemed to the world. Now Carey was ruined, a wanderer; while he—the colonel squared his shoulders at the half conscious comparison. Well, so women choose, and so men suffer. But he wished he knew where she was.

Some one jogged his elbow. "Hello, colonel! A merry Christmas to you. You don't look festive, old fellow, as be-fitteth the season."

Wright shook off his reverie. "Busi-

ness!" he explained. "These are anxious times for Uncle Sam's soldiers, Kingsley."

"For the rest of us, too," Kingsley agreed. "Though we are not so responsible. But at Christmas we family men have to throw off our worries, and be young with the children again. That's where you get off easy, colonel. You haven't five little ones to play Santa Claus for. It's a drain I can tell you, although it brings its own compensations. Where are you going now? On your way to your hotel? You are not busy? Good! Then I'll challenge you to a game of billiards. What's the news from the army, colonel? Heard anything more about Fredericksburg? I wish Grant had been there. I tell you we are going to hear a good deal from him before this war is over. He is a marked man, I prophesy. Ever met him?"

Wright nodded affirmatively as they turned in at the Astor House. At the office he inquired for mail; some bulky official letters being handed him, he begged permission to run through them. Kingsley turned over the pages of the register as he waited.

"So Carey is back," he said to Wright, who soon rejoined him. "That fellow's made a wreck of his life. He had the most brilliant prospects of any one in the West. The papers all spoke of him as the coming power up to a few years ago. It was his passion for speculating that ruined him. Couldn't keep his fingers off an investment. Pity he had no children. They'll keep a man steady if anything can. Fortune seemed to be in his grasp, when all of a sudden the bubble burst. There was something wrong somewhere. It's his wife I am sorry for. She was a beautiful girl, a great friend of my wife's. Perhaps you know her; her name was Miss—Miss—the deuce, I can't get it! They had a big wedding here about twenty years ago. Beg your pardon?"

"I? I said nothing. Yes, I know her. There is Carey now. He is reading a newspaper, over there—by the window. Put your coat and umbrella down here, Kingsley. Good morning, Mr. Carey."

Carey returned the greeting of the two men with a faint nod. As the game pro-

gressed, he did not raise his eyes from the paper. The men played spiritedly; Kingsley was in to win, but Wright resisted stubbornly.

Finally the colonel threw down his cue. "It's your day," he said. "There's no use denying it. Let's take a drink. The loser stands treat."

"Nothing of the sort," remonstrated Kingsley. "The winner puts up. I'll drink your health and a merry Christmas. Why not a toast to the future Mrs. Wright, eh, colonel? Do you know it has always been a mystery to me why you never married, for you were cut out for a family man. You had better reform; a bachelor's a selfish animal." They were then out in the hall. "Is Carey always glum?"

"No—yes," Wright said hurriedly. "He is morbid, I think. But where is she? Has he left her out West?"

"I don't know," Kingsley answered. "My wife and she used to correspond violently, but of late we have heard nothing of her or from her. The last letter came from San Francisco, and I guess she's there now. Well, I ought to be going. I have some Christmas presents yet to buy. I suppose yours are all bought—eh, Wright?"

The words of the little wreath vender occurred to Wright, and he smiled. "I am not going to have even a bit of Christmas," he said—"unless you call buying supplies for Uncle Sam's soldiers Christmas shopping."

His hand went involuntarily to his pocket, and then dropped limply by his side. The perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he leaned against the wall. "God!" he said. "It's gone. What's the matter! It is ruin—ruination. The money I just drew at the bank! Gone—out of my pocket!"

Kingsley poured out a stream of sympathetic questions. When had he last noticed it? What pocket was it in—or which coat? Had he drawn it out when he read his letters? Had he felt it then? Was the pocketbook marked?

Wright passed his hand over his eyes. "Let me think it out." His voice was husky. "It was the inner pocket of my overcoat, where I put my letters when I read them. It was there then, Kingsley!

I am positive of that. It is in this hotel that I lost it."

A quick look passed between the two men. They hurried back to the billiard room. It was empty, and the pocket-book was not there.

"We will go to the proprietor and send for the hotel detective," said Kingsley. "There's no time to be lost."

A few minutes later, Wright had told his story. They were in the proprietor's office. The detective listened attentively.

"Was there no one in the room while you were playing, Mr. Wright?"

The colonel admitted that there was; a man that he knew—Wilfred Carey.

"The only one there?"

Wright nodded.

The detective summed up the case on his fingers. "Carey broke all to pieces out West. Came back to New York for an opening. Growing more desperate. You gave him a chance, and he took it. It's as clear as the sun."

Wright started for the door. "He'll try to get away. We must prevent that."

"There's no danger," the detective reassured him. "He would not damn himself by running away. To avert suspicion he would have to stay and brave it out. However, we can go to his room and see if he is there."

They filed silently along the corridor, the proprietor leading. Wright followed close behind; he looked twenty years older. He saw himself ruined. What a fool he had been! Something tickled his lip and he raised his hand to his mouth; it came back crimsoned with blood. His lip was bitten through.

They listened at Carey's door, but for a few moments Wright could hear nothing but his own heart beats. Then a chair was pulled across the room.

"He is in there," Wright whispered eagerly to the detective, who was trying to peer through the keyhole. "Shall we force our way in?"

The officer shook his head. "I want to get a glimpse of him first. The key's in the door; but the transom will do just as well. Lend a hand, gentlemen. Softly, now!"

The detective picked up a table at the end of the corridor, and with Kingsley's

aid put it in place. He got up quickly, and looked in. The stolid look disappeared from his face, and he beckoned eagerly to Wright, who with the other two men climbed up beside him.

Wright's heart gave a leap. Carey sat on a chair before a table on which his head rested. His hand grasped a bulky red pocketbook. Wright's honor was safe; and then he thought of *her*, and the scene grew blurred.

The detective touched his arm. "We'll break in now, sir."

But then Wright interposed. "Give him a chance," he said hastily. "He may not keep it."

The man shrugged his shoulder. "Not if I know human nature. How much is it? Heavens! A hundred thousand dollars! You think a man could keep his fingers off that?"

To the onlookers it seemed an age before Carey lifted his head. He stared at the bundle in his hand, while four pairs of eyes were fastened on his face as if to eat out its meaning.

Slowly but deliberately was the elastic band drawn off and the pocketbook opened. The detective made a move to get down, but Wright's hand stopped him.

Carey's mouth was set, his face dark with purpose as he counted out the notes. The first one startled him. He turned to the next, then the next, and yet another. A panic seemed to seize him, and in a frenzy he shuffled over the whole bundle. The color left his lips, and his eyes burned. He threw the notes to the ground as if they had been infected. He seemed to be suffocating. The room had suddenly shrunk into a trap.

Wright bent towards the detective. "He is not going to take it, after all," he said.

The detective's lip curled. "This is only the first shock. The sum startled him. He'll soon get accustomed to the idea. There—look now!"

The man's coarse cynicism grated on Wright's nerves. He turned again to the transom.

Carey stood in the middle of the room, his eyes riveted to the notes, as if they possessed some compelling hypnotic power. He stooped and picked up one

and slipped it into his pocket. He appeared to have stopped breathing. Then he stooped again, gathered up the whole bundle, and bound it with a strap.

Kingsley's voice broke the silence. "He is going to keep only one and replace the others."

"It's only an impulse," the detective said dryly. "He can't put back part without exposing himself to suspicion. It's going to be all or nothing. There, what did I tell you?"

The four faces were pressed close to the window as Carey reopened the pocketbook. He counted the notes carefully, one by one. The horror was leaving his face and a new look was being born. As Kingsley said afterwards, he felt as if he had been present at the birth of a criminal.

The consequences had been weighed, the step taken, when Carey put the package resolutely in his pocket.

Wright's eyeglasses rattled against the pane. The little sound fell like a pistol shot on the tense nerves of the five men.

Carey sprang up to see the four white faces staring down on him. An oath burst from his lips.

"Gentlemen," said the detective, "I think it is time for us to break in this door."

A little cracking sound mingled with crashing of the wood. As they entered the room, Carey's position was the same as that in which they had discovered him. His head rested on the table and the notes were on the floor.

Kingsley picked the money up and handed it gravely to the colonel.

The detective touched Carey on the shoulder, but he did not raise his head.

Wright's voice broke through the stillness of the room. "We have all been witnesses of your struggle and your defeat. It is your turn now to defend yourself. You will say, I suppose, that you found the money, and were going to return it."

A string of oaths answered him. "Curse you, I will tell you the truth. I did find the money. You can believe it, or not, as you choose. I have not fallen so low that I can rifle men's pockets. You threw your coat on a chair. After

you had picked it up and gone out, I discovered the pocketbook where the coat had been lying. I hoped—yes, I say I hoped—it was money. God knows I need it. So does she." He nodded towards a picture standing on the mantel.

Carey was speaking to Wright now as if they were alone together. He ignored the others. "And I thought I would take it, and we would commence somewhere all over again. To think of her lacking even comforts—all alone! I said I would send her something this year, or never come back; so I thought when I found it, 'Here is her Christmas at last. She never will know. No one will ever know.'"

"So I took it. But when I discovered the amount I was afraid. I had run my head into a noose. Could I put the money back without betraying myself? A large sum like that would be immediately missed and every one watched. There was nothing to do but keep it. What a Christmas I'd send her! You can accuse me of theft, for it's true. I intended to keep it."

Wright's eyes were dim as he looked at the picture. His fingers clenched the notes. Then he turned to the other men.

"I want to thank you for your assistance," he said. "Of course you know what it meant to me—my honor! I will ask you not to speak of it. May I see Mr. Carey alone for a moment?"

After the others left, it was a minute or so before Wright spoke.

"You understand," he said thickly, "it would hurt me to have this affair talked about. It would kill *her*. I'll make you a proposition. If you promise to go back and take care of her for the first time in your whole selfish life, I'll give you a fresh start—lend you a couple of thousand without interest, or give you a thousand straight out, if you promise to use it for her. If you don't—if you use it for your own selfish schemes—I swear I will kill you."

Carey's hand went to his heart. "No threats. You have done that already. Do you think I'd put myself in your power? Your generosity is too late. There's my answer." He waved his hand towards the grate and his head fell again on the table.

Wright's eye discovered some splintered glass by the mantel, and for the first time he noticed the faint smell of some powerful chemical. He picked up a fragment of a broken vial with sudden fear, and then rushed towards Carey; but the criminal was freed from his bonds.

Before opening the door Wright took the photograph down from the mantel, and then he called Kingsley.

The three men were waiting in the hall. Even the detective was startled. He felt for Carey's heart, but it was quite still.

Wright pointed to the shivered glass as he spoke: "That must have been the sound we heard as we broke in. The man was desperate and this was his defense. I have asked you already not to let this thing get out. I hope you will remain silent about it now more than ever. It means far more than my honor; it is a woman's whole life. I know that I can trust you."

There was a knock at the door. Wright opened it. The little wreath vender of the morning stood there.

"Merry Crismus! Buy a wreath, sir? Three f'r a dime," he said volubly.

Wright shook his head, and the boy's quick eye fell on the photograph.

"Buy a bit of Crismus for her!"

For her! Wright's hand went to his pocket. He took a wreath of bright red berries, and walked over to the bed where Carey's body was lying. The colonel placed the wreath reverently on the breast of the dead man.

Then he turned to Kingsley. "My only bit of Christmas," he said grimly, and went out and left them.

"That's the second time I have tried to give her a Christmas present," Wright said to himself as he went down the stairs. "The next time I intend to be successful; and it won't be twenty years before I try again."

The following Christmas Mrs. Wright received a wedding present from one of her husband's oldest friends. He had tried to find something appropriate, he wrote. The little enameled wreath of berries found ready appreciation, and there was an inscription on the back, "A bit of Crismus!" which the colonel remembered and understood.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM.

The honor coveted by all English women and by not a few Americans, that of being "presented to the Queen"—What the ceremony is, and what it means, with pictures from photographs of court costumes.

OF course we all agree that American society is purely republican in sentiment. We do not want a king or queen. We can understand electing a President. He is merely a public officer who is paid a certain sum to do a certain amount of work. To our eyes royalty is merely ornamental, and we are too essentially a race of humorists to see anything but a joke in setting a particular family, possessed of all the ordinary human frailties, in a place so far above the rest of us that we must worship them from afar. If, in the exercise of our right to do as we please, we were to take it into our heads to set up a king, we should be making fun of him within six months. The English, on the other hand, are a deferential people. It may be that they have grown into the habit of respect, and this makes them loyal in all things. Their devotion to their queen is a beautiful characteristic which reflects honor on both sides.

Queen Victoria allows herself to be seen very little. She is growing old, and as she is a wise woman she doubtless understands that the less we have of anything the more we value it. It is seldom that she even holds a drawing room, and the young girl who is presented to her in person considers herself lucky indeed. And the young American girl or woman is as anxious for this honor as the English, and sometimes a little more.

When the English girl is born it is already settled, as a rule, whether she will ever go to court or not. There are, of course, exceptions. If she does not belong to the nobility or the county families, she may marry a man who goes to the House, or becomes a lord mayor, and thus become eligible to appear at a drawing room. But this does not mean that she belongs to what is known as English

society. The American woman, on the other hand, who is presented, usually finds that she has an open sesame to all that London has to offer if she knows what to do with her advantages.

American women are generally presented by the United States ambassador, and as he is supposed to be responsible for his country people objection is rarely made to the names he sends up, though a few unpleasant episodes of this nature have occurred. The names of English women are sometimes challenged, and there have been cases where an introduction has been formally repudiated. Ladies have made their bow to the queen and kissed her hand who were told afterwards that her majesty refused to acknowledge them; but this is, of course, only for some tangible reason.

When an English woman desires to be presented at a drawing room, she gets her mother, or some friend who has the *entrée*, to introduce her. This should be done upon her formal entrance into society. She will probably be presented again upon the occasion of her marriage. It is customary for those who have the privilege of the drawing room to appear there only once in two years. The reason for this unwritten law is that comparatively few of these royal functions are held during a season, and some such regulation is needed to check overcrowding. As it is, the crush is very great.

The matter of dress is laid down by rule and regulation, and there are certain houses in London which make a specialty of court dresses. It is supposed by the ignorant and unwary, particularly by foreigners, that these are semi official, and that a costume from any other house would hardly pass muster. But the wise woman who has sent a whole family of daughters through successive drawing



MISS WRIGHTSON, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS WRIGHTSON, LATE M. P. FOR STOCKTON.



MRS. MULLENS.

rooms knows better. She knows just how long a train must be worn, just how many feathers, and just what sort of a bouquet, and she gets up the whole outfit

brave and self possessed as the débutante may be, a drawing room is an ordeal, and by the time the average young woman has gone through it for the first time



MISS CAMERON.

for about a quarter of the sum the "court dressmaker" charges.

It is, of course, the usual thing for a young girl to appear at a drawing room in white. The queen is fond of young girls, particularly when she has known their mothers, and generally says some kind word which puts them at ease. For,

she has the elated sense that a feat accomplished always gives.

The ordeal begins weeks, sometimes months, beforehand. The ambitious mother tries to get her daughter's name upon the list for one of the occasions when the queen herself is present. Such opportunities become fewer every year.



LADY IERNE HASTINGS, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

There was an absurd story told, not long ago, that the queen had lost her eyesight, and that she intended to abdicate. The fact was that she sent for an oculist, and, for the first time in her life, was fitted with a pair of spectacles. As she is seventy nine years old, this would appear to be less alarming than some journalists seemed to imagine. But as the years go by, she reserves her strength for those duties which she considers of paramount importance, and the Princess of Wales is often delegated to receive the

young débutantes who desire to be passed upon by their sovereign. These social duties have also been delegated to the Princess Christian and other ladies of the royal family.

The affair is of the first importance to the relatives and friends of the débutante. Those who have been received in other years come in with reminiscences of their first presentation, and every one advises an entirely different manner of doing everything. By all concerned the event is considered quite as important as a wedding.



MISS PULLAR.

If the *débutante* is shy and not particularly graceful, she sends for a professional to teach her how to make her bow, and how to back out of the presence of royalty without coming to grief. Early in the morning of drawing room day, the

or twelve, the procession begins. For a long distance from the palace, carriages stand in rows in the garish afternoon sunlight. Inside, in plain view of the public, are the beauties, the *grandes dames* of London society, in their costliest



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

hair dressers who make a specialty of the court coiffure are going from house to house with their irons and lamps, to work weird results with these instruments of their art. The acceptable head dress is as stiff as that affected by the ancient Egyptians, while feathers and tulle veils complete the effect. These kindly ministrations turn the expectant *débutante* into a miserable woman who is afraid to move, and who may have to sit with a stiff neck for hours. Then, at eleven

robes and jewels, bare as to neck and arms, for the delight of the London mob, which flocks under the very carriage wheels and makes audible comment upon this other world, with which it feels disposed to fraternize. If a young girl is pretty, she receives all sorts of flattering encouragement from these outspoken children of the streets. If there is a lady in the line whose name and face are well known, she hears her whole history told and retold with startling completeness.



MRS. JAMES EDGAR SHEPPARD AND MISS MARGARET SHEPPARD, WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE REV. JAMES EDGAR SHEPPARD, SUB DEAN OF THE CHAPELS ROYAL.

Gradually the carriages move on until the gates of the palace are reached. Then begins a slow progress from one apartment to another. Finally, the room with the dais is reached, where the queen sits in her black dress with its beautiful lace, a veil of filmy stuff held to her head by the little crown, and the broad blue ribbon of the garter across her breast.

It is not only to the queen that the courtesy must be made, but sometimes to as many as twenty royalties beside, who stand in a long row beyond the sovereign. By the time this is all done, the room is pretty well crossed, and the backing out is a comparatively easy matter. Then a gentleman in waiting picks up the train and gives the heavy bundle to its owner.



EMILY, LADY DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

and the young girl gets away as quickly as possible to the photographer's, where her friends arrange her dress as they hope it looked when she was making her bow to royalty, and pose her in her most becoming attitudes. Then she goes home to tea.

These teas are a regular feature of the day. Everybody who has a daughter presented gives one, and people drive about from one to the other, comparing dresses and appearances, and paying compliments. The *débutante*, tired out but happy, has the proud feeling that at last she is launched in the world of society.

The queen has been exceedingly gracious in regard to the presentation of American women at court. Consuelo

Vanderbilt, now the Duchess of Marlborough, astonished everybody by the magnificence of her jewels upon her introduction; but she was unfortunate enough to break her great string of pearls as she bent to kiss Victoria's hand, and they went rolling in every direction. People said then that it was a bad omen, but her life in England appears not to have been marred by ill luck, in spite of the gloomy forecasts of the superstitious wiseacres.

A drawing room shows the magnificence and the wealth of English people of fashion as few other functions can do. We often hear about American wealth, but the fact is that English society is so much richer than American, that the ratio of its expenditure is about that of a pound to a dollar.

Anna Leach.

IF LOVE SHOULD COME.

If love should come,
I wonder if my restless, troubled heart,
Unkind, would bid its visitor depart,
With chill, averted look and pulse unthrilled,
Because its sanctum was already filled
By cold ambition—would it still be dumb
If love should come?

If love should come,
Would all his pleading fall upon my ear
Unrecked of, as by one who will not hear?
Would my lips say, "I do not know thy name;
I seek the far, cold heights where dwelleth fame.
In all my life for thee there is no room,"
If love should come?

If love should come,
Against him would I dare to bar the door,
And, unregretful, bid him come no more?
Would stern ambition whisper to my heart,
"Love is a weakness—bid him hence depart,
For he and I can have no common home,"
If love should come?

If love should come,
And I should shut him out and turn away,
Would what contents me now content me aye?
Would all success the lonely years might bring
Suffice to recompense for that one thing?
Ah, *could* my heart be silent, my lips dumb,
If love should come?

L. M. Montgomery.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

XXXIV (Continued).

AS he walked down the church again, the Moscio took the weapon out. The broad blade was stuck in its black leathern sheath, and it required all his strength to loosen it. When he got it out, he saw that the steel was covered with dark rust.

It was a pity, he thought, as he dropped it into his pocket again, for it had evidently been a good knife. He would clean it with sand and a brick, and sharpen it on a stone, not because he could not have got a better one easily enough, but because it was an agreeable and interesting remembrance. He drew the wedge from under the door without making any noise and went out into the open air.

The fat sacristan had lit a clay pipe with a wild cherrywood stem, and was slowly walking the horse up and down in the shade. The Moscio took a small note from a neat pocketbook. Even when notes are scarce, in the wild finances of modern Italy, the outlaws manage to have them, because they are easily carried.

"Do you wish me to change it for you?" inquired the sacristan, holding the flimsy bit of paper between his thumb and finger.

"Keep it for yourself, my friend, with a thousand thanks," replied the Moscio.

But the sacristan refused, and held the note out to him, returning it.

"We do not wish to be paid for courtesy," he said with dignity.

"There are doubtless many poor persons in the village," answered the Moscio, smiling, and beginning to mount. "You will do me a favor by giving the money to those who need it, requesting them to pray for the soul of my poor aunt."

"In that case it is different," replied the fat man gravely. "I thank you in the name of our poor people. As for me, I am always here to serve you and your friends."

The Moscio glanced at the man's face as the last words were spoken. Tebaldo had told him who the sacristan was, and had described him accurately.

"A greeting to your brother, Don Taddeo the grocer," said the outlaw, settling himself in the saddle.

The sacristan looked up sharply. Being cross eyed, it was almost impossible to know with which eye he was looking at one. But the expression did not change as he answered.

"Thank you. You shall be obeyed. Our service to your friends."

They understood each other perfectly well, and the Moscio rode slowly away into the brilliant light, leaving the fat man to lock up the church and go home. The outlaw had made a friend of him, but had not thought fit to ask him any questions about the state of the village or the movements of the Saracinesca. It was of no use to go any further than necessary at a first meeting, and the band had plenty of good sources of information.

Tebaldo spent the morning in a sort of

feverish anxiety against which he struggled in vain. He went out for a stroll and passed twice before Basili's house. The weather was beginning to be hot, and the blinds were as tightly closed as though the house were not inhabited. As he passed for the second time he fancied he heard Aliandra's voice singing softly in the distance. He could hardly have been mistaken, for it had the quality and carrying power, even when least loud, which distinguishes the great voices of the world, the half a dozen in a century that leave undying echoes behind them when they are still. His blood rushed up in his throat at the sound and almost choked him, so that he pulled at his collar with his finger, as if it were too tight.

He had not intended to try to see her again, but the fascination of the light and distant song was more than he could resist. He knocked and waited on the little steps outside the door. He was sure that he heard some one moving up stairs and approaching a window, and he guessed that he could be seen through the slats of the blinds.

A long time passed, and he heard no sound. Then, as usual, the stable man came to the door, with his faithful, stolid face. He began to give the customary answer.

"The Signorina Aliandra has gone to the country with——"

"Let me come in," said Tebaldo, interrupting the man roughly.

He was active, strong, and in a bad temper, and before the man could hinder him, Tebaldo had pushed him into the house and was shutting the door behind him.

"And the notary is asleep," said the man, concluding the formula, in a tone of surprise and protest, but attempting no further resistance.

"Wake him, then!" cried Tebaldo, his naturally smooth voice rising to a high and almost brassy tone. "And the devil take you, your mother, and both your souls!" he added, relapsing into dialect in his anger.

He must have been heard to the top of the house, and by Gesualda in her kitchen. Immediately there came a sound of footsteps from above. But Tebaldo was already mounting the stairs. Aliandra

was coming down to meet him, her face flushed with annoyance and her eyes sparkling.

"What is this, Don Tebaldo?" she asked, as soon as she caught sight of him.

"By what right do you——"

He interrupted her.

"Because I mean to see you," he answered. "When you are in the country with Gesualda visiting your friends, one ought not to hear you singing in Ranzazzo as one passes your house."

Aliandra was not really very angry that he should have got in, for she was beginning to find her father's company a little dull. But she made a movement of annoyance, as if displeased at having betrayed herself by her singing.

"Well—go down to the sitting room," she said. "I cannot turn you out, since you have got in."

They descended, and she sent away the stable man, and made Tebaldo go into the front room, leaving the door open, however, as she followed him. His anger disappeared when her manner changed. He took her hand and tried to make her sit down, but she smiled and shook her head.

"I cannot stay," she said. "But as for your having been kept out, that is really my father's doing. I suppose he is right, but I am glad to see you for a moment. I was afraid you had gone back to Rome."

"Not without seeing you. But what absurd idea possesses your father——"

"Hush! Not so loud! The doors are open up stairs, and one hears everything."

"Then I will shut the door——"

"No, no! Please do not! He would scold, for he would certainly know. Besides, you must go."

"I do not understand you at all," said Tebaldo, lowering his voice. "The last time I saw you, you were just like yourself again, and now—I do not understand. You are quite changed."

"No. I am always the same, Tebaldo." Her voice was suddenly kind. "I told you the whole truth in Rome, once for all. Why must I say it over again? Is it of any use?"

"It never was of any use to say it all," answered Tebaldo. "You do not believe that I love you——"

"You are wrong. I do believe it—as much as you do yourself!" She laughed rather irrelevantly.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked.

"Such love is a laughing matter, my dear Tebaldo. I am not a child. It is better that love should end in laughter than in tears."

"Why should it end it all?"

"Because you are engaged to marry another woman, dear friend. A very good reason—for me." She laughed again.

"You have only a dead man's word for it," said Tebaldo grimly. "Unfortunately he is where he cannot take it back. But I can for him. It is not true."

He set his eyes, as it were, while he looked at her, in order to make her believe that he was telling the truth. But she knew him well, for she had known him long, and she doubted him still. She shook her head.

"It may not be literally true," she said. "But practically it is the fact. You mean to marry the American. That is why neither my father nor I wish you to come to the house. You injure my reputation here, in my own town, as you do in Rome. If you loved me, you would not wish to do that. I have held my head high at the beginning, and that is the hardest. I did not mean to say it over again, but you force me to. Do you want me? Marry me. If you were a rich man, I suppose I should be ashamed to speak as I do. But we are both poor, you for a nobleman and I for an artist. So there is no question of interest, is there? I have not seen your American heiress. She may be handsomer than I, for I am not the most beautiful woman in the world. She is rich. That is her advantage. She may be a good girl, but she is no better than I, the singer, the notary's daughter, who have nothing in my whole life to blush for. Look at me, now, as I am. You know me. Choose between us, and let this end. I am willing to marry you if you want me, but I am not willing to sacrifice my good name to you, nor to any man in Europe, king, prince, or gentleman. Here I stand, and you may look at me for the last time, compare me with your foreign young

lady, and make up your mind definitely. If it is to be marriage, I will marry you at once. If not, I will not see you again, if I can possibly help it, either here or in Rome."

As she finished her long speech she crossed her arms behind her and faced him rather proudly, drawing herself up to her full height, smiling a little, but with an earnest look in her eyes. She had never looked so handsome. The few days of country life had completely rested her young face.

"You are frank, at all events," said Tebaldo, half mechanically, for he was thinking more of her than of her words.

"And it is time that you should be frank, too," she answered. "You must make your choice, and abide by it—Aliandra Basili or the American girl."

He was silent, for he was in a dilemma, and was, besides, too nervous from all he had been through to like being driven to a sudden decision. On the other hand, her beauty stirred him now, as it had not done before, and the idea of giving her up was unbearable. She looked at him steadily for several seconds. More than once his lips parted, as if he were going to speak, but no words came. Gradually her mouth grew scornful and her eyes hard.

All at once she laughed a little harshly and turned towards the door.

"You have chosen," she said. "Good by."

But the passionate longing that had assailed him outside, in the street, at the sound of her voice, had doubled and trebled now. As she turned, the folds of her gown followed her figure in a way that drove him mad.

"Aliandra!" he cried, overtaking her in an instant, and catching her in his arms.

She struggled a little as he forced her head backwards upon his shoulder.

"You!" He kissed the word upon her lips again and again. "You! You!" he repeated. "I cannot live without you, and you know it! Yes—I will marry you—before God, I will——"

And many passionate, broken words and solemn vows mingled with his kisses as he stood there pressing her to him. It was not a noble love, but it was genuine

and fierce, as all the man's passions were, whether for love, or hatred, or revenge. It was when he had let them drive him to reckless deeds that his other nature asserted itself, calm and treacherous and self contained.

As for Aliandra herself, she had saved her self respect, though few people might respect her for what she had done. She was not a very romantic or sentimental young woman, but according to her lights she was a good girl. She had been taught to consider that all men were originally and derivatively bad, and that every woman had a genuine right to make the most advantageous marriage she could. She did not in the least expect that Tebaldo would be faithful to her, but she firmly intended to be an honest wife, on general principles. What she most wanted was his name, for which she meant to earn a fortune by her art. She had never been in love, and did not believe that love had any real existence—a view not uncommon with very young people who have no particular sentimentality in their composition. And so rigid were her ideas in one direction that she resented the demonstrative way in which Tebaldo expressed his decision.

He was almost beside himself, for his nerves had been already unstrung, and her beauty completely dominated him for the time being, so that he forgot even Miss Slayback's millions, his own evil deeds, and his meeting with the outlaw. There was nothing which he was not ready to do. Basili should draw up the marriage contract at once, and on the following morning they would be formally betrothed. Only the fact that he could not with propriety be married within less than three months of his brother's death recalled him to himself.

The afternoon was already advancing when he left the house and went back to the inn, half dazed and almost forgetful alike of past and future, as he walked up the street. Before he had gone a hundred yards, however, he had regained enough composure to think of what he had to do, and when he reached the inn no one would have supposed that anything unusual had happened to him.

As he rode out of the town, half an hour later, he vaguely wondered at him-

self for what he had done, and wondered, also, how he could get out of his present difficult position.

He looked at his watch, and saw that it was growing late. He had far to ride, and had intended to start much earlier in the afternoon. He had the innkeeper's best horse, but it was rather a slow animal, not to be compared with Basili's brown mare. He quickened his pace as well as he could, however, and cantered along the more level stretches of the high road. At the first opportunity he struck off into a bridle path to the right which led westward towards the heights above Maniace.

He had ridden several miles, in and out among the little undulations of the upper valley, when he came out upon a broad bit of meadow, such as one occasionally finds in that region, just beyond the black lands. He put his horse at a gallop, taking advantage of the chance to gain a little time, and riding diagonally for a point at the opposite side, from which the bridle path led up to the hills, as he well knew.

He was less than half way across the grass when he heard the heavy tread of horses galloping after him, with the clanking of arms and a sound of deep voices calling out to him. He looked round, but he knew already that he was followed by mounted carabinieri, and that they could overtake him easily enough. After a moment's hesitation he drew rein and waited quietly for the troopers to come up. He wished that he had carried his rifle across his saddle bow instead of at his back, for he at first believed that there was some information against him from Santa Vittoria, and that they meant to arrest him. On the other hand, to have unslung his rifle, after seeing that they were carabinieri, would have been to acknowledge that he feared them. His mind worked quickly as he sat in his saddle, waiting for them.

But when they were fifty yards away one of them reined in his charger.

"It is Don Tebaldo Pagliuca!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, and in the desolate stillness of the lonely field, Tebaldo heard the words and understood that he had been mistaken for some one else.

The other trooper laughed a little, and they both trotted up to Tebaldo, saluting when they were near him.

"I beg your pardon," said the older soldier. "We took you for a stranger. It is a lonely place, and we have news that the brigands are somewhere in the neighborhood. I trust we have not annoyed you, signore. Accept our excuses."

Tebaldo smiled easily.

"You took me for an outlaw," he said. "It is natural enough, I am sure. Do you know your way? Can I be of service to you?"

The elder trooper asked one or two questions about the directions in which the bridle paths led. He evidently knew the country tolerably well, and Tebaldo was wise enough not to deceive him. After a few moments' conversation, he offered the men a couple of cigars, which they gratefully accepted and hid in the inner pockets of their tunics, after which they saluted again and rode away in the direction whence they had come. In disturbed times such patrols are to be met with occasionally on almost every practicable bridle path, and the foot carabineers scramble up and down through the country in pairs, even where there are no paths at all.

As he rode on alone Tebaldo was aware that his heart was beating faster than usual. He had been startled by the unexpected meeting, and for one moment had expected to be arrested. He now reflected that he had no real cause to fear any such catastrophe, since, by this time, the Moscio had certainly recovered the knife, which represented the only possible evidence against him. But the physical impression remained, and it was very like fear. He had rarely been afraid of anything in his life, and the sensation was disturbing, for it warned him that the strain on his whole nature was beginning to weaken him.

He pressed on, urging his lazy horse whenever the ground permitted, and cutting across through the woods, from one bridle path to another, as often as he could, shortening the way to gain time. He was near the foot of the hill on which the outlaws were camping, and was just about to cross the streamlet that ran

down from the spring, when a man in tweed clothes, which had an English look, quietly stepped out from behind a bush and stood in his way, at the water's edge, holding a rifle in his hand. Tebaldo's horse stopped of his own accord.

"Your name, if you please," said the outlaw civilly.

"Tebaldo Pagliuca. I come by appointment to visit one of your friends."

"Name him, if you please."

"The Moscio," said Tebaldo, knowing that if the names had not agreed with those given to the sentinel as a pass, the man would probably have killed him instantly as a spy.

"I will show you the way," said the brigand, slinging his rifle on his shoulder.

"I know the way perfectly," answered Tebaldo. "Pray do not trouble yourself."

"It is a pleasure," returned the other, and he cleared the little stream at a bound.

Tebaldo guessed that he was not altogether trusted, even now. As the man walked up the hill he whistled softly, and in a few moments, emerging from the brush into a little clearing, Tebaldo saw the Moscio waiting for him. It was dusky under the trees, but Tebaldo could see the pleasant smile on the girlish face. The Moscio had his rifle under his arm, and was smoking a cigarette. The man who had led Tebaldo to the spot disappeared into the brush, returning to his post by the stream. Tebaldo dismounted.

"Have you met any one?" inquired the outlaw, shaking hands.

"No," answered Tebaldo, "not since I left the high road."

He had reflected that he had done unwisely in not turning back with the carabineers and riding with them as far as the road, in order to disarm any possible suspicions, and he knew that the Moscio would think so, too. He should, if necessary, have even waited till the next day before coming up to the camp, but his anxiety to see the knife safe in the Moscio's possession had outweighed everything else.

"So much the better," answered the outlaw unsuspiciously. "By the by, here is your knife. Is this it?"

He held it out to Tebaldo, who took it eagerly, his fingers closing round the sheath, as if he was afraid of dropping it. He breathed hard between his teeth once or twice, as he looked at it, in sheer satisfaction.

"It is yours, I suppose?" observed the Moscio interrogatively, for Tebaldo had forgotten to speak. "There was no other."

"Yes. I thank you. I am very grateful to you." The words were as sincere as any the man had ever uttered, and he handed the knife back.

"Not at all," answered the outlaw. "It was interesting to see the place. I am glad to have served you. Since you have taken the trouble to come so far, will you accept our hospitality this evening? You can hardly get back to Randazzo tonight. Mauro is in a very good humor this evening, and the weather is pleasant. You will not suffer much inconvenience. The huts are quite dry. We will try and make you some return for your former hospitality."

Tebaldo accepted readily enough, and they began to ascend the hill at once. It was some distance to the top. The Moscio turned to the right at a big, old chestnut tree.

"That is not the best way," remarked Tebaldo. "Keep on another ten yards and then turn to the left. There is an old bridle path on the other side of the hawthorn bushes."

The Moscio laughed softly.

"It is a pity that you are not with us," he said. "You know the paths better than we do."

"I was born near here," answered Tebaldo. "I have known these woods since I was a boy."

"I wish I had! I sometimes lose my way in this part of Sicily."

The path began exactly where Tebaldo had said that it did, the entrance being hidden by hawthorn and blackberry bushes. He went on a few steps, doubled behind the brambles, and led the Moscio along a much better way than the outlaws had discovered for themselves. The outlaw appreciated the advantage, and reflected that Tebaldo could help the band in a thousand ways if he chose. Without passing by the spring, they suddenly

found themselves at the top of the hill. The path stopped abruptly against the back of one of the wooden huts, having formerly crossed the summit at this point.

"Let me go first," said the Moscio, and he passed Tebaldo and his horse and went round the corner of what was little more than a shed, roughly inclosed with half rotten planks.

Various exclamations of surprise greeted their appearance from an unexpected quarter.

"Our friend, Don Tebaldo Pagliuca," said the Moscio, addressing a number of men who were sitting and lying about on the dry ground. "He knows the woods better than we, and has shown me a new path from the big chestnut tree."

"He is welcome," said Mauro, in a dull and muffled voice, but with some cordiality.

He and most of the others rose and greeted Tebaldo warmly. Some had known him already, and almost all had known Ferdinando well.

They were a strange looking set of men. Most of them were well dressed, and so far as their clothes were concerned might have been taken for a party of southern country gentlemen and rich young farmers, camping during a day's shooting. Mauro, who was by far the oldest, might have been seven or eight and thirty years of age, but not more, and most of the others were evidently under thirty. They were all strong looking, with the toughened appearance of men accustomed to live in the open air and to take exertion as a matter of course. The Moscio alone had preserved his marvelous, child-like freshness of complexion. "Moscio" means "soft," being similar to our English word "mush," and the youth's looks accounted for the name, while his remarkable strength and utter fearlessness contrasted rather comically with the epithet.

The peculiarities in the appearance of his companions were chiefly in their faces and expressions. Most of them had the sinister, unchanging smile with something contemptuous in it which so often characterizes adventurers, both within the pale of society and beyond its bounds. Such men do not laugh easily. In their eyes, too, there was the look one sees in

those of some Red Indians and of dangerous wild animals aware of pursuit and always inclined to turn at bay rather than escape. Tebaldo felt, rather than saw, the glances that were turned upon him as he stood in their midst, still holding his horse by the bridle.

Mauro himself was dark, clean shaven, close cropped, and already bald on the top of his head. He had often disguised himself successfully as a priest, for he had been educated in a seminary, had turned atheist, had been a journalist, and had finally got into trouble by shooting his editor in consequence of a quarrel which had apparently begun about a question of grammar, but had in reality been connected with politics, so that the deed had been regarded as an act of justice and patriotism by the mafia. There had been a reward of twenty thousand francs on Mauro's head, dead or alive, for several years, and photographs of the famous brigand were sold everywhere in Palermo, Messina, and Catania, but there was not a carabinieri in the island who could boast of having seen the man himself. He was taciturn and reticent, too, though he could be fluent enough when he pleased; and although he put a gold piece into his purse for every one he killed, as the Moscio had said, he could never be induced to tell how many there were in the little leathern bag. He never did anything unnecessarily, but was capable of the most blood curdling cruelty when any end was to be gained, and was merciless to informers when they fell into his hands, not exactly out of a love for inflicting pain, but in order to inspire a salutary terror.

He was extremely temperate in his habits and simple in his clothes, though his weapons were always of the best and the newest device, and had a large account with the leading bank of Palermo. He intended to emigrate, he said, when he should be rich enough, but those who knew him did not believe that he could be satisfied to settle down as a well to do proprietor in the Argentine Republic. The Moscio always said that Mauro would yet repent of his ways, enter a monastery, mortify the flesh, and die in the odor of sanctity. Whereat Mauro generally nodded thoughtfully, as though he him-

self regarded such a termination to his career as quite within the bounds of possibility.

As for the rest of the band, none of them was in any way so remarkable as the leader. The man known as Leoncino was believed to be a son of the famous Leone, and boasted of it. He had stabbed a rival in a village love affair, after having been brought up rather mysteriously in the house of a rich farmer. Schiantaceci was undoubtedly a gentleman by birth, a sad young fellow, with a drooping brown mustache, fiery eyes, and a very sweet voice in which he often sang softly on a summer's evening when it was not dangerous to make a noise in the camp. No one knew his real name. In a fight he always behaved as if he wished to be killed, which is generally the surest way of killing others.

Among the rest there were men of all classes. There was a man who had been mayor of his village, there was a butcher, there were three or four deserters from the army, who had each killed a comrade, and one who had attacked his lieutenant but had not killed him. There was a chemist's apprentice who had poisoned his master, and an actor who had strangled his manager's wife in a love quarrel. There were also two anarchists who had escaped imprisonment under Crispi's rule. But there was not one in the number who had done less than two murders at the time when Tebaldo went up to the camp.

One of the outlaws led his horse away, and he sat down by Mauro a little apart from the rest. In the middle of the open space a fire was burning down to a bed of coals. It had been very carefully built and slowly fed so as to produce the smallest possible amount of smoke. A well cleaned gridiron was stuck upright in the earth by the handle, and at the entrance to one of the huts the man who was a butcher was cutting a huge piece of meat into steaks.

After the first greetings, the men relapsed into silence, and paid little attention to Tebaldo. Mauro talked with him in low tones. The chief seemed, indeed, unable to speak loud. He asked many questions about the Saracinesca, but he would have considered it a breach of

civility to refer to the truth about Francesco's death.

"These Saracinesca are naturally antipathetic to you," he observed, "and I dare say you would not be sorry if one of them put his ears in pawn at my bank."

"They are a powerful family," answered Tebaldo cautiously. "If one of them were taken by you, there would be reinforcements of carabinieri throughout Sicily."

"These carabinieri are much like flies," said Mauro thoughtfully. "They come in swarms, they buzz, and they fly away again, leaving nobody much the worse. It means a little more caution for a month or two. That is all. But the Saracinesca would pay a good sum to keep the young heir's nose on his face, and San Giacinto would probably write a check at my dictation before he was half roasted."

He spoke quietly and in a reflective tone.

"For my part," replied Tebaldo, "I wish them no good, as you may imagine. But the younger Saracinesca is in Rome. San Giacinto came back last night, it is true, but he is safe at Camaldoli."

"Safe is a relative term when we are in the neighborhood," remarked Mauro. "Especially if you will give us your assistance," he added. "On the whole, it would be more convenient to take San Giacinto. He could write the check, and I could cash it almost before there was any alarm, holding him until we got the money. If we took the young one, we should have to communicate with the family. That is always disagreeable."

"You might have difficulty in cashing the check," suggested Tebaldo.

"None whatever," replied Mauro. "You are quite mistaken. That is always easy, though, of course, money in cash is preferable. A cash transaction is always better, as a mere matter of business."

Tebaldo had not by any means anticipated that he was to be called in as an ally in such an affair, and did not like the prospect at all. He promised himself that he would return to Rome as soon as possible. For the present he put aside the extremely complicated position in which he was placed by having given two promises of marriage. He felt uncomfort-

able, too, and chilly. He shivered a little, and Mauro noticed it, and called for a cup of wine. Tebaldo swallowed it eagerly and felt better.

"It will be necessary for you to help us," said Mauro, presently, and in a tone of quiet decision. "No one knows the land about Camaldoli as well as you do, and the approaches to the house."

"I would rather not be involved in the capture," answered Tebaldo.

"I am sure you will not refuse," replied Mauro, smiling at him. "It will be a little return for the service the Moscio has done you. He was very glad to help you, of course, but you must not forget that you are one of us, now, and that we always help each other when we can. I am sure you will not refuse."

Tebaldo glanced sideways at the quiet, priest faced man who had been the terror of Sicily for years. He realized that the outlaw had spoken the truth, and that he might at any moment have to turn outlaw himself, if the secret of the knife were known. He knew the brigands and their ways. They would keep faith with him, even at the risk of their own lives, but he must submit to their conditions. They had him in their power, and he must help them if they required him to do so. If he refused, information would be in the hands of the carabinieri in twelve hours, which would drive him into outlawry, if he escaped at all. But if he helped them, they would stand by him. He had not foreseen such a situation.

"What is it that you wish me to do?" he inquired after a short pause.

"I will tell you," answered Mauro. "There are now only four carabinieri quartered at Camaldoli, and as they ride on patrol duty like the rest, there are never more than two in the house at a time. There is San Giacinto himself, so that there are three men to deal with. The rest of the people are Sicilians, and will give no trouble."

"San Giacinto is equal to two or three ordinary men," observed Tebaldo.

"Is he?" Mauro spoke indifferently. "One man is very like another at the end of a rifle barrel," he continued, "and if one pulls the trigger, they are all exactly alike. The point is this. We intend to surprise Camaldoli tomorrow night. You

must lead us by the ways you know to the low rampart at the back, behind the stables and over the river. There is a way up on that side, but we do not know it. We shall find a ladder resting against the wall on that side. A friend will place it there."

"Why do you not get him to show you the way?" asked Tebaldo.

"He lives in the house," answered Mauro. "The gates are shut at Ave Maria, and there is a roll call of the servants and men. San Giacinto, or whichever of the Saracinesca is there, locks the gate himself, and keeps the keys in his own room. They all go to bed early, and the house is always quiet between midnight and two o'clock. There is no moon just now, and if we can get round to the back without rousing the dogs, or attracting attention in any way, we can get possession of the place in five minutes. The carabinieri sleep in a room on the court. They have to sleep sometimes, like other people. Barefooted, we shall make no noise on the stones. Leave the rest to us."

"And is it possible that they have no sentinels on duty during the night?" inquired Tebaldo. "Do they keep no watch?"

"No. The house would be hard to enter without a ladder at the one weak point. One would be sure to rouse everybody before one got in. But once in the court, we can silence the two carabinieri in a moment, and then we shall be fifteen to one against San Giacinto. I would not give much for his safety, then. The main thing is to reach the ladder quietly and all together. The paths are difficult, there is water in the stream still, and we must know where to ford it in the dark, for we could not safely approach from the other side. Your help, you see, is absolutely necessary in order to render the enterprise a success. As I said, I am quite sure that you will give it—quite sure."

He emphasized the last words a little, and Tebaldo knew what he meant. There was no choice.

"I will do as you wish," he said reluctantly. "I will come here before sunset, and when it is time I will lead you by the shortest way."

The Moscio's eyes were watching him, and met his own as looked up.

XXXV.

THE two carabinieri who had met Tebaldo in the field had treated him with the greatest civility, but when he was out of hearing they discussed the rather singular meeting. The more they thought of it, the more strange it seemed to them that he should have been riding alone, without so much as a portmanteau, by way of luggage, towards the Maniace woods, and at such an hour.

It must be remembered that before Francesco's death, and since Ferdinando's, the authorities had everywhere been warned against the Corleone family, in the expectation of some outrage against the Saracinesca or their property; and the impression was universal that Ippolito had not killed Francesco, while many who had known the brothers since they had been wild boys at Camaldoli believed that Tebaldo had done the deed, or that he had caused it to be done, and had cleverly managed to throw the guilt upon the priest. The carabinieri quartered in the neighborhood all believed this and scouted Tebaldo's story of a race. They had no more opinion of the law's wisdom than the outlaws whom they were continually hunting, for their experience had shown them how easily the law could be defeated in a country where the whole population was banded together to defy it.

The troopers discussed the question as they rode down to Randazzo. They had seen nothing else worth mentioning, on their patrol, and when they reported themselves to the sergeant at quarters, they told him exactly what had passed. The sergeant was the one who had at first accompanied the Saracinesca to Camaldoli. He dismissed the troopers to their supper, thought the matter over, and went to the inn to find the lieutenant. The latter was playing dominos, as usual, with the deputy prefect, before going home to supper.

He was a gray haired man of forty, prematurely aged by hard service and constant anxiety, a tall, spare figure, the perfection of military neatness in his

dress, with a grave manner and a rare but kindly smile. For the rest, he was brave, honorable, and energetic, and, like the men under him, he was not much inclined to believe in the law on its own recommendation. He was as firmly persuaded as they that Tebaldo was a bad character, and had quietly watched him on the several occasions on which he had lately appeared at the inn.

He went outside with the sergeant and listened to his story attentively.

"The brigands are in the Maniace woods," he said at last. "They left Noto some days ago. But one might as well try to find pins in a plowed field on a dark night. It would take at least five hundred men to beat the woods through and surround the fellows."

"A thousand, sir," suggested the sergeant, by way of comment. "It took a regiment to catch Leone, in the old days."

The lieutenant broke off the end of a black cigar thoughtfully, but seemed to forget to light it, becoming suddenly absorbed in his own reflections. The sergeant stood patiently at attention.

"Have we any information this evening?" asked the officer suddenly, as if he were looking for something.

"No, sir."

"Any arrests today? Any suspicious characters?"

"No, sir."

The lieutenant seemed dissatisfied, and looked a long time at his unlighted, black cigar, in deep thought.

"Very well. Good night, sergeant." He nodded and turned away, but looked round before he had made two steps. "Have two men ready all night, in case I should need them," he added.

"Yes, sir." The sergeant saluted again, and went back to his quarters.

The officer returned to his game of dominos. He made one or two moves and then called the servant.

"Don Tebaldo Pagliuca is staying in the house, is he not?" he inquired. "Present my compliments, and ask if he will not come down and play a game."

"The signore is out, signor lieutenant," answered the servant.

"Indeed? I am sorry. I suppose he is strolling in the town. It is cooler in the streets."

"I do not know," the man replied, though he knew very well that Tebaldo had the innkeeper's horse.

The officer nodded, as if satisfied, and went on with his game. The deputy prefect looked at him inquiringly, but he vouchsafed no information. The official representative of the government was a rather foolish man, very much afraid of the Sicilians and of doing anything to attract the ill will of the mafia.

The lieutenant sat over the game later than usual. The windows of the public room, which was at once the dining room and the café of the clean little inn, looked upon the main street, and were open, for the air was hot. It would have been impossible not to hear Tebaldo's horse if he came back. But he had not come when the officer went home. The latter's own lodging was also on the main street, towards the upper gate, and Tebaldo would have to pass it to reach the inn. The lieutenant sat up very late, but still Tebaldo did not come.

"They have either taken him," reasoned the officer, "and in that case he will not come back at all, or else he is on good terms with them and is spending the night with them, and will return in the morning."

But at seven o'clock in the morning, being about to show himself at his window, the lieutenant heard the tread of a shod saddle horse in the street. It was Tebaldo, looking pale and weary, leaning a little forward and dangling his feet out of the stirrups, as though he had ridden far and wished to rest himself. He had the unmistakable look of a man who has worn his clothes twenty four hours, and the soldier's sharp eyes, looking after him when he had passed the window, saw little bits of bramble and leaf clinging to his coat.

The lieutenant shaved himself carefully and thoughtfully, and dressed with his usual scrupulous care. When he had buckled on his heavy cavalry saber, he opened a drawer in an old Sicilian cabinet and took out two little Derringer pistols, examined them to see that they were properly loaded, and slipped one into each pocket of his trousers. The tight swallow tailed tunic of his uniform made it impossible to carry a revolver

concealed. He might be going to risk his life as well as his reputation on that morning.

When he left his lodging, he went first to the quarters of the carabinieri and gave the sergeant an order. Then he went straight to the inn, and asked to be shown to Tebaldo Pagliuca's room. An hour had passed since the latter had come back. The servant looked up in surprise, for though the officer and Tebaldo were on terms of civility, the man knew that they were not well acquainted. He had to obey, however, and led the way up one flight of stairs, and knocked at a door on the landing.

"Come in," answered Tebaldo's voice indifferently, for he supposed it was the servant.

The officer entered at once, taking off his cap.

"Good morning, Don Tebaldo," he said courteously, before the other could speak. "Pray forgive my intrusion, but could you lend me your revolver for a few hours? I suppose you have one? My only one is out of order, and I prefer to carry one for what I have to do. I should be extremely obliged."

"Certainly," answered Tebaldo, rather coldly, but a good deal surprised by the request.

He crossed the room and took the weapon from a table, with its leathern case.

"I should be glad if you could return it by two o'clock," he said, "as I am going away."

"Certainly," replied the officer, quietly taking the revolver out of its case. "It is loaded, I see. Thank you. Now, Don Tebaldo, will you kindly sit down for a few moments? I wish to speak to you."

He held the revolver in his right hand, and his quiet gray eyes looked gravely at the man he had caught. Tebaldo started at the sudden change of tone, and faced him, in renewed surprise.

"I borrowed your revolver in order to speak with you," said the lieutenant, "for I have heard that you have a sudden and violent temper. But I wish to speak in a quiet and friendly way. Shall we sit down?" He took a chair with his left hand.

"I am at a loss to understand you,"

answered Tebaldo, with rising anger.

"What do you want?"

"I will explain. I am aware that you have spent the night with the brigands, who are friends of yours. You will either lead me to them, or you will go to prison. I have a couple of men down stairs, waiting. Now choose."

"This is outrageous!" Tebaldo's voice rang high, as he sprang forward.

But the sight of the revolver's muzzle close to his face stopped him, though his eyes blazed with fury.

"It is of no use to be angry," said the officer, who was perfectly cool. "Choose, if you please."

"It is outrageous! You cannot prove anything against me!"

"You are mistaken," answered the other boldly. "I can prove many things."

"What? What can you prove?"

"I do not intend to provide you with the means of defending your case by telling you what I know. But I give you your choice. I have full power to do so. Lead me and my men to a place where we can catch Mauro, and I give you my word of honor that no accusation shall be brought against you. Refuse to do so, and I give you my word that you will be handcuffed in five minutes and taken to Messina this afternoon. You know, of course, that complicity with a band of outlaws entails penal servitude."

He saw plainly enough that he had not risked his reputation for nothing. Tebaldo was brave still, though he was unstrung and broken, but his face now showed the perplexity he could only feel if he were really in the situation the officer had prepared for him.

"I deny the whole charge," he said, after a moment's thought. "This is an outrage for which you will have to answer. Be good enough to stop threatening me, and leave my room."

The lieutenant drew a nickel whistle from the bosom of his tunic with his left hand.

"If I whistle for my troopers," he said, "you will be in handcuffs in five minutes. I will count twenty while you make your choice. One, two, three——" and he continued to count.

Tebaldo grew pale by quick degrees, as

he listened, and his heart beat violently with excitement. The officer reached twenty in his counting, and raised the big whistle to his lips.

"Stop!" exclaimed Tebaldo, hardly able to speak.

"Well?" asked the officer, holding the whistle ready near his mouth.

"You give me your word of honor that no accusation whatever shall be brought against me?"

"None on the ground of complicity with the brigands," answered the lieutenant. "I give you my word as an officer."

"There is no other to bring," Tebaldo was white.

"None that concerns me," replied the other coolly. "There is a good deal of diversity of opinion about your brother's death, as you must know."

"This is an insult——"

"Oh, no! I do not accuse you at all. I only wish to limit my own promise to the matter in hand. I have done so, and I understand that you agree, do you not?"

"By force, for I suppose I must," replied Tebaldo, in a sullen tone. "You must further engage to protect me from the mafia, when you have caught the fellows," he added.

"You shall have an escort wherever you go, and as long as you please to remain in the country."

"That will not be long," said Tebaldo, almost to himself.

"So much the better. And now, if you please, at what time shall we start this evening?"

Tebaldo inwardly cursed himself for having trusted the Moscio in the first instance, but he quickly reflected that he might still improve his position in the eyes of the officer, and thereby, perhaps, have less to fear in the future.

"Look here, lieutenant," he said, changing his tone and sitting down. "I have been forced into this, from first to last. I was riding by myself yesterday afternoon, in the country I know so well, and I had not the slightest idea that the outlaws were in the neighborhood. I met a couple of your men, who at first took me for one of the brigands myself, and then recognized me and apologized, tell-

ing me that the band was in the neighborhood. They rode off, and I took a short cut through the woods. I came upon the encampment unexpectedly."

The officer listened attentively and gravely. Tebaldo proceeded.

"In former years, even a year ago, when we lived at Camaldoli before selling the place, we were obliged, as a matter of personal safety, to put up with a great deal from these men, and if we had informed against them, we should have been murdered. That is how it happened that my brother Ferdinando knew some of them. You know the conditions of the country as well as I do."

"I wish I did!" exclaimed the soldier devoutly.

"You know them well enough, at all events. Poor gentlefolk, as we were then, cannot always help themselves. Yesterday afternoon I found myself suddenly surrounded by the whole band. There are fifteen of them. One of them recognized me, and a long discussion began. They wish to get into Camaldoli tonight and carry off the Marchese di San Giacinto."

"Fifteen armed men might do it," observed the officer. "There are only two troopers there at night."

"Yes. But the brigands do not know the way to the weak point at the back. I will explain."

Tebaldo told the whole truth now, for he saw that his best chance of safety lay in that direction. Then he proceeded to exculpate himself.

"They also gave me my choice, something in your manner," he went on.

"They offered, by way of alternative, to roast me alive, if I refused to show them the way tonight, and they assured me of what I knew perfectly well, namely, that if I did not keep the appointment they could murder me wherever I might be. This was because I insisted on coming here again before tonight. It was not easy, but they yielded at last. However, it was very late by the time we had come to an agreement, and I could not have got back to Randazzo, for there was no moon, and the woods are dark and full of pitfalls. I got back this morning, and intended to go down to Messina and catch the train at Reggio tonight, and

take my chance of safety in Rome. They never could get up to the back of Camaldoli without me. There you have the whole story in a nutshell."

"I see," answered the officer, who only believed half of the plausible story. "You were in a most difficult position. But it is now in your power to do the country a great service. All that is necessary is that you should lead the band to the foot of the wall, as you promised. I will take care of the rest. In the woods it is impossible to catch them. But it is important that we should recognize you, in order not to kill you by mistake if there is any fighting, as there probably will be, though I hope to take most of them alive. The wisest thing would be that you should be the first to mount the ladder, by agreement, on the ground that you can lead them inside, whereas they might lose their way."

"Yes—that is best. It is a very complicated place, like a labyrinth, between the rampart and the court."

"You will pardon me for reverting to the conditions," said the lieutenant suavely. "You realize, of course, that in case you should not wish to carry out your part of them, you are always in the power of the law, unless you turn outlaw yourself, which, in your position, you would hardly like to do."

"I understand my position perfectly," answered Tebaldo coldly. "I shall lead the band to the foot of the ladder at about one o'clock, I fancy."

"Thank you," said the officer. "I am much obliged for the loan of your revolver, which I return to you, as you may need it this evening."

He laid it on the table, bowed civilly, and went out, leaving the betrayer to his own reflections.

(To be continued.)



A DAY.

MORNING.

OVER the hills comes a maiden in gladness,
Tripping so lightly o'er mosses and grass,
Radiant and smiling; the spirits of sadness
Turn from the glance of her eyes as they pass.
Loose and unbound is the wealth of her tresses,
Tossed by the fingers of Zephyr, so free;
In her soft hands a locked casket she presses,
What is it holding for you and for me?

EVENING.

Into the valley of silence and sadness
Walketh a matron, so stately and slow;
Far, far behind her the spirits of gladness
Turn their bright faces away as they go.
Firmly are bound the soft braids of her tresses,
Moist with the night winds from mountain and lea;
With her white hands that dread casket she presses;
What has it given to you and to me?

Anna Neil Gilmore.

"BE HAPPY!"

BY HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.

(Translated from the Polish by S. C. de Soissons.)

A love idyl in the form of an oriental legend—A characteristic example of the brilliant work of the famous author of "Quo Vadis."

ONE night, when the moon was bright upon the earth, Krishna, the wise and great, sat in deep meditation. After a while he said:

"I thought the man being the most beautiful creature in the world; but I was mistaken. There I see a lotus flower blown by the breeze of the night. How much more beautiful it is than all living beings! I cannot take my eyes from its petals, just opened in the silvery moonlight. Yes, there is nothing like it among the people," repeated he, sighing.

Then, after a while, he thought:

"Why could I not create a being who would be in the human family as the lotus is among the flowers? Yes, I shall do it for the people's joy and the pleasure of the earth. O lotus, change into a living girl and stand before me!"

Immediately the water trembled, as if touched by the wing of a swallow, the night became lighter, the moon more lovely, the nightingale sang more sweetly and then became silent. The enchantment was accomplished: before Krishna stood the lotus in human form.

Even the god himself was astonished at its beauty.

"You were a flower of the lake," said he; "be now the flower of my thoughts."

And the girl began to speak in whispers like those of the white lotus petals when the summer wind kisses them:

"My lord, you have changed me into a living being; where do you order me to live now? Pray remember that when I was a flower my leaves would quiver with fear at every breath of the wind. I was full of fear of the strong rains and the rough tempests, of the thunder and lightning. Though you have commanded me to be a personification of the lotus, I have preserved my former nature, and

now I am afraid of the earth and of everything there is on it. Where, then, do you order me to live?"

Krishna had raised his all penetrating eyes toward the stars, and sat thinking for a time. Then he asked:

"Do you wish to live on the summit of the mountains?"

"It is cold, and there is much snow, my lord. I am afraid."

"Then I will build for you a crystal palace at the bottom of the lake."

"In the depths of the waters many monsters dwell. I am afraid, my lord!"

"Would you like to live on the endless steppes?"

"Oh, my lord, winds and tempests, like wild herds, are let loose upon the steppes!"

"What, then, can I do with you? In the caverns of Ellora dwell pious hermits. Would you like to live in a cavern, far from the world?"

"It is dark there, my lord. I am afraid."

Krishna sat on a stone and leaned his head on his hand. Trembling and frightened the girl stood before him. In the mean time, the dawn began to tinge the sky in the east. The waters of the lake and the palms and bamboo were gilded with its glory. On the water the pink herons, the blue storks, and the white swans sang, and in the woods the peacocks sang, and there came also the music of strings set on shells of pearl and the words of a human song.

Krishna awoke from his musing and said:

"It is the poet Valmiki greeting the sunrise."

After a while the curtain of the lilies opened and Valmiki appeared on the lake. Having perceived the human flower, he

stopped playing; the shell of pearl slipped slowly from his hands and fell on the ground. He stood speechless, as if the great Krishna had changed him into a tree.

The god was pleased with such open admiration for his work, and said:

"Valmiki, wake up and speak!"

And Valmiki said:

"I love!"

He remembered only this word, and this only could he pronounce.

At once Krishna's face became radiant.

"Beautiful girl," said he, "I have found a worthy place for you in this world. You shall live in the poet's heart."

Valmiki repeated:

"I love!"

The will of the mighty Krishna began to impel the girl toward the heart of the poet, which the god made as transparent as crystal.

The girl, bright as a summer night, quiet as the tide of the Ganges, began to enter into the temple destined for her. But straightway, when she looked deeper

into Valmiki's heart, she grew pale, and fright laid hold upon her like a cold wind.

Krishna was astonished.

"Personified flower," asked he, "can it be that you are also afraid of the poet's heart?"

"My lord," answered the girl, "how could you order me to live there? In this one heart I perceived the snowy summits of mountains, the depths of the waters full of strange beings, the steppes where the winds and tempests give battle, and the dark caverns of Ellora. Therefore I am afraid, my lord!"

But Krishna, the wise and good, said:

"Be not afraid. If in Valmiki's heart there is snow, be thou the breath of the spring and melt it; if therein are the depths of the waters, be thou a pearl in the deep; if therein is the solitude of the steppes, sow thou the flowers of happiness there; if there are dark caverns of Ellora, be thou in this darkness the ray of the sun."

And Valmiki, who had meanwhile recovered his speech, added:

"And be happy!"



THAT NIGHT.

No doubt it is perfect—the music, the flowers,

The opal soft luster wherever you go;

The fountain that scatters in twinkling showers

Through tropical blossoms of flame and of snow.

But I—oh, I want to go back to a night

That is bright as a gleam in the depth of a dream,

And sweet with the billows of lily cups white;

I want the wind's kiss and the sigh of the stream,

And the crimson verbenas you gave me that night.

The glow of the tapers is mellow and fair

As moonlight that trickles through lime laden groves;

And trembles in zephyr swept waves on the air

The breath of the roses, like sandal and cloves.

But ah, for a glint of that beryl pure light,

With its dream of the sun and its edging of dun,

Dripping over the plume crested peak of the height;

And these wide flaring roses—I'd lose every one

For the crimson verbenas you gave me that night.

Hattie Whitney.

Faithless.

I found him openly
 Wearing her token ;
I knew that her troth
 Could never be broken ;
I laid my hand
 On the hilt of my sword ;
He did the same,
 And spoke not a word.
I bade him confess
 His villainy ;
He smiled as he said :
 " She gave it to me !"
We searched for seconds—
 They soon were found ;
They measured our swords
 And measured the ground.
To save us they would not
 Have uttered a breath—
They were ready enough
 To help us to death !
We fought in the midst
 Of a wintry wood,
Till the fair white snow
 Was red with his blood.
But his was the victory,
 For, as he died,
He swore by the rood
 That he had not lied !

Harry Janvier Smalley.



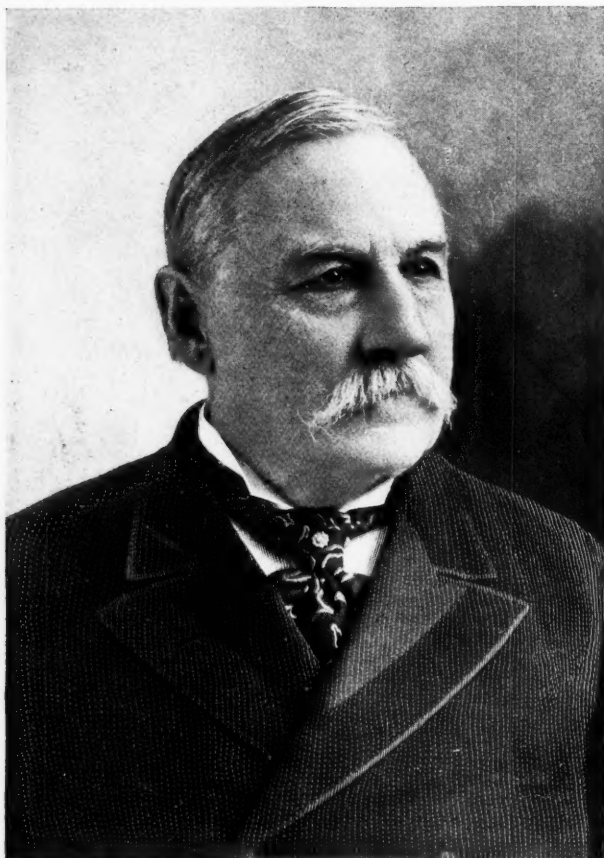
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A PROHIBITIONIST LEADER.

Whoever may be destined to be the first mayor of the greater New York—the election is still in the future at the time of writing—there is one nominee who, with

the Prohibitionists, are in so hopeless a minority that only the most enthusiastic of them can see even the promise of future triumph upon the horizon.

Besides his prominence as a temperance

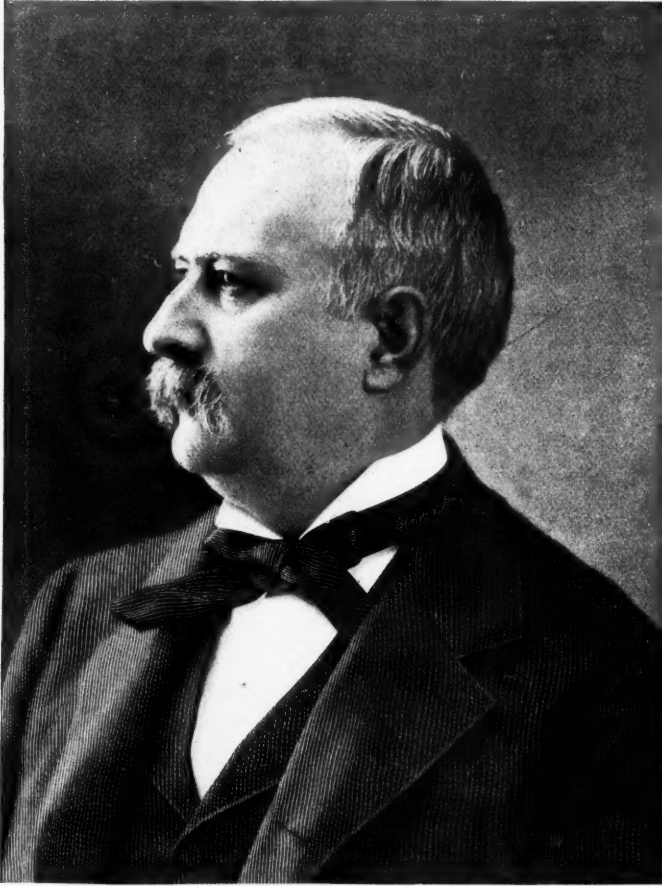


WILLIAM T. WARDWELL, TREASURER OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

certain defeat awaiting him, will be neither disappointed nor discouraged by his failure to secure a plurality of the votes. This gentleman, though he was the first candidate in the field, is fighting solely to assert a principle, with no desire for the spoils of office, and no thought of the glories of political power. His supporters,

reformer, William T. Wardwell has long been well known in New York as the treasurer of the Standard Oil Company. He has a good sized fortune, made in the oil trade, years ago, at Hunter's Point. It is understood that the salary he draws from the great trust of which his own business became part is devoted entirely



JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO.

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

to the cause which he has so closely at heart. This is Mr. Wardwell's third appearance in the field as a leader of the Prohibitionists in their "forlorn hope" campaign for the mayoralty, and he would undoubtedly make a capable, conscientious, and independent executive in the highly improbable event of his election.

Mr. Wardwell has lived in the metropolis, where he has a handsome house on Fifth Avenue, for more than a generation, but he was born in Rhode Island, and by lineage is a Puritan of the Puritans, reckoning among his ancestors John Carver, the first governor of the Plymouth colony, Captain John Howland, and William Wardwell—the last named being

one of two brothers who were among the first English settlers of Boston.

OHIO'S SENIOR SENATOR.

Senator Foraker, who has been busy in Ohio and at Washington, found time to come to New York during the mayoralty contest and make a speech for the Republican candidate. The Senator is a campaigner by instinct. Non partisanship is not to his liking, and the fate with which the apostle threatened the lukewarm people of Laodicea is not likely to be his. The decided and aggressive policies that form his political ideal are strikingly set forth in the article he contributes to the present issue of *MUNSEY'S*. He believes that the future lies with men

of action, that the part our country should play among the nations is a positive one, and that the American flag, which has been carried in triumph from the Atlantic to the Pacific, now waits for some strong hand to bear it to still wider fields of sovereignty.

tiously resumed his law practice, a firmer believer than ever, since his service abroad, that the American republic is the grandest nation in the world.

General Collins, whose military title was peacefully gained by an appointment to the staff of a former Governor of Massa-



GENERAL PATRICK A. COLLINS, LATE UNITED STATES CONSUL GENERAL AT LONDON.

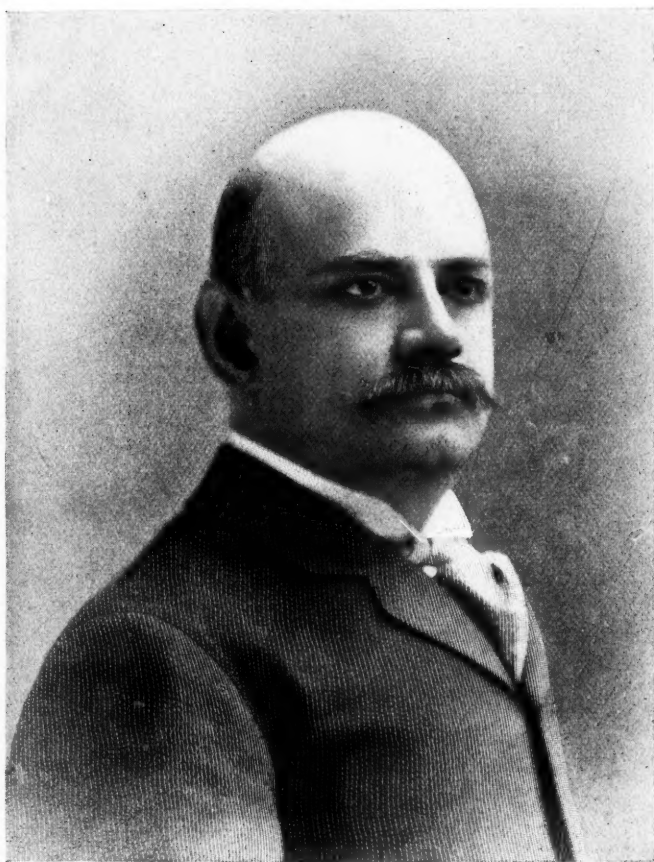
From a photograph by Frees & Holland, Boston.

Senator Foraker's record is a familiar one. A sketch of his career appeared in a former number of this magazine (April, 1896), and his latest photograph is reproduced herewith.

AN IRISH AMERICAN LEADER.

General Patrick A. Collins, President Cleveland's consul general in London, came back to his home in Boston not long ago, refusing the public demonstrations with which his friends sought to signalize his return. He has unostenta-

chussets, is one of the best known and most popular Americans of Irish birth. He has been in public life ever since he cast his first vote, in the early seventies, and his influence has been powerful in the politics of the Bay State. At Washington, too, during his service in Congress, he was one of the well known figures of his party. He was chairman of the national Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1888, and in 1892, at Chicago, he seconded the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in an eloquent speech.



JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, PRESIDENT OF THE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

He is a man who has fought his own way to success in politics and in the law. Born fifty three years ago in County Cork, he came to America as a child with his widowed mother. Beginning life as an errand boy in a Boston office, he drifted to the West, worked for a time in an Ohio coal mine, and then learned a trade at which he earned enough to pay for a course at the Harvard law school.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANKERS'
ASSOCIATION.

Joseph C. Hendrix, who was elected president of the American Bankers' Association at the last convention of that influential body, has long been a well known figure in New York, and a still better known one in New York's sister

city of Brooklyn. In many ways he has been identified with the remarkable progress of the great community that has grown up beside the older town on Manhattan Island, and which has now joined it to form the second municipality of the world.

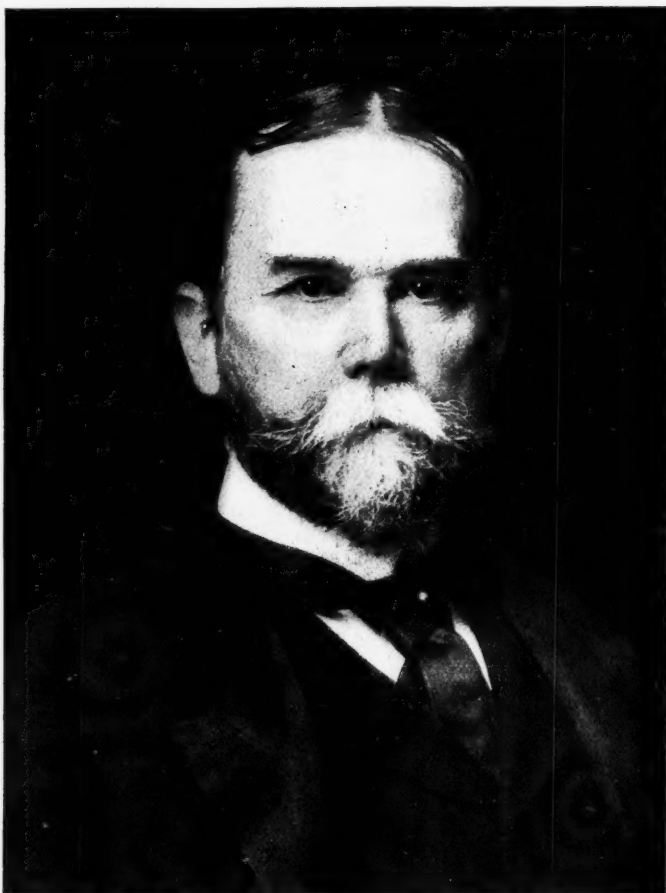
Twenty six years ago Mr. Hendrix was a reporter on the New York *Sun*. Today he is president of the National Union Bank, and a power in financial and political circles. He has done good service to Brooklyn as president of the city's board of education, as postmaster, and as a member of Congress. This year, when it was generally expected that Seth Low would be the Republican nominee for mayor of the enlarged metropolis, and when the Democrats were canvassing

their best and ablest men for a candidate strong enough to pit against the president of Columbia, the name of Mr. Hendrix was frequently mentioned. Had he been put into the field, it would have been a curious renewal of a former mayoralty

put his theory of success into one word, that word would be: "Condensation."

OUR AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.

The Atlantic cables have had less to tell us of Colonel John Hay's doings and say-



COLONEL JOHN HAY, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by Hollinger & Rokey, New York.

campaign, that of 1883 in Brooklyn, when the same antagonists met, and Mr. Low won by a narrow margin. Events proved, however, that Mr. Hendrix was not sufficiently in favor with the powers now dominant in the organization that controls Democratic regularity to receive the nomination.

Mr. Hendrix says that the most valuable experience in his life was his strict newspaper training, and that if he had to

ings in England than they had of Mr. Bayard's; but it does not follow that our present ambassador to the British court is a less capable and successful diplomat than his predecessor. Indeed, the inference may perhaps be in the opposite direction.

In characterizing the man who holds what is undoubtedly the most important post in our diplomatic service, the statement that he is a representative Ameri-



MAJOR JAMES A. WALSH, GOVERNOR OF THE YUKON DISTRICT, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

can gentleman of the best type has been made, no doubt, often enough already; but it is hard to find a better descriptive phrase. Colonel Hay has been familiar with public life since the rise of his guide, philosopher, and friend, Abraham Lincoln, to political leadership. Lincoln, who was a judge of men, brought young Hay, then a newly fledged lawyer at Springfield, Illinois, to Washington as one of his secretaries, and no one stood closer to the martyred President during the eventful years of the civil war. He saw some service in the field, where he gained his military title. Subsequent experience in the legations at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid qualified him for the technical side of his present duties. He has been a journalist, too, having been connected with the *New York Tribune* for

several years; he has produced, in collaboration with Mr. John G. Nicolay, a fellow secretary of his early days at the White House, a historical work of great extent and high value; and in a lighter vein of literature he has written a number of ballads that are classics of their kind.

Colonel Hay has another important qualification for a post whose occupant is expected, upon a comparatively small salary, to maintain the dignity of the greatest nation on earth. He is quite a rich man. Besides his own earnings, he inherited a very considerable fortune from his father in law, the late Amasa Stone, of Ohio. He has two handsome residences, one in Cleveland, his wife's home, and the other in Washington; and he has established his embassy in fine quarters in Carlton

House Terrace, one of the "smartest" corners of London.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE KLONDYKE.

Major Walsh, recently appointed governor of the region that includes the golden

Crow, Sioux, Gros Ventre, and Assiniboine tribes of Indians.

Perhaps the most thrilling incident of Major Walsh's career was one that occurred shortly after the massacre of Custer's force by the warriors of Sitting Bull.



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

valleys of the Klondyke, is a soldier of picturesque and striking personality. Fully half of his fifty five years have been spent in active frontier service. He was one of the first organizers of the mounted police, the military force with which the Dominion preserves order throughout its vast northwestern territory; and to his firm and tactful administration, as commander of this active little army, have been due the Canadian government's peaceful relations with the

The victorious chief, evading General Miles' pursuit, crossed the border into Canada. Major Walsh set out with an escort of four men, rode straight into the camp of three thousand Sioux braves, and told Sitting Bull that he and his followers must leave British soil at once unless they would engage to obey the laws of the land. The chieftain replied that his triumph over Custer had been the will of the Great Spirit, but that he had now buried the hatchet.

Subsequently, at the suggestion of the Dominion government, the major induced Sitting Bull to return to the United States, promising to keep the peace on condition of receiving a full pardon. Upon parting, the veteran warrior presented Major Walsh with his famous war bonnet. "Take it," he said, "and keep it. Sitting Bull hopes never to use it again. Not a feather in it but marks some deed done in war while yet the Sioux were strong."

Major Walsh, whose home is at Brockville, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, has gone to his new command with a force of a hundred men, picked from the mounted police. He will go overland from Dyea, and as soon as he reaches Dawson City will establish a semi military government.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

As chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs, Cushman K. Davis occupies what is just now one of the most important posts in the government of the United States. When John Sherman gave up the headship of this important committee to become Major McKinley's secretary of state, and Mr. Davis succeeded him, the Minnesota Senator had not long been a prominent figure in national politics. He had had a six years' term at Washington, and had once been Governor of Minnesota; but his public service had been useful rather than distinguished. He was one of the men—apparently a modest minority—who entered the Union army during the civil war, and left it without the title of brigadier general; and his later career had continued to move along lines that gave little opportunity for catching the public eye—an organ that focuses itself upon the picturesque and striking rather than upon the plain level of duty well done—until a certain day about three years ago. During the great railroad strike of 1894, some labor leaders in Minnesota sent their Senator a protest against the government's intervention to prevent the destruction of property by rioters. Mr. Davis telegraphed back a prompt and emphatic warning that the strikers' actions were drawing very close to treason. There

was a ring in the message—penned at a moment when many public men were temporizing with a difficult and dangerous question—which made it sound over the whole country when the newspapers published it the next morning.

Mr. Davis is not often heard in the Senate, partly because his voice is not strong. He is more forceful as a writer than as a speaker, and is a man of deeds rather than of words. He is an active worker, possessing great executive ability, besides being a student with a knowledge of literature that few public men can rival. Last year he was frequently spoken of as a Presidential possibility, and as he is not yet sixty he may be again brought forward as a "favorite son" of the great Northwest.

After "Trilby," it is probably true that the most brilliant popular success in fiction of the present decade was "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Hope's "Phroso" is a stronger and more mature work, but it has scarcely repeated the impression created by its predecessor. The clever young English novelist's account of his preferences in literature, given in this issue of *MUNSEY'S*, will be read with all the deeper interest since he has made himself personally known to us on this side of the Atlantic.

His success with the pen has taken Mr. Hope entirely away from his profession of the law. He told the story of his first case, the other day. It was only a few years ago, when Anthony Hope, the successful author, was Anthony Hope Hawkins, the newly fledged barrister, and at a country assize the judge commissioned him to defend some ruffians who had assaulted a policeman. He cheerfully recorded the total failure of his first attempt as a pleader. "The prisoners were all convicted," he said; "and very properly so."

* * * *

When Mayor Strong of New York retires from office, on New Year's Day, he will give up a profitless job. Not long ago he said that when he became mayor he resigned salaried offices which paid him an income of \$28,000 a year. His official stipend is \$10,000 a year, and there have been so many demands on the

mayor's charity that he has given away most of this.

Colonel Strong lengthened the hours of the mayor's daily service, and by strict attention to duty endeavored to give the people of New York full value for their \$10,000. The positions which paid him salaries aggregating almost three times as much were not nearly so exacting or so nerve destroying as his duties in public office.

* * * *

It frequently happens that when a man accepts high public office he does it at a great sacrifice. Levi P. Morton was an exception to the rule. His partner, Mr. Bliss, once said that it was worth more to Morton, Bliss & Company to have a partner in the Vice President's chair than to have Mr. Morton at the head of the firm. The Presidents, too, are exceptions. Not many men can command a salary of \$50,000 a year; certainly no man who has held the chief magistracy since its stipend was fixed at that figure, in Grant's time, could have earned as much in a business or profession. All the Presidents in that period have saved large sums out of their salaries, excepting only Garfield, who did not live long enough to make the office profitable.

* * * *

It is not affectation which makes men say they cannot afford to take office. On the theory that large salaries would be an inducement to dishonest men to intrigue for place, Congress has always made the pay of great public posts out of proportion to the work required. The grave responsibilities of a cabinet office command only \$8,000 a year; while the business acumen required in one of these places would earn a \$25,000 salary in any large city. It is well known to those who were in touch with the Harrison cabinet that every member of it, except Secretary of Agriculture Rush, intended resigning if the President was reelected.

As to the Senate and House, memberships in those bodies may be made remunerative where it is used as a tail to a professional kite, but as a rule the Member of Congress is losing more than he makes when he accepts \$5,000 a year. Mr. Reed could make far more than his salary as speaker in the practice of his profes-

sion. As it is, Mr. Reed nearly doubles his income by writing for the periodical press.

* * * *

There are men who have realized a small fortune through Congressional service. One Southern member, not many years ago, lived on his stationery allowance and mileage—two of the Congressional perquisites—and in two years saved the whole of his \$10,000 salary. Judge Martin of Texas, who first gained public notice by blowing out the gas in a Washington hotel, is now said to be living at his old home, remote from the noises of national strife, reveling in his savings from his salary as Congressman.

* * * *

Congressman Martin's experience with the gas made him the victim of many practical jokes and the subject of many apocryphal stories. Every man in public life who excites the laughter of the public, whether unconsciously or in pursuit of the reputation of a humorist, is sure to find himself celebrated as the hero of incidents to which he was a stranger.

The late Frank Lawler of Chicago, for instance, was an unconscious humorist, and at the same time the possessor of a keen tongue. One of the stories most frequently told of him in Washington is that he said to one of his colleagues, who was complaining of the woes of the poor:

"Never mind. Providence evens these things up. Sure, the rich man has his ice in summer, and the poor man has his in winter."

Another story about Lawler tells of a conversation he once held with William C. Whitney about ancestry. Lawler had worked in a brickyard and kept a saloon, but he was expatiating on the antiquity of his family tree.

"Some men," he said, "can trace their ancestors back to the kings of Ireland, but I go back beyond the flood."

"Now that's odd, Lawler," said Whitney. "I've read several accounts of the deluge, and though I can't claim to have seen the passenger list of the ark, I am sure I never heard that there was any one named Lawler aboard."

"The ark, is it?" replied Lawler. "They weren't on the ark. In them days the Lawlers had their private yachts."

HOW JERRY GOT EVEN.

BY MARY A. DICKERSON.

A drama of metropolitan life, with a strange scene and decidedly queer characters—Jerry Quinn's two fold revenge upon his companions in misfortune.

IT was nearly nine o'clock, the prisoners were all in, and at last the big work-house on Blackwell's Island was quiet, while its long rows of dimly glowing windows blinked sleepily at the flaunting lights of New York, which gleamed and glimmered just across the narrow river.

Jerry Quinn, the night watch, sat at one end of the men's hall, gazing sulkily down at the toes of his heavy prison shoes.

Jerry was indignant, and didn't care who knew it. Not that he minded so much the mere fact of being in prison—he was quite used to that, and familiarity breeds contempt for even a judge and a "Black Maria"; but because he felt that this time he was "in" through no fault of his own, and his wrath swelled high within him as he thought of the six months of work and cleanliness he would have to undergo.

It was all Tom Doolan's fault. To satisfy an old grudge against Jerry, he had treated that gentleman to what he himself would call a "gilt edged jag," and then, quite unmindful of the fact that he too might be arrested, had walked them both straight into the arms of the police. So now, as Jerry sat there in the darkened prison, he was planning out his revenge.

Far down the hall he could see the night keeper's lantern gleaming through the darkness like a mammoth firefly as he flashed its light from cell to cell; and could hear the echoing tramp of his heavy feet along the tiers, the sharp "tap, tap" of his key against the grated doors, and his slow, monotonous call, "All right here? All right here?"

And then, as he drew nearer, came the answering calls: "All right! All right! All right!" until at last the words rang out in a jolly, boyish voice with a little

Irish tang that made Jerry give a bounce of wrathful recognition, as he shook his fist at the unconscious door, muttering: "So that's where ye are, is it? Jest wait, an' I'll git square wid yez, yet!"

Tom's cell was the fifth on the second tier, facing the New York shore, and after the keeper had settled down to read his evening paper, Jerry crept softly up the stairs and along the tier to its door. The men were awake, for Jerry could hear them talking in hoarse whispers, and laughing a little. His first thought was that somehow or other they had got hold of a pack of cards and a candle, and were enjoying a quiet game behind the kindly shelter of a blanket, spread to hide the light from prying eyes. He had done that so often! But there was an odd little noise he did not understand until he caught a scrap or two of the whispered talk, which made him lean back against the rough stone wall with a little gasp.

They were trying to escape!

The little rasping noise—he knew so well what it meant now!—went slowly on, and then Tom muttered quite distinctly, "It's loose at last," and there was a short rattling sound, as if some one had given the window grating a cautious shake.

"You all's mighty big fools," murmured a badly scared negro voice. "Dey'll heah you sure, an' den dey'll shoot."

"Shut up," growled a third man, whom Jerry recognized as Jim Haley—"Gentleman Jim," who was as well acquainted with the prisons of the country as other traveled gentlemen are with its hotels. "You needn't come, but don't you yell either, or——" And he evidently made some threatening move which frightened the negro into silence. Then to Tom, "All right, youngster.

Go to sleep, and I'll call you when it's time. We've got to wait for the tide, and for those blasted doctors to go to bed. Their room's so near they'd hear us sure, and they never close up early." And then he swore softly, as a roar of merry laughter swept out from their brightly lighted windows into the darkened cell.

"Wish I had some o' their 'baccy," muttered Tom sleepily, and then, as his longing sniffs gradually relapsed into snores, Jerry slipped quietly down stairs.

Should he "split" on them now? No, they must be caught in the very act. His mind went on planning, questioning, wondering, till his head gradually fell back against the wall; and, despite the hardness of his pillow, Jerry fell asleep, unmindful of the keeper, who simply stared at him over the top of his paper, and let him alone.

Darker and quieter grew the night. The busy river was almost deserted, when the Maryland, plowing her way up with a heavy load of cars, signaled to a metropolitan liner coming through the gate. The first whistle passed unnoticed, but the two deep answering blasts brought Jerry to his feet, startled and stupid. Then suddenly it all swept back over his mind, and he gave a groan of angry despair. Had they gone yet? It was two o'clock, and his heart sank as he hurried up the stairs and pressed close by Tom's door. No, they were still there, for he could hear Tom mutter sleepily, "Time to go?" and Jim answer, "Almost. What woke you?"

"Whistles."

"Humph! Hope they didn't affect any one else that way. But we'll have to go pretty soon, for it's almost slack water, and I don't want to swim this river when the tide's running strong. Here, help me cut this blanket. So! Hope those doctors sleep well. They only closed up about an hour ago."

Outside Jerry was *thinking* rapidly. It was too soon yet, and then suddenly he sped away to a window from which he could see the whole front of the prison.

It was bright moonlight, but Tom's cell was in the deep shadow made by the main building where it joined the men's wing—so sheltered that Jerry could barely make out the two dim faces behind the

grating, two hands that grasped the iron bars firmly, softly, and then the tremor that shook along the whole strong framework as it yielded slowly—slowly—beneath that steady pressure.

They were going now!

For one moment the bond of comradeship which draws all men so close together swept over Jerry in its full strength, and he felt that he would not, could not tell. But then came another thought—the thought of Tom's treachery to him, and with a cry which echoed from end to end of the great, silent hall, he darted up the stairs, shouting, "Escape! Escape!" He pounded frantically on the door of the keepers' dormitory, and then, as he heard them stumble sleepily out of bed, with many an oath of anger and dismay, he sped down to warn the nodding keeper far below.

In a moment the hall was full of half dressed men, the end door was thrown open, and hatless and breathless they rushed out into the quiet night.

No need to ask from which cell the men had gone—the dangling rope of knotted prison blankets told that story—and there to the right, running swiftly across the lawn, was a slender, boyish figure they all knew well.

"It's Tom Doolan!" yelled Hogan, the foremost keeper. "Stop, you young scoundrel, or I'll shoot!" His revolver gleamed threateningly in the moonlight, but the figure did not stop. With one bound it cleared the road, dashed down the little stone landing place before the prison, and as it dropped from sight the men heard a splash in the water.

"Give him one, Hogan, just to show you mean it!" cried Morris, as they ran on down to the sea wall. "Quick, man!" for they could see him now, his yellow head shining like gold against the dark water, as it bobbed steadily, swiftly, up and down on its way across the river. Loud and sharp and clear the shot rang out across the night, causing the other men, who had already run Jim Haley to ground among the lumber on a pier near by, to hurry up again; and then, louder, clearer, sharper still, a cry of agonized pain came back across the water, followed by a shorter, feebler cry for help. With one last frantic effort the

swimmer turned towards shore, and then slowly—oh, so slowly!—the yellow head sank down.

"My God!" cried poor Hogan. "I've killed him! I——"

But Morris held him back.

"Stop," he said quietly. "You're no swimmer, Hogan. I'll go;" and he turned, to be almost knocked down by a stocky figure which dashed past them, poised for a moment on the edge of the wall, and then shot swiftly down into the eddying water below.

"It's Jerry Quinn," said Hogan, and Morris drew a sigh of relief.

"He'll get him, if anybody can," he muttered, and then they were all very quiet as they waited for the man to rise.

The time seemed endless, for the moon had gone under a mass of clouds, and it was hard to tell one dancing shadow from another; but at last there came a cry from Hogan, and then they all saw him, far out from shore, but swimming back to them—and they saw that Doolan was with him.

A rope flew out over the water, and almost before they knew it had fallen short, another uncoiled behind it, striking Jerry full on the shoulder, and giving him new strength by the very sense of human help and sympathy which seemed to tingle along its strands. As he raised his head to grasp it closer, he heard an ominous sound near by—the heavy thud, thud, thud, of a big side wheeler. It was the Maryland, coming back light, and coming very fast, too.

Jerry thought despairingly of the great swells she threw, and pressed on—he was almost there, he could see the eager faces—he could almost touch the wall—he pushed Tom forward, felt the weight of the helpless body lifted from his aching arms, and then, with hope and help so cruelly near, his hands were suddenly wrenched from the rope. With a sickening feeling of utter helplessness, he felt himself sucked down through the water, caught by the returning force of a huge wave, and then hurled mercilessly back against the jagged rocks of the sea wall.

But at last they caught and held him, and as he was lifted, all bruised and bleeding, over the wall, it was with tenderness, almost reverence, that they

touched the body of the man who had never been a man to them before—only a "tough."

Silently they laid him on the grass, and the house surgeon, who had been working over Doolan, came to him.

But as he touched the poor battered figure his face grew very pale, and he turned helplessly away.

"Confound you!" cried the warden, swinging him roughly round again. "Why don't you do something for him, man?"

They were all very quiet as the doctor looked up slowly.

"Because," he said, and there was a strange tremor in his strong young voice—"because there is nothing I can do. The man is dying;" and then, through the silence, they could hear the chaplain praying—praying for Doolan.

But suddenly the doctor sprang forward, alert and anxious once more, for Jerry's eyelids quivered, then opened slowly, as he looked around at them.

Hogan was blubbing like a child, the warden was bending over him with his eyes full of tears, and the doctor's lips twitched suspiciously.

A look of disappointment passed over Jerry's face. Had his work been for nothing, after all? They heard him whisper, "Tom?"

"Oh, Tom's all right," the doctor answered. "He's pretty badly shaken up, but he'll pull through. It's—it's you, Jerry."

The worried look had passed from Jerry's eyes, but now he raised them wonderingly, and then all at once he understood.

He was dying, and these men, his natural enemies, whom he had hated all his days and defied as far as he dared, were actually grieving for him! A faint smile crept across his face as for the first time in his reckless, hard young life he thought without a jeer of what the missionaries were always saying about everybody being brothers.

"Oh, that's all right," he whispered painfully. "Don't fuss about me—I ain't much good, anyhow, and then"—with a last brave rally of his failing breath—"I split on him, you know, and I had to get even."

THE YOUNG MAN IN POLITICS.

BY JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER,

United States Senator from Ohio.

Senator Foraker, himself a leader of the "younger element" in national politics, points out the splendid possibilities of personal distinction, and the remarkable opportunities for public service, that lie before the rising generation of Americans.

"THE young man in politics" is a suggestive subject. There are many ways to treat it. One would be to speak of his zeal, his vigor, his activity, the life he imparts to a campaign, and the efficient work he does in creating enthusiasm and bringing voters to the polls. Another would be to speak of his ambitions, and of the trials that must necessarily attend all important successes he may achieve; for while his elders understand and appreciate the necessity for the young man and his work, they are yet so far human as to become easily jealous of those who give promise of dividing popular favor with them.

Those who are already at the front, and anxious to stay there, are likely to encourage bright and promising helpers, and to shower upon them evidences of favor, until they cease to be mere helpers, and, manifesting independence of thought and ability to lead, commence to have a following of their own, by the help of which they begin to ascend the ladder of prominence and distinction on their own account. As a rule the old men then suddenly find that it is very narrow at the top, where they are standing, and that there is room for only a few to remain there in comfort; and the young man then quickly finds that his ascension is no longer promoted, but retarded. The political atmosphere grows chilly. Instead of kind words from his party leaders he begins to hear criticisms. He is too ambitious, and he is too "this" and "that" and "the other thing." His wings must be clipped. He must be taught a lesson.

All of which simply means that they

have concluded to "kill him off"; and right fortunate he will be if they do not succeed in doing so. It will require great patience, perseverance, good nature, loyalty, and labor to enable him to overcome and outlive the trials and tribulations to which he will be subjected. If he has these virtues, however, not only will he succeed, but he will find himself all the stronger because of the tests he has withstood.

In all these ways there is much that might be said about the young man in politics that would be suggestive, interesting, and instructive; but it is not in any of them that I wish to write about him now. I content myself, for the present, with pointing out the splendid opportunities he has, and will have, for distinguished and useful service to his party and his country.

Many think and say that the day of heroic questions is past; that it is now too late to make great names by the doing of great deeds. This is a mistake. The leaders of the last generation were exceptionally favored in having slavery, the civil war, reconstruction, and kindred questions to deal with. They were fortunate in the successful accomplishment of a great work that appealed to the highest and best sentiments of both patriotism and morality. The problems they solved could not be dealt with, either in the field or in the forum, without developing all that was greatest and noblest. It was a period of intense interest and tremendous activity. The heart beat was quickened, and the blood fairly burned the veins in its course. The thirty years that have since passed,

although covering a most thrilling material progress, appear tame and insipid by comparison. They have marked a period of peace, an era of money making and of natural growth and development. Our success in these respects has been triumphant, but in proportion we have lapsed into quietude and our aggressive energies have relaxed. Public questions have had reference only to economic propositions. There has been nothing to disturb the nerves, inflame the passions, arouse the patriotism, or particularly please the fancy. The souls of men are not stirred by tariff schedules or rates of duty, whether specific or ad valorem; and, important as all monetary questions are, there is but little opportunity for inspiration in their discussion. Hence it is that we have been going along smoothly, quietly, and in the main pleasantly and satisfactorily.

But we have now come to a point where new and stirring questions are pressing upon us. They are of vast and far reaching consequence. I cannot, in the limited space allotted to me, discuss their respective merits. I shall, therefore, only, in a general way, undertake to call attention to some of them.

At the next session of Congress it must be determined by the Senate whether or not the treaty already submitted, providing for the annexation of Hawaii, shall be ratified. The question involves more than the mere acquisition of new territory. It will be our first step out into the ocean. Florida, Louisiana, and the Mexican cessions were contiguous—a part of our own, and manifestly essential to the proper enjoyment of what we already had. They commanded the Gulf, the mouth of the Mississippi, and our approach to the Pacific coast. Opposition to these acquisitions—and there was opposition—was unnatural and un-American. All this is plainly seen and thoroughly appreciated now.

With equal clearness it is now also seen that our fathers were guilty of a costly blunder when they backed down from "fifty four forty or fight," and established our northwest boundary line at the forty ninth degree of latitude. Had they maintained their just contention, we should now have an unbroken Pacific

coast line to Alaska, and on to the end of the Aleutian Islands, one thousand miles beyond Hawaii. In that event there would not have been any British naval station at Vancouver to menace our interests in that quarter. We should not now be holding international conferences about the sealing question, and many other difficulties with which we have had to contend would not have been known.

The time is not far distant, if not already here, when it will be equally well understood and appreciated that the Geneva arbitration—the one thing for which, above all others, General Grant received most credit in connection with his civil career—was an unfortunate mistake. We had the provocation that would have justified us, both legally and morally, and the army and the navy that would easily have enabled us, to take Canada and make it a part of the Union as a punishment for the wrongs we had suffered. It was our duty, not only to ourselves but to our neighbors as well, to do so; for by nature Canada belongs with this country. Our interests are the same, and our government and destiny should be one. But instead of a robust and vigorous statesmanship that would have seized upon and profited by such an opportunity, a spirit of sentimentality prevailed. We resorted to an international law suit, won our case, and got \$15,000,000 in gold as the measure of our damages, with which, as we received it, we took the ill will and contempt of Great Britain, so plainly manifested that we were made to feel as if we had stolen goods in our possession.

Had we then annexed Canada, as Great Britain would have done had the case been reversed, England would not have felt more unkind, or respected us less. On the contrary, she would have respected us far more. She would no doubt have regretted the loss of her great dependency, but she would have acknowledged, with more graciousness than she showed in paying the award, that the punishment was deserved, so far as she was concerned, and beneficial in the highest degree to the country over which she would thus have lost control.

At that time the population of Canada was confined almost entirely to

the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. All the vast territory extending west from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific was practically uninhabited. Quebec was already inclined to union with us, and the population of Ontario was little, if at all, different from that of New York and Pennsylvania. Annexation would have been followed by such an influx of Americans that long ere this there would have been in Manitoba and British Columbia a population of the same character, with the same civil institutions, patriotic regard for our flag, and pride in the greatness of our common country and the grandeur of its destiny, that you find today in the Dakotas and the State of Washington. But that opportunity is gone, and gone forever; for although there may yet come some kind of union, British interests, British institutions, British ideas, and British prejudices, if you please, have so taken possession of the Dominion that what was so easily possible thirty years ago is now practically unattainable. ✓

The young man in politics would never have made this mistake. He should not allow it to be repeated, in greater or less degree, in the case of Hawaii, or in any other case. He should, and he will, bear this experience in mind, as he studies the strategic and commanding position of the Hawaiian Islands with respect to American interests in the western ocean; and he can be depended upon to meet the just expectations of the American people in regard to this question.

Along with the Hawaiian question comes also the question about Cuba. The Senate has already passed a joint resolution, recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents. This resolution will no doubt receive early attention in the House. It can hardly be doubted that it will pass that body, unless before that time the President, in the exercise of his executive power, shall have forestalled the action of Congress.

But a mere recognition of belligerency will not be the end of our duty with respect to the chief island of the Antilles. Almost contiguous, it has a commanding position with respect to the Gulf of Mexico, the West Indian archipelago, and the Nicaragua Canal. We have asserted the Monroe doctrine, and pretty firmly estab-

lished it. According to this doctrine no nation, except only Spain and ourselves, shall be allowed to have any voice with respect to Cuba. This imposes upon us a special responsibility. Our first great duty is to put a stop to the inhuman murder, the criminal devastation, and the barbarous tyranny that now afflict the island and discredit civilization. If this can be done peaceably, well and good. If not, it must be done forcibly, and speedily, at no matter what cost.

War is always to be avoided, when it can be avoided consistently with duty and honor; but if the discharge of our duty here should result in war with Spain, much as it might be deplored, we should not shrink from it. The final results will abundantly justify our course. There may be some interruption of business, but you cannot conduct a great government according to a Wall Street ticker. The demands of morality, conscience, and patriotism are more imperious than those of commerce. They cannot be stifled; they must be heard.

I do not know whether the Cubans, when they shall have conquered their independence, will desire annexation to the United States or not; but if they should, the same arguments that apply to Hawaii will apply in still greater strength to their case. In many respects their island will be far more desirable; it is richer, it is nearer, and it is safe to say that it would be only a few years after annexation, and the establishment of a good government, when there would be more Americans in Cuba than there are in Alabama and Georgia, or perhaps in any other of our States, except only the very largest. To govern the island from the beginning would be no more difficult than it is to govern Alaska or the other Territories, and its management would become easier as time improved its material conditions. But I do not mean to discuss this topic. I refer to it, and the questions arising in connection therewith, only to show the distinguished field of operation now open to the young man in politics.

So, too, in the near future, something must be done with respect to the Nicaragua Canal. There has been too much talking, temporizing, delaying, and halting in this matter. It is difficult to un-

derstand how the world has been so long content to sail ten thousand miles out of the way, around the Horn, in getting from one coast of North America to the other. All the great commercial interests of the world unite in demanding the completion of the work; and yet there is constantly opposition to it, and every time the subject comes up in Congress it is the occasion of protracted debate, finally ending, hitherto, in nothing being done.

The time has come to put an end to this. If we do not build this canal, somebody else will. The world will not wait much longer. Clearly, we must build it ourselves, and without copartnership with Great Britain or any other power. It must be an American enterprise from start to finish, and no other nation must possess any title to it, except only the right to use it for peaceful purposes, upon the payment of reasonable tolls.

Another great question is the restoration of our merchant marine—a problem which has been recently receiving increased attention. It was not accidental that there was a paragraph on the subject in the last national Republican platform. A number of State conventions had already adopted similar declarations. That which the national convention did was intended as an explicit statement of the position of the Republican party with respect to a pressing question. It was the intention of the framers of that resolution to commit their party to the doctrine of discriminating duties, as established and enforced by the fathers of the republic. As long as that policy was enforced, our merchant marine prospered. The moment the system was abandoned, it commenced to decline.

We once carried ninety per cent of our export and import trade in American bottoms, under the American flag; but today we are carrying only something like twelve or fifteen per cent. We are paying annually to foreign ships, for transportation purposes, more than two hundred million dollars that ought to be paid to American ships. The Stars and Stripes should be on all the seas, and one hundred thousand American boys should find at least the inducement of American ships and lines to become American sailors. But, instead, our flag can scarcely be found in

the channels of trade, and an American sailor is almost a marine curiosity.

The situation is humiliating. It must be remedied. An important step was taken in this direction by the enactment of section 22 of the Dingley law, but there seems to be a determined effort to bring that section to naught. It is to be hoped this effort will not succeed. Every patriotic American should be anxious to secure and uphold legislation that will make it to the interest of those bringing goods into the United States to prefer American ships for their carriage, and American ports for their entry, and American railroads wherewith to reach their inland destination. But whether section 22 stands or falls, is enforced or evaded, it is but the beginning of a great work, for the full accomplishment of which we must look to the vigorous and spirited young men in American politics, who are full of aggressive determination to work out for the American people that manifest destiny of which we hear so much, rather than to the older men who, as a result of these long years of peace and prosperity, have grown unduly conservative, and seem disposed to be content with that which involves the least friction and contest, without regard to final results.

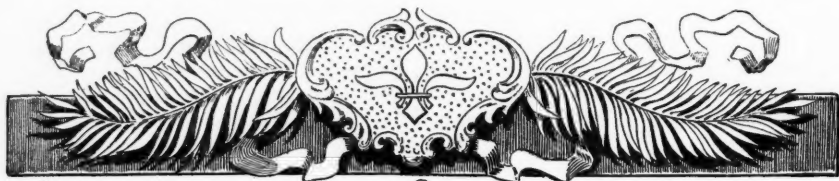
The great wars of the future are likely to be on the water rather than on the land. Common prudence admonishes us to order accordingly. An army can be raised in a day, and be drilled and disciplined in a month. A mere nucleus is, therefore, all the military strength we need to maintain, so far as an army is concerned; but battle ships and coast defenses require years for construction and preparation. Wars usually come suddenly and unexpectedly. There is little time for preparation after the trouble commences. Spain, Japan, or England could pounce upon our merchant marine on the high seas any day, or come thundering at our gates on the seaboard in a week. These facts teach us that we need a due and prompt enlargement of our navy and the early completion of a thorough system of marine coast defenses. It will cost some money, but it will in the long run save us vastly more, to say nothing of the humiliation it will enable

us to escape. The best way to avoid war is to be prepared for it.

These are only some of the many questions that are pressing upon us. They are worthy of the best thought, the best ability, and the highest patriotism of the American people. If they are properly

solved, the next century will record greater progress in the multiplication of our wealth, power, influence, glory, and honor, than we have witnessed in the century that is almost gone. These splendid opportunities are in the hands of the young men of America.

J. B. Foraker.



TO A SKYLARK. *

HAIL, skylark! Shelley's ravisher and mine!
 Thy dew wet wing fans fire and fosters flame
 Within a western heart cheered by the wine
 Of thy rare song till now known but by name!
 And thou art come to live with us and be
 Dawn herald on this far off ledge of land,
 The occident of fame and history,
 The last to kiss fair sunset's golden hand—
 A thousand welcomes lift we loud and long;
 Accept the homage due thy matchless song!

Stranger—and yet not strangers, thou and I!
 Too long thy name hath worn a fadeless crown—
 Ah, happy bird, thou dost not need to die
 To win the meed of plaudit and renown!
 Welcome from land of primrose lanes and leas,
 From shade of ivy tower and stately spire,
 Where rest in daisied tents 'neath cypress trees
 So many brethren of the lute and lyre!
 Hail, soul of song that dew of Eden sips,
 Evangel of high heaven's apocalypse!

How far thou comest over sea and plain!
 Yet shine above thee self same sister stars
 Who quench their flickering tapers as thy strain
 Announces day hath burst night's prison bars!
 Hail, bird of poesy! Thine advent sweet
 Is welcome as a heaven sent gift divine,
 To make our lovely landscape more complete,
 That hearts may learn to link their lives with thine,
 And, like the hearts that beat on England's sod,
 By thy dear voice be upward drawn to God.

Clarence Urmey.

* A number of skylarks have recently been liberated in Mill Valley, near San Francisco, in hope of acclimating the English song bird in California.

A PLAINS PROVIDENCE.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

A dashing story of Texan life today, in which Cupid laughs at locksmiths and discomfits the sheriff of Hallam County.

I WAS aboard the first train that pulled into Quanah, when the railroad went through the Texas Panhandle, and old Dad Buckaloo's plank hotel wasn't done. He had said he'd have it done and ready for that first train, and they were working on it like a squad of cow punchers fighting a prairie fire, but it wasn't done.

Cliff Russell and me jumped off before the train stopped moving, and run over to get beds. You see there was quite a lot of folks aboard that would want to stop with Dad, and we didn't intend to be left over. It set us back some when we saw the corral the old man was fixing. It was just a long, narrow shed, aimed to be, when finished, a string of rooms with a passage running alongside, Texas fashion. They'd got the building sided in, put a floor in it, and was at that di-entical time a-finishing off a roof over it. That was all.

Cliff's girl was on the train with her father, and Cliff wanted, he said, to "secure rooms" for them. Shoof Hepburn, from over on Twelve Mile, was up on the roof nailing on shingles; and when he heard Cliff blossom out like that he snickered.

"Them rooms shore do need securin'," he allowed, looking down into the corral.

But Cliff might have saved himself the trouble of asking. Old Levin Bartlett came piking over from the train about that time, and sailed past us with his head up, speaking to neither Cliff nor me, and herding Miss Millie so close that she didn't have any chance to speak, either.

"Hank," says Cliff, turning to me reproachfully, "what did you say to old man Bartlett about me, when I saw you talking to him on the train?"

"Why, Cliff," I answered him, "nothing that I remember particularly, except

that I named having heard that you and Miss Millie were fixing to go under the same brand soon."

"You must have said more than that," mourned Cliff, very low in his mind. "You must have spoken well of me."

"What in thunder!" I answered. "Of course I did. You and me have held the trail in some mighty stiff northers, and I always found you a yard wide and every thread Texas wool. Of course I said so. I told him his daughter couldn't do better. I said——"

"Yes, yes," sighed Cliff heart brokenly, "that's just the way! Why couldn't you have told him that you'd frequently caught me putting my brand to your cattle? Or that you more than half suspected me of rustling?"

"Cliff," I said, "what's locoed you?"

"Why, you see, it's this way with us," he went on, very hopeless and miserable. "Millie's father—meaning him the highest respect and honor in so saying—is the contrariest man that ever came out of New England. He never saw a sick day in his life. Folks back home, Millie says, always told him he was the picture of health, till it made him take to his bed to contrary them. But then he hated agreeing with the doctor so bad that he finally got up and sold his farm and came out here, for his lungs. Millie and I have known our minds from the first time we saw each other, almost, and father Bartlett seemed pleased enough for a spell. But here lately people have been talking to him, and no sooner do Millie and I set the day for the wedding, and think we're all right, than some idiot—not meaning anything personal to you, Hank—comes along, and thinking to please, gives it out to the old man that there couldn't be a better matched pair in

the State of Texas, and then—well, you saw."

At that moment we heard old man Bartlett haranguing Dad:

"I must have a good room; free from drafts, yet well ventilated. My lungs are——"

"Yis, yis, yis," cuts in old Dad, "we hain't put no draffs in these hyer rooms—we don't calc'late to. They're out o' fashion in Texas, annyhow—draffs is. We'll fix you oop O. K.;" and he ran over toward the train to meet a woman with a baby, the sheriff of Hallam County with a horse thief, and a parson with just himself; the crowd having got off the train by this time, and hurried up, keen to stay at the new hotel.

Most of them apparently surveyed the preparations for their entertainment with the same feelings that I had. Up to this time Quanah had been a tent town, and old Dad had the tent he used to keep hotel in, before he built, fixed up for a dining room. Pretty soon he came out in front of it and commenced pounding on an old wagon tire, to let all concerned know that it was grazing time.

We had been strewing ourselves around as best we could, while we waited. Mr. Bartlett had got into what he called an argument with Shoof Hepburn, who was still on the roof, nailing. Shoof said they'd have the rooms ready for us all right by the time supper was over, and the more he and old man Bartlett "argued" the matter, the more it got to seem to the bystanders that it was a special providence that Shoof was on the roof.

Well, we all trailed over to the tent and grazed, and old Levin continued entirely unbearable in his walk and conversation, glaring at Cliff and me as if we were horse thieves at the very least, keeping a tight rope on Miss Millie, and hauling it up if he caught her stealing so much as a look in our direction, till I was considerably troubled in my mind to know whether I'd rather eat my supper or throw it at him.

When we had finished, old Dad came in with a pile of new blankets over his arm, and remarked: "Coom an, folks, oi've come to put y' in yer rooms."

"I drops out o' thish yer jackpot

right here," announced the sheriff. "I'll come when I git erready."

"Not to my hotel, you won't," answered old Dad. "I puts thish yer crowd in their rooms, and there they stays till I takes 'em out in the marnin'. Them as don't loike thot goes elsewhere." And seeing that old Dad had the only hostelry in the place—excepting that kept by Mother Nature upon the bald plain—we tailed on, sheriff and all, meekly and civilly, and followed him without remonstrance over to the shack.

When we got there we saw a long line of cots down the plank shed, standing with their heads against the side wall, and then we found what Dad had his blankets for, and how he intended to divide his caravansary into rooms.

He pointed to the cot down at the further end of the corral, and said to the woman with the baby, "Now, madam, you go and set down on thot one." Then he called up a little yearling of a boy that he'd mavericked somewhere, and had him bring nails and a hammer. He climbed up on a chair he had, and nailed the upper corners of one of his pairs of blankets to opposite sides of the wall, as near the ceiling as he could reach, and in front of the woman and the baby and the cot. Then he got down and took a cinch on the lower corners, and hauled till he got them down so he could nail them to the floor. By the time he got this done his sleazy blankets were mostly corners, but he kept right along.

It was Miss Millie next, and then a blanket; old Levin Bartlett (who made hot filling for Dad's sandwich, and appeared during the operation to be ambitious to make what noise the baby wasn't already cheerfully attending to) and a blanket; the sheriff (who refused to be parted from his horse thief, and had, as Shoof said, "their spashus 'partments throwed into one"), another blanket; Cliff, a blanket; and then me.

I was the last, as we stood; but sundry cow punchers came along at odd times and were stowed away outside of me, in the course of that lurid night.

Hostilities began early, with old Levin Bartlett hooting that he wanted a fire in his room, all because the horse thief had complained audibly of being too warm.

They had old Levin about convinced that no fire could be made in his room without its spreading to the others, when the word struck the female with the baby. She sensed it that the house was on fire, and made a determined break for the open, along with the infant, which caught on a blanket or something, as she went, and lost the trail and howled like a coyote.

What we heard after this seemed to be a sort of general stampede and chousing around, and then we could make out Miss Millie's voice, as she tried to console the mother and pet the baby and mill them around and bed them down, through the blanket wall between them and her.

The woman finally settled to a peaceful fit of hysterics. "And if it had been a fire," she sobbed, "there isn't a window in this whole dreadful place for anybody to jump out of!"

"Madam," we could hear old Levin snorting, "if you are sure that is the use you would make of a window, if you had one handy, or if you want one to pitch that—er—infant of yours out of, we will all join in sending for the proprietor to see if we can't have one cut; and maybe then some of us, who are ailing, and poorly enough anyhow, can get a little sleep."

Somebody back in the end of the hotel said something after that about a "cantankerous old brute," but we quieted down and got along tolerably in spite of the preacher's snoring, till old man Bartlett decided that the parson was choking to death, and nothing would do him but to get in past the blanket wall and try to help him.

It appeared that the preacher was subject to nightmare. He deposed later that he was usually having it pretty bad when he snored loud, and I should judge that he had, that night, a whole pasture full, all mustang, and that Levin's well meant interference stampeded the entire bunch. Anyhow, he appeared to take old man Bartlett for something extremely objectionable, and the way he mopped the ceiling, and dusted down the blankets, and polished up the floor with him before he could be waked up and explained to, was a delight to hear and a credit to the church.

From that on till two o'clock white winged peace spread her pinions over the shack, only being scared from her perch temporarily, now and again, by some little scrimmage like the baby inquiring for a drink, and the horse thief and the sheriff and the innermost cowboys groaning in dismal chorus to think how bad they too wanted that same.

At two o'clock, or near it, I felt the blanket wall back of me pulling a little, and I dropped down my hand and corralled a man crawling under my cot. The preacher was snoring away again, like a norther and a stampede combined, so I took the liberty of striking a match to see who it was I'd rounded up, and I found it was the horse thief, making a sneak for liberty. He showed fight, when he seen I recognized him, but I'd been sitting on him, and choking him some occasionally, since I first roped and threw him, and he soon gave that up.

As I looked at him, by the momentary flare of my match, and wondered what I'd better do with him—I knew they were likely to lynch him, back in Hallam County, if the sheriff ever got him there, and I am set against all forms of lawlessness—it occurred to me that I could make a jocular use of his handcuffs and his absence.

Cliff and I had always been in the way, as most fellows who have run partners a good deal are, of playing off jokes on each other, and I saw my chance of getting one on Cliff that he wouldn't soon forget.

"Hold on, my good soul," I remonstrated as the horse thief began to wriggle and fight again. "I want your jewelry, and then you can go peaceable." I reached out for his handcuffs, which the sheriff had thought it sufficient precaution to leave on him, worked the spring, and had them off in a jiffy.

"You can take nothing from me from which I would more gladly part, withal," whispered the horse thief, who, I afterward learned, had once held the chair of literature in an Eastern college, and who I was glad I was helping now I heard him manifest this familiarity with the works of William Shakspeare—a man I respect.

Well, the horse thief went his way under the blankets, out past the cow punchers, who were too fast asleep to

bother him any. Then I crawled back by the path he had come into Cliff's "room." I found him sleeping sound, as I knew he always did, with one arm under his head, and I had to move him and work it down to get the handcuffs on him. But I counted on his being tired out and not having had any sleep in the fore part of the night, and I finally got them on him and went back to lie down and chuckle and wait the course of events.

I hadn't intended to sleep, but I must have done so, for the next thing I knew was hearing a pistol shot, and looking up to see two neat little round holes about where a man's head would come in the two blankets that walled my room. Some one was "shooting up" the hotel, and having been raised in Texas, I knew enough to lie low while it was going on.

There came another pop, and I thought old man Bartlett was winged sure, for I heard him beefing around down at his end of the building, like a wounded buffalo. Then I made out that the shots came from the sheriff, who had just waked up and missed his horse thief, and was endeavoring, in this vicarious way, to search the hotel for him.

I dropped to the floor and crawled in and argued the matter with the sheriff, but it was no good. He was sitting up in bed, emptying his guns methodically, one after the other; sending a shot down the line at the back, and then one out at the front.

"It's the best I can do," he insisted, when I tried to stop him, "and I've got to do something. I couldn't enter their rooms, even if I had a search warrant. They won't git hurt, if they lay still."

The baby, of course, was crying; its mother had gone into worse hysterics than those she had earlier in the fray; old man Bartlett was trying to come as near swearing as he could and keep inside the church discipline; the preacher had quit snoring, and was adding some vigorous remarks to the chorus; and the cow punchers, who were singing the "Cowboy's Lament" in lugubrious concert, had just got to the very suggestive lines, My friends and relations, they all live in Boston,

And know not whither the cowboy doth roam.
I first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,
Got shot in the breast, and now death is my
doom,

when the sheriff's ammunition gave out, and I managed to pull down the blanket between Cliff's room and his.

"Let up, sheriff," I observed. "There's your man."

"Somebody come and get these blamed things off of me!" roared Cliff.

"All right," apologized the sheriff, lying down for another nap. "I didn't remember that there were three beds in the room. It's on me this time. Beg everybody's pardon."

"Here," chortled Cliff, trying to whisper and yell at the same time, for he didn't want the joke to come out before Miss Millie. He guessed by this time what the game was, and knew who was playing it on him. "Here, Hank Pearsall, you miserable old yap, come and take these things off of me. Don't you see it's a joke, sheriff?"

"Mighty pore joke," allowed the sheriff, pretty dryly, hunching his blanket up over him and fixing to go to sleep.

But there was no sleep for the sheriff, nor anybody else in that shack, any more that morning. As soon as the shooting stopped, the folks began pulling down the blankets.

Our first visitor was the parson. The sheriff was pitching into Cliff pretty strong by this time, because Cliff still insisted that he wasn't the horse thief. The sheriff needed a horse thief right then, in his business, and needed him bad, and he didn't know where to get one any easier than to just hang on to Cliff and pretend he thought he had the right man. It wouldn't quite do, you see, to go back to Hallam County, and tell the fellows there who had lost horses that he'd gone to sleep and let their man walk away.

The parson wasn't clear, of course, as to how Cliff had got arrested; but he thought best to remark, as he came on the scene, "The young man has a godless face. I marked him as a child of Belial when first I saw him."

"No such thing!" exploded old Levin Bartlett on spec. His blanket wasn't down, and he couldn't see who the parson was talking about, but when he heard a definite assertion like that it made him want to take the other side and argue. "He's got a good face," expanded the

old man; then, as his blanket came loose, and he saw who he was speaking of, "Why, bless my soul! It's Mr. Clifford Russell, an acquaintance of mine. Sheriff, sheriff!"—going over and shaking the sheriff, who was pretending to be asleep—"somebody's played a joke on you. You've got the wrong man."

"Mighty pore joke," grunted the sheriff again, "an' I'm tired o' hearin' about it. I've got the man I'm goin' to take back to Hallam County an' send to the pen—ef the boys thar don't git him away from me an' hang him. Mebby that's a joke!"

Old Levin jumped. He wasn't used to Texas ways. "Why, here, Mr. Pearsall," he urged, "you know my friend, Mr. Russell. You talk to this wooden headed fool here who wants to hang him."

"Ought to be hung, I reckon," I observed, turning my back mighty coolly. "Ought to have been hung some time ago, by all accounts;" and the old man fairly simmered.

The kid in the end room had slipped its halter somehow and got away from its mother; and now it came creeping out under the blanket, and looked at Cliff, sitting there on his cot, apparently mighty down on his luck.

Young ones always take to Cliff, and this one ran up and patted his hands. "Don't ky," it said.

With that its ma, who had just got her blanket loose, swooped down on it and snatched it up. "Don't you dare to go near that nassy man," she scolded. "He's a horse thief."

"Madam," sputtered old Levin, "that gentleman is a friend of mine—and of my daughter's. I'll request you not to speak of him in that way again."

The old man was warming up sure, and as I realized how he'd been progressing under this treatment, I saw what any full witted man would have thought of in the beginning—just how to make this do for Cliff what he had said I ought to have done when I talked to old man Bartlett on the train.

I slipped out and gave the cow punchers the tip. They had not, so far, intruded on the row, it not being theirs; but I herded them in, and then I got a word with Miss Millie.

"This is a private room," shouted the sheriff—which was a pretty broad assertion, seeing that it was the whole hotel by this time—"and I'll trouble you people to step out and let me guard my prisoner."

"Prisoner!" hollered old Levin. "He's the young man my daughter is going to marry."

"Say, boys," interrupted one of the cow punchers whom I'd primed, "I would be willin' to swear, from this duck's brand and ear marks, that he's the feller that useter fly under the name of Hy Sanks over in Jack County—him that took to rustlin'."

"He is the gentleman my daughter is going to marry, I tell you," interposed old Levin.

"Why, so 'tis Sanks," agreed another cowboy. "Let's take him out and hang him before breakfast."

Well, I told you that old Levin Bartlett wasn't used to Texas ways, and when he heard this vivacious proposition he thought sure somebody was going to get hurt.

"Sheriff, sheriff," he raged, "do you hear this lawless talk? These desperadoes here speak of hanging my son in law before breakfast—they make a jest of it! I call on you to protect him!"

"Son in law!" said the sheriff, considerably set back. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"Well," hedged the old man, "it amounts to the same thing. If there was a preacher here right now I——"

"There is," cut in the parson, who scented a fee.

"Mr. Bartlett, sir," I remonstrated, just for good measure, and to make a sure thing of it, "you'll certainly never give your daughter to this wretched young man, whose sins have only now found him out!" And the woman with the baby, who took the whole thing straight, began to cry.

"You——" Well, old man Bartlett was a pillar in the church, and he paused and looked the balance.

"Millie, come here!" he ordered. "Parson!"

Miss Millie came, looking as sweet and blushing as a bride could. I slipped the handcuffs off of Cliff; the parson stepped

to the far end of the room, the cow punchers took off their hats, and, foreseeing interruptions from that quarter, I sat down on the sheriff, while the knot was tied in just three minutes—Texas time.

When it was over, the cow punchers stampeded, and commenced shaking hands with Cliff and Mrs. Russell, and I forgot and got up off of the sheriff to go and join them.

I was just shaking Cliff's hand for the third time, and telling him that he had the prettiest and best wife in the State of Texas, when I noticed a curious look in the preacher's eye.

"Brother Bartlett appears to be ill," he observed.

I looked behind me. Old Levin was sitting on a cot looking sort of faint; but he plucked up spirit to snap out, in

reply to the parson, "I'm feeling as well as any of you, I guess."

"Then," continued the preacher, "you do not joy in the happiness of these young hearts as we do."

"I guess I do," rapped out the old man. "It's queer if I don't know how I feel about my own daughter, better than a lot of meddling strangers;" and then, whether to spite the parson, or because he had a streak of good in him, he came up and kissed Millie, and shook hands with Cliff.

But the sheriff of Hallam County—despoiled of the horse thief which a merciful Providence seemed to have sent him in place of the one he had only acquired through much effort and danger, to offer to a very lively, inquisitive, and brittle tempered constituency—the sheriff of Hallam County looked wild.

THE OLD BENCH.

THIS is the bench where burghers sat,
In silken hose and shovel hat,

Long ago;

And some were lean, and some were fat,
But knee to knee, for all of that,
They wiled the drowsy day with chat,
In the long, long ago.

Oh, they were sweet and simple men;
For life ran like an idyl then,

Long ago.

They smoked their pipes, and filled again;
They talked of kirk, and farm, and fen,
How of twelve ducks the clerk shot ten,
In the long, long ago.

I see their silver buckles shine,
Their staves between their knees in line,

Long ago.

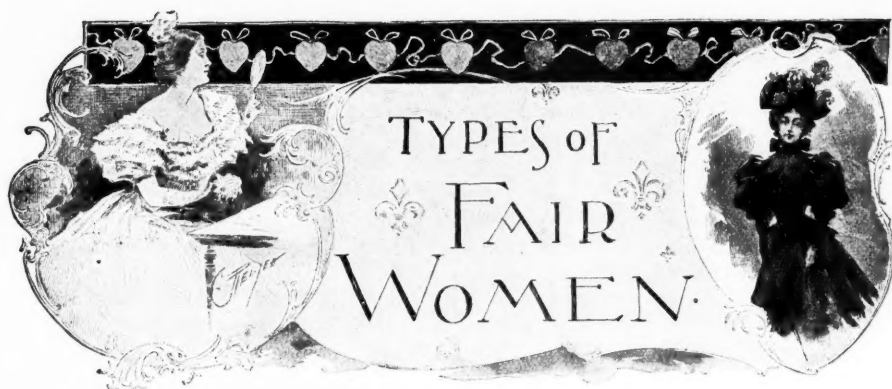
Their braided cues how silver fine!
Their cheeks as ruddy as old wine!
For men lived lusty as a pine
In the long, long ago.

Oh, for those blameless days of yore,
And the sweet fruits of life they bore,

Long ago!

The old men ranged about the door;
The sunlight on the sanded floor;
The virtue honest to the core,
In the long, long ago!

James Buckham.



WHEN one hears of a beautiful Spanish girl, one knows at once what to expect. There will be the clear pallor, the languid eyes, the mass of graceful dark hair, and all the customary physical attributes of the accepted Spanish type. But the American girl, whose beauty is as varied as that of American sunsets, must be

seen individually to be described. Brown hair and gray eyes are her normal make-up, but she varies these so cleverly that one would not dream of attempting to pick out a single predominating phase or type of national beauty. Whenever two or three chance specimens give some hint of a racial uniformity, one girl, at least, is



MISS BESSIE TOWNSEND, OF ST. LOUIS.
From a photograph by Röscher, St. Louis.



MRS. GEORGE ELY WORTHINGTON, OF CLEVELAND.

From a photograph by Ryder, Cleveland.

certain to upset the scheme by appearing in the guise of a curly headed blonde with a cleft chin, or a thin lipped brunette with olive brown eyes.

Charles Dana Gibson has given form to the American ideal, but even he has not found the American type, which is a negative thing, to be arrived at only by a process of exclusion. For, if a daughter

of this country is not typically English or French, German or Spanish, Italian or Irish, or of any other known nationality, then, perhaps, she may call herself typically American. It is this lack of fixedness, coming from the fusion of different races, that gives to the American girl her unexpectedness of feature and temperament.

Uniformly chocolate eyes are as monotonous as a uniformly blue heaven; but where a simple element might grow tiresome, a compound of infinite variety, such as she is, keeps interest wide awake. Hearing her beauty praised, one goes to meet her with the excitement of curiosity added to the customary pleasure

will find her out. Plain or pretty, a muddle of dowdiness or a climax of wealth and French art, she cannot forget that she is a woman. She feels that she is the focus of all the glances, admiring or inquisitive, reverent or irreverent, that flash by in the crowd. Her femininity is as dear to her heart, and as cumbersome



MRS. GUSTAV PABST, OF MILWAUKEE (FORMERLY MISS LEMP, OF ST. LOUIS).

From a photograph by Rösch, St. Louis.

of anticipation. She appeals to our spirit of adventure, which finds no thrill in an absolute certainty. She is, in fact, the most stimulating thing in the world—an unknown quantity.

The American face, however beautiful, is apt to have one very serious blemish, which one sees in other countries, too, but not in the same degree. This is the all pervading self consciousness that lurks in the mouth and eyelids. The American girl is supposed to be frank, natural, and unaffected, and so she is when one knows her. But stand where you may watch a crowded street, and note the face of every passing woman between fifteen and thirty five; then you

to her movements, as her petticoats. At home, she may be as unconscious as a boy, but the moment she appears in the street comes the overpowering sense of conspicuousness, and she shows herself on guard.

Her consciousness takes a hundred different forms. Sometimes she is timid, deprecating, with an expression that seems to beg the passer not to look at her, but just to let her slip by as quietly as possible. Such a one, if she turns down the wrong street, will walk on around the block rather than turn frankly about, and so publish her mistake. She enters the big stores with furtive eyes and set lips, inwardly praying that no



MISS JENNIE S. PRITCHETT, OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

From a photograph by Murray, Petersburg.

salaaming floor walker may suddenly spring up in the path between her and her counter.

Then there are those of the bold and defiant variety, who screen themselves behind an insolent glance, beginning at a man's hat and drooping contemptuously to his boots. They do not really mean what they look, but they are swamped by their femininity, and can find no other way to rise above it. Then there is the girl who, having tied a great deal of ribbon around her neck and curled her hair on the sides, feels pretty, and

forgets that this is not synonymous with looking pretty. She uses all the little glances and turns of the head that are beauty's own, and that appear as absurd in any other connection as peacock feathers on a bedraggled hen.

There is also the girl who glances nervously into every mirroring window, with hasty pokes at her hairpins; and the girl who pretends to be studying the tops of buildings and the passing traffic, just to help herself through the ordeal; and the one whose muscles contract under the strain and change her walk into a



LADY EVELYN CRICHTON, DAUGHTER OF LORD ERNE.

From a photograph by Lefayette, Dublin.

jerky hop, and give her forehead a bicycle fixity of expression. And then there is the girl who is too well bred to give way to any of these manifestations, who hides behind a look of refined indifference, tinged with an air of social superiority, and even in so doing betrays herself.

Among all the young women who pass your point of observation during a long



MISS ELIZABETH HARRISON, OF VIRGINIA.

From a photograph by Klauber, Louisville.

morning, there will not be one in forty whose face is not more or less arranged, who does not show some thought of how she is looking. This self consciousness is due in part to the sentimental novels which pivot on woman's supreme attractiveness and man's prostration before her, and which describe every chance attitude and movement from the picturesque standpoint. A course of such nonsense is enough to make any pretty girl look upon herself as a series of living pictures, and to expect unvoiced applause for every turn of her head. When we do find a beautiful woman who accepts her beauty as naturally and as gratefully as she would accept good eyesight, and makes

no display of it, we feel devoutly thankful for a sight so wholesome and inspiring, and so rare.

In the pictures of fair women which we publish this month, the most pleasing trait is their freedom from self consciousness, which is generally as conspicuous in the exhibit of a photograph gallery as it is on Broadway. This is especially true of Miss Bessie Townsend, a St. Louis girl of a very fascinating type. Beauty was not the only gift the good fairies granted her, for in her face lies an indescribable charm, a look of refinement and great sweetness of character. She is a blonde, not very tall, and possessed of manners as pretty as they are natural. She does many things well, and is well known in society. Her father, H. C. Townsend, is one of the railroad magnates of St. Louis.

From the same city of lovely faces comes Miss Lemp, daughter of the wealthy St. Louis brewer, who has recently been married to Colonel Gustav Pabst, of Milwaukee. She is an intellectual woman as well as a handsome one, reads much and wisely, speaks several languages, and has a great deal of musical talent which has been carefully cultivated.

Mrs. George Ely Worthington is one of those brunettes whom nature sketches in with a soft touch. She has none of the flash and the hard brightness that often keep us aloof from dark eyed beauties. Her face expresses tranquillity and sweetness, and her eyes have a touch of alluring mystery. Mrs. Worthington has lived all her life in Ohio, going to school at Columbus, and, as Miss Mamie Stuart, taking a prominent share in all the gaiety that went on in the State capital. She has always been very loyal to her Western home, not caring to play a social part in other cities so long as Cleveland had such a ready welcome for her.

A striking face and figure, a clear brain, and a ready wit have made Miss Jennie Stringfellow Pritchett, of Petersburg, Virginia, one of the foremost society girls in the Old Dominion. Genealogy is generally dry reading, and we all know what an "F. F. V." can show in that direction, but it is interesting to learn that, through her mother, Miss Pritchett is related to two of our Presidents, while

an ancestor on her father's side was an aunt of Mrs. President Arthur. In her veins flows the blood of such notable families as the Herndons, Hemtons, Maurys, Harrisons, and Stringfellow.

ant of the Byrds, the Carys, and the Carters. She deserves her beauty, too, for her father, the late Colonel Julian Harrison, of Elk Hill, on the James, was said to be the handsomest officer in the



MISS WOOD, DAUGHTER OF SIR EVELYN WOOD.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

Last June Miss Pritchett received the honor of honors in the eyes of a Southern girl, for she was chosen to open the final ball at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington.

No family has been more prominent in the history and society of the South than the Harrisons of Virginia. Miss Elizabeth Harrison has every right to the bearing of an aristocrat, being also a descend-

Confederate army, and her mother was a celebrated Kentucky belle. Like most Virginia girls, Miss Harrison is of athletic build, possesses the spirit of an Amazon, and rides gallantly to hounds across the red hills of Albemarle, where the scenes of so many of Amelie Rives' stories are laid. She is very fond of society, and spends a portion of every winter with the Southern set in New York.



LADY GRIFFIN.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

This month's series of portraits also includes those of three English women prominent by reason of wealth and family, as well as beauty. Miss Wood, a clever and fascinating blonde, is a daughter of Sir Evelyn Wood, one of England's favorite soldiers, who has served in all the great campaigns of the last forty years, and won the Victoria Cross by his valor. Lady Evelyn Crichton, who is a daughter of Lord Erne, spends most of her time at Crom Castle, her father's beautiful estate

near Newton Butler, in Ireland. Lady Griffin is the wife of Sir Lepel Griffin, who has held various official positions in India, and whose books on the Punjab have been widely read. His writings on America are also well known, but not so favorably. Before Lady Griffin's marriage, in 1889, her home was in Genoa, but since going to London, she has won for herself, by her attractive personality and gracious manners, an enviable position in English society.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

LXVIII (*Continued*).

"WILL you say your prayers tonight, Glory?" John Storm said.

"Why not?" she answered, trying to laugh.

"Then why not say them now, my child?"

"But why?"

He had made her tremble all over, but she got up, walked straight across to him, looked intently into his face for a moment, and then said, "What is the matter? Why are you so pale? You are not well, John!"

"No, I am not well, either," he answered.

"John, John, what does it all mean? Why have you come here tonight?"

"To save your soul, my child. It is in great peril."

At first she took this for the common, every day language of the devotee, but another look into his face banished that interpretation, and her fear rose to terror. Nevertheless, she talked lightly, hardly knowing what she said.

"Am I, then, so very wicked? Surely heaven doesn't want me yet, John. Some day, I trust—I hope——"

"Tonight, tonight—*now*!"

Then her cheeks turned pale and her lips became white and bloodless. She had returned to the sofa, and half rose from it, then sat back, stretching out one hand as if to ward off a blow, but still keeping her eyes riveted on his face.

Once she looked round to the door and tried to cry out, but her voice would not answer her.

This speechless fright lasted only a moment. Then she was herself again, and looked fearlessly up at him. She had the full use of her intellect, and her quick instinct went to the root of things. "This is the madness of jealousy," she thought. "There is only one way to deal with it. If I cry out, if I show that I am afraid, if I irritate him, it will soon be over." She told herself in a moment that she must try gentleness, tenderness, reason, affection, love.

Trembling from head to foot, she stepped up to him again and began softly and sweetly trying to explain herself. "John, dear John, if you see me with certain people and in certain places you must not think from that——"

But he broke in upon her with a torrent of words.

"I can't think of it at all, Glory. When I look ahead I see nothing but shame and misery and degradation for you in the future. That man is destroying you, body and soul. He is leading you on to the devil and hell and damnation, and I cannot stand by and see it done!"

"Believe me, John, you are mistaken, quite mistaken."

But with a look of somber fury he cried, "Can you deny it?"

"I can protect and care for myself, John."

*Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"With that man's words in your ears still, can you deny it?"

Suddenly she remembered Drake's last whisper as she got into the hansom, and she covered her face with her hands.

"You can't. It is the truth. The man is following you to ruin you, and you know it. You've known it from the first, therefore you deserve all that can ever come to you. Do you know what you are guilty of? You are guilty of soul suicide. What is the suicide of the body to the suicide of the soul? What is the crime of the poor broken creature who only chooses death and the grave before starvation or shame, compared to the sin of the wretched woman who murders her soul for sake of the lusts and vanities of the world? The law of man may punish the one, but the vengeance of God is waiting for the other."

She was crying behind her hands, and in spite of the fury into which he had lashed himself, a great pity took hold of him. He felt as if everything were slipping away from him and he was trying to stand on an avalanche. But he told himself that he would not waver, that he would hold to his purpose, that he would stand firm as a rock. Heaving a deep sigh, he walked to and fro across the room.

"Oh, Glory, Glory! Can't you understand that it is terrible to me to be the messenger of God's awful will?"

She gasped for breath, and what had been a vague surmise became a certainty. Thinking he was God's avenger, yet with nothing but a poor spasm of jealousy in his heart, he had come with a fearful purpose in his mind.

"I did what I could in other ways, and it was all in vain. Time after time I tried to save you from these dangers, but you would not listen. I was ready for any change, any sacrifice. Once I should have given up all the world for you, Glory—you know that quite well—friends, kinsmen, country, everything, even my work and my duty, and, but for the grace of God, God himself!" But his tenderness broke again into a headlong torrent of reproach. "You failed me, didn't you? At the last moment, too—the very last. Not content with the suicide of your own soul, you must at-

tempt to murder the soul of another. Do you know what that is? That is the unpardonable sin. You are crying, aren't you? Why are you crying?"

Even while he said this something told him that all he was waiting for was that her beautiful eyes should be raised and their splendid light flash upon him again.

"But that is all over now. It was a blunder, and the breach between us was irreparable. I am better as I am; far, far better. Without friends or kin or country, consecrated for life, cut off from the world, separate, alone."

She knew that her moment had come, and that she must vanquish this man and turn him from his purpose, whatever it was, by the only weapon a woman could use—his love of her.

"I do not deny that you have a right to be angry with me," she said, "but don't think that I have not given up something, too. At the time you speak of, when I chose this life and refused to go with you to the South Seas, I sacrificed a good deal—I sacrificed love. Do you think I didn't realize what that meant? That whatever the pleasure and delight my art might bring me, and the flattery and the fame and the applause, there were joys I was never to know—the happiness that every poor woman may feel, though she isn't clever at all, and the world knows nothing about her—the happiness of being a wife and a mother, and of holding her place in life, however humble she is and simple and unknown, and of linking the generations each to each. And though the world has been so good to me, do you think I have ever ceased to regret that? Do you think I don't remember it sometimes when the house cheers and cheers me, or when I am coming home, or perhaps when I awake in the middle of the night? And notwithstanding all this success with which the world has crowned me, do you think I don't hunger sometimes for what success can never buy—the love of a good man, who would love me with all his soul and his strength, and everything that is his?"

Out of a dry and husky throat John Storm answered:

"I would rather die a thousand thou-

sand deaths than touch a hair of your head, Glory—but God's will is His will," he added, quivering and trembling. The compulsion of a great passion was drawing him, but he struggled hard against it. "And then this success—you cling to it nevertheless," he cried with a forced laugh.

"Yes, I cling to it," she said, wiping away the tears that had begun to fall. "I cannot give it up, I cannot, I cannot!"

"Then what is the worth of your repentance?"

"It is not repentance; it is what you said it was—in this room—long ago. We are of different natures, John; that is the real trouble between us now and always has been. But whether we like it or not our lives are wrapped up together for all that. We can't do without each other. God makes men and women like that sometimes."

There was a piteous smile on his face. "I never doubted your feeling for me, Glory—no, not even when you hurt me most."

"And if God made us so——"

"I shall never forgive myself, Glory, though heaven itself forgives me."

"If God makes us love each other in spite of every barrier that divides us——"

"I shall never know another happy hour in this life, Glory—never."

"Then why should we struggle? It is our fate, and we cannot conquer it. You can't give up your life, John, and I can't give up mine, but our hearts are one."

Her voice sang like music in his ears, and something in his aching heart was saying, "What are the laws we make for ourselves compared to the laws God makes for us?" Suddenly he felt something warm. It was Glory's breath on his hand. A fragrance like incense seemed to envelop him. He gasped as if suffocating and sat down on the sofa.

"You are wrong, dear, if you think I care for the man you speak of. He has been very good to me and helped me in my career, but he is nothing to me—nothing whatever. But we are such old friends, John. It seems impossible to remember a time when we were not old chums, you and I. Sometimes I dream of those dear old days in the 'lil oilan'."

Aw, they were ter'ble, just ter'ble! Do you remember the boat, the *Gloria*? Do you remember her?" He clenched his hands as though to hold on to his purpose, but it was slipping through his fingers like sand. "What times they were! Coming round the castle of a summer evening, when the bay and the sky were like two sheets of silvered glass looking into each other, and you and I singing 'John Peel'" (in a quavering voice she sang a bar or two)—

"D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel——"

Do you remember it, John?"

She was sobbing and laughing by turns. It was her old self, and the cruel years seemed to roll back. But still he struggled. "What is the love of the body to the love of the soul?" he told himself.

"You wore flannels then, and I was in a white jersey like this, see;" and she snatched up from the mantelpiece the photograph that he had been looking at. "I got up my first act in imitation of it, and sometimes in the middle of a scene—such a jolly scene, too!—my mind goes back to that sweet old time, and I burst out crying."

He pushed the photograph away. "Why do you remind me of those days?" he said. "Is it only to make me realize the change in you?" But even at that moment the wonderful eyes pierced him through and through.

"Am I so much changed, John? Am I? No, no, dear. It is only my hair done differently. See, see!" and with trembling fingers she tore her hair from its knot. It fell in clusters over her shoulders and about her face. He wanted to lay his hand on it, and he turned to her and then turned away, fighting with himself as with an enemy.

"Or is it this old rag of lace that is so unlike my jersey? There, there!" she cried, tearing the lace from her neck, and throwing it on the floor and trampling upon it. "Look at me now, John, look at me! Am I not the same as ever? Why don't you look?"

She was fighting for her life. He started to his feet and came to her with his teeth set and his pupils fixed. "This is only the devil tempting me. Say your prayers, child, say them!"

He grasped her left hand with his right. His grip almost overtaxed her strength, and she felt faint. In an explosion of emotion the insane frenzy for destroying had come upon him again. He longed to give his feelings physical expression.

"Say them, say them!" he cried. "God sent me to kill you, Glory!"

A sensation of terror and triumph came over her. She half closed her eyes and threw her other arm around his neck.

"No, but to love me! Kiss me, John!"

Then a cry came from him like that of a man flinging himself over a precipice. He threw his arms about her, and her disordered hair fell over his face.

LXIX.

"I THOUGHT it was God's voice. It was the devil's!"

He was creeping like a thief through the streets of London in the dark hours of morning. It was a peaceful night after the thunderstorm of the evening before. A few large stars had come out, a clear moon was shining, and the air was quiet after the cries, the crackling tumult, and all the fury of human throats. There was only the swift rattling of mail cars running to the post office, the slow clank of country carts going to Covent Garden, the measured tread of policemen, and the muddled laughter of drunken men and women by the coffee stands at the street corners.

"'Ow's the deluge, myte? Not come off yet? Well, give us a cup of cawfee on the strength of it."

It seemed as if eyes looked down on him from the dark sky and pierced him through and through. His whole life had been an imposture from the first—his quarrel with his father, his going into orders, his entering the monastery and his coming out of it, his crusade in Soho, his intention of following Father Damien, his predictions at Westminster—all, all had been false and the expression of a lie! He was a sham, a mockery, a whited sepulcher, and had grossly sinned against the light and against God.

But the spiritual disillusion had come at last, and it had revealed him to himself at an awful depth of self deception. Thinking in his pride and arrogance he

was the divine messenger, the avenger, the man of God, he had set out to shed blood like any wretched criminal, any jealous murderer who was driven along by devilish passion. How the devil had played with him, too—with him, who was dedicated by the most solemn and sacred vows! And he had been as stubble before the wind, as chaff that the storm carrieth away.

With such feelings of poignant anguish he plodded through the echoing streets. Mechanically he made his way back to Westminster. By the time he got there the moon and stars had gone and the chill of daybreak was in the air. He saw and heard nothing, but as he crossed the Broad Sanctuary a line of mounted police went past him with their swords clanking.

It was not yet daylight when he knocked at the door of his chambers under the church.

"Who's there?" came in a fierce whisper.

"Open the door," he said in a spiritless voice.

The door was opened, and Brother Andrew, with the affectionate whine of a dog who has been snarling at his master in the dark, said, "Oh, is it you, Brother Storm? I thought you were gone. Did you meet them? They've been searching for you everywhere all night long."

He still spoke in whispers, as if some one had been ill. "I can't light up. They'd be sure to see and perhaps come back. They'll come in the morning, in any case. Oh, it's terrible—worse than ever now! Haven't you heard what has happened? Somebody has been killed!"

John was struggling to listen, but everything seemed to be happening a long way off.

"Well, not killed exactly, but badly hurt, and taken to the hospital."

It was Charlie Wilkes. He had insulted the name of the father, and Pincher the pawnbroker had knocked him down. His head had struck against the curb, and he had been picked up insensible. Then the police had come, and Pincher had been taken off to the police station.

"But it's my mother I'm thinking of," said Brother Andrew, and he brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "You must get away at once, Brother Storm. They'll

lay everything on you. What's to be done? Let me think. Let me think. How my head is going round and round! There's a train from Euston to the north at five in the morning, isn't there? You must catch that. Don't speak, brother. Don't say you won't."

"I will go," said John, with a look of utter dejection.

The change that had come over him since the night before startled the lay brother. "But I suppose you've been out all night. How tired you look! Can I get you anything?"

John did not answer, and the lay brother brought some brown bread and coaxed him to eat a little of it. The day was beginning to dawn.

"Now you must go, Brother Storm."

"And you, my lad?"

"Oh, I can take care of myself."

"Go back to the brotherhood; take the dog with you."

"The dog!" Brother Andrew seemed to be about to say something, but he checked himself, and with a wild look he muttered, "Oh, I know what I'll do. Good by."

"Good by," said John, and then the broken man was back in the streets.

His nervous system had been exhausted by the events of the night, and when he entered the railway station he could scarcely put one foot before another.

"Looks as if he'd had enough," said somebody behind him.

He found an empty compartment and took his seat in the corner. A kind of stupor had come over his faculties, and he could neither think nor feel.

Three or four young men and boys were sorting and folding newspapers at a counter that stood on trestles before the closed up book stall. A placard slipped from the fingers of one of them and fell to the floor. John saw his own name in monster letters, and he began to ask himself what he was doing. Was he flying away? It was cowardly, it was contemptible. And then it was so useless. He might go to the ends of the earth, yet he could not escape the only enemy it was worth while to fly from. That enemy was himself.

Suddenly he remembered that he had not taken his ticket, and he got out of the

train. But instead of going to the ticket office he stood aside and tried to think what he ought to do. Then there was confusion and noise; people were hurrying past him; somebody was calling to him, and finally the engine whistled and the smoke rose to the roof. When he came to himself the train was gone, and he was standing on the platform alone.

"But what am I to do?" he asked himself.

It was a lovely summer morning, and the streets were empty and quiet. Little by little they became populous and noisy, and at length he was walking in a crowd. It was nine o'clock by this time, and he was in the Whitechapel Road, going along with a motley troop of Jews, Polish Jews, Germans, German Jews, and all the many tribes of Cockneydom. Two costers behind him were talking and laughing.

"Lor' blesh you, it's jest abart enneff to myke a corpse laugh!"

"Ain't it? An acqyntince uv mine—d'ye know Jow 'Awkins? Him as kep' the frahd fish shop off of Flower and Dean. Yus? Well, he sold his bit uv bizness lahs week for a song, thinkin' the world was a-comin' to a end, and this mornin' I meets 'im on the 'Owben Viadeck lookin' as if 'e'd 'ad the smallpox or semthink!"

John Storm had scarcely heard them. He had a strange feeling that everything was happening hundreds of miles away.

"What am I to do?" he asked himself again. Between twelve and one o'clock he was back in the city, walking aimlessly on and on. He did not choose the unfrequented thoroughfares, and when people looked into his face he thought, "If anybody asks who I am I'll tell him." It was eight hours since he had eaten anything, and he felt weak and faint.

Coming upon a coffee house he went in and ordered food. The place was full of young clerks at their midday meal. Most of them were reading newspapers which they had folded and propped up on the tables before them, but two who sat near were talking.

"These predictions of the end of the world are a mania—a monomania which recurs at regular intervals of the world's history," said one. He was a little man with a turned up nose.

"But the strange thing is that people go on believing them!" said his companion.

"That's not strange at all. This big, idiotic, amorphous London has no sense of humor. See how industriously it has been engaged for the last month in the noble art of making a fool of itself!" And then he looked round at John Storm, as if proud of his tall language.

John did not listen. He knew that everybody was talking about him, yet the matter did not seem to concern him now, but to belong to some other existence which his soul had had.

At length an idea came to him, and he thought he knew what he ought to do. He ought to go to the brotherhood and ask to be taken back; but not as a son this time, only as a servant, to scour and scrub to the end of his life. There used to be a man to sweep out the church and ring the church bell. He might be allowed to do menial work like that. He had proved false to his ideal, he had not been able to resist the lures of earthly love, but God was merciful. He would not utterly reject him.

His self abasement was abject, yet several hours had passed before he attempted to carry out this design. It was the time of evensong when he reached the church, and the brothers were singing their last hymn—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

He stood by the porch and listened. The street was very quiet, hardly anybody was passing.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storms of life be past.

His heart surged up to his throat, and he could scarcely bear the pain of it. Yes, yes, yes! Other refuge had he none!

Suddenly a new thought smote him, and he felt like a man roused from a deep sleep. Glory! He had been thinking only of his own soul, and his soul's salvation, and had forgotten his duty to others. He had his duty to Glory above all others, and he could not and must not escape from it. He must take his place by her side, and if that included the abandonment of his ideals, so be it! He had been proved unworthy of a life of holiness; he must lower his flag, he must be content to live the life of a man.

But he could not think what he ought to do next, and when night fell he was still wandering aimlessly through the streets. He had turned eastward again, and even in the tumultuous thoroughfares of the Mile End he could not help seeing that something unusual was going on. People in drink were rolling about the streets, and shouting and singing, as if it had been a public holiday.

"Glad you ain't in kingdom come to-night, old gel!"

"Well, what do *you* think?"

At twelve o'clock he went into a lodging house and asked if he could have a bed. The keeper was in the kitchen, talking with two men who were cooking a herring for their supper, and he looked up at his visitor in astonishment.

"Can I sleep you, sir? We ain't got no accommodation for gentlemen." And then he stopped, looked more attentively, and said:

"Are you from the Settlement, sir?"

John Storm made some inarticulate reply.

"Thort ye might be, sir. We often 'as 'em 'ere semplin' the cawfee, but blest if they ever wanted to semple a bed afore! Still, if *you* don't mind——"

"It will be better than I deserve, my man. Can you give me a cup of coffee before I turn in?"

"With pleasure, sir. Sit down, sir. Myke yourself at home. Me and my friends were just talkin' of a gentleman of your cloth, sir—the pore feller as 'as got into trouble acrost Westminster way."

"Oh, you were talking of him, were you?"

"Sem, 'ere, says the biziness pyze."

"It *must* py, or people wouldn't do it," said the man leaning over the fire.

"Down't you believe it. That little gyne down't py. 'Cause why? Look at the bloomin' stoo the feller's in now. If they ketch 'im 'e'll get six months 'ard."

"Then what's 'e been doin' it for. I down't see nothink in it if it down't py."

"'Cause he believes in it, thet's why. What do you think, sir?"

"I think the man has come by a just fall," said John. "God will never use him again, having brought him to shame."

"Must hev been a wrong un, certingly," said the man over the fire.

When John Storm awoke in his cubicle next morning he saw his way clearer. He would deliver himself up to the warrant that was issued for his arrest and go through with it to the end. Then he would return to Glory a free man, and God would find work for him even yet, after this awful lesson to his presumption and pride.

"That feller as was took ter the awspital is dead," said somebody in the kitchen, and then there was the crinkling of a newspaper.

"Is 'e?" said another. "The best thing the father can do is to 'ook it then. 'Cause why? Whether 'e did it or not, they'll fix it on ter 'im, doncher know."

John's head spun round and round. He remembered what Brother Andrew had said of Charlie Wilkes, and his heart, so warm a moment ago, felt benumbed as by frost. Nevertheless at nine o'clock he was going westward in the underground railway. People looked at him when he stepped into the carriage. He thought everybody knew him, and that the world was only playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. The compartment was full of young clerks smoking pipes and reading newspapers.

"Most extraordinary!" said one of them. "The fellow has disappeared as absolutely as if he had been carried up into a cloud."

"Why extraordinary?" said another in a thin voice. This one was not smoking, and he had the startled eyes of the enthusiast. "Elijah was taken up to heaven in the body, wasn't he? And why not Father Storm?"

"What?" cried the first, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"Some people believe that," said the thin voice timidly.

"Oh, you want a dose of medicine, you do," said the first speaker, shaking out his ash and looking round with a knowing air. The young men got out in the city. John went on to Westminster Bridge.

It was terrible. Who could he not take advantage of the popular superstition and disappear indeed, taking Glory with him? But no, no, no!

Through all the torment of his soul his religion had remained the same, and now it rose up before him like a pillar of cloud and fire. He would do as he had intended, whatever the consequences, and if he was charged with crimes he had not committed, if he was accused of offenses of his followers, he would make no defense; if need be, he would allow himself to be convicted, and being innocent in this instance, God would accept his punishment as an atonement for his other sins. Glorious sacrifice! He would make it! He would make it! And Glory herself would be proud of it some day.

With the glow of this resolution upon him he turned into Scotland Yard and stepped boldly up to the office. The officer in charge received him with a deferential bow, but went on talking in a low voice to an inspector of police who was also standing at the other side of a counter.

"Strange!" he was saying. "I thought he was seen getting into the train at Euston?"

"Don't know that he wasn't, either, in spite of all he says," said the inspector, and then seeing John he muttered, "Hello! Who's here?"

The officer stepped up to the counter. "What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

John knew that the supreme moment had come, and he felt proud of himself that his resolution did not waver. Lifting his head he said in a low and rapid voice, "I understand that you have a warrant for the arrest of Father Storm?"

"We *had*, sir," the officer answered.

John looked embarrassed. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Father Storm is now in custody."

John stared at the man with a feeling of stupefaction. "In custody! Did you say in custody?"

"Precisely. He has just given himself up."

John answered impetuously, "But that is impossible!"

"Why impossible, sir? Are you interested in the case?"

A certain quivering moved John's mouth. "I am Father Storm himself."

The officer was silent for a moment; then he turned to the inspector with a

pitying smile. "Another of them," he said significantly. The psychology of criminals had been an interesting study to this official.

"Wait a minute," said the inspector, and he went hurriedly through an inner doorway. The officer asked John some questions about his movements since yesterday. John answered vaguely in broken and rather bewildering sentences. Then the inspector returned.

"You are Father Storm?"

"Yes."

"Do you know anybody who might wish to personate you?"

"God forbid that any one should do that!"

"Still, there is some one here who says——"

"Let me see him."

"Come this way—quietly," said the inspector, and John followed him to the inner room. His pride was all gone, his head was hanging low, and he was a prey to extraordinary agitation.

A man in a black cassock was sitting at a table making a statement to another officer with an open book before him. His back was to the door, but John knew him in a moment. It was Brother Andrew.

"Then why have you given yourself up?" the officer asked, and Brother Andrew began on a rambling and foolish explanation. He had seen it stated in an evening paper that the father had been traced to the train at Euston, and he thought it a pity—a pity that the police—that the police should waste their time——

"Take care!" said the officer. "You are in a position that should make you careful what you say."

And then the inspector stepped forward, leaving John by the door.

"You still say you are Father Storm?"

"Of course I do!" said Brother Andrew indignantly. "If I was anybody else do you think I should come here and give myself up?"

"Then who is standing behind you?"

Brother Andrew turned and saw John, and made a start of surprise and a cry of terror. He seemed hardly able to believe in the reality of what was before him and his restless eyeballs rolled fearfully. John tried to speak, but he could only utter a few inarticulate sounds.

"Well?" said the inspector. And while John stood with head down and heaving breast Brother Andrew began to laugh hysterically and to say:

"Don't you know who this is? This is my lay brother. I brought him out of the brotherhood six months ago, and he has been with me ever since."

The officers looked at each other. "Good heavens!" cried Brother Andrew in an imperious voice, "don't you believe me? You mustn't touch this man. He has done nothing, nothing at all. He is as tender as a woman and wouldn't hurt a fly. What's he doing here?"

The officers also were dropping their heads, and the heartrending voice went on, "Have you arrested him? You'll do very wrong if you arrest—but perhaps he has given himself up? That would be just like him. He is devoted to me, and would tell you any falsehood if he thought it would help—but you must send him away. Tell him to go back to his old mother—that's the proper place for him. Good God, do you think I am telling you lies?"

There was silence for a moment. "My poor lad, hush, hush!" said John in a tone full of tenderness and authority. Then he turned to the inspector with a pitiful smile of triumph. "Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Quite satisfied, father," the officer answered in a broken voice, and then Brother Andrew began to cry.

LXX.

WHEN Glory awoke on the morning after the Derby, and thought of John, she felt no remorse. A sea of bewildering difficulty lay somewhere ahead, but she would not look at it. He loved her, she loved him, and nothing else mattered. If rules and vows stood between them, so much the worse for such enemies of love.

As for herself, a subtle change had stolen over her. She was not herself any longer, but somebody else as well; not a woman merely, but in some sort a man; not Glory only, but also John Storm. Oh, delicious mystery! Oh, joy of joys! His arms seemed to be about her waist still, and his breath to linger about her neck. With a certain tremor,

a certain thrill, she reached for a hand-glass and looked at herself to learn if there was any difference in her face that the rest of the world would see. Yes, her eyes had another luster, a deeper light, but she lay back in the cool bed with a smile and a long drawn sigh. What matter, whatever happened? Gone were the six cruel months in which she had awakened every morning with a pain at her breast. She was happy, happy, happy!

The morning sun was streaming across the room when Liza came in with the tea.

"Did ye see the farver last night, Miss Gloria?"

"Oh, yes, that was all right, Liza."

The day's newspaper was lying folded on the tray. She took it up and opened it, remembering the Derby and thinking for the first time of Drake's triumph. But what caught her eye in glaring headlines, was a different matter. "The Panic Terror; Collapse of the Farce."

It was a shriek of triumphant derision. The fateful day had come and gone, yet London stood where it did before. Last night's tide had flowed and ebbed, and the dwellings of men were not submerged. No earthquake had swallowed up St. Paul's; no mighty bonfire of the greatest city of the world had lit up the sky of Europe, and even the thunderstorm which had broken over London had only laid the dust and left the air more clear.

London is to be congratulated on the collapse of this panic, which, so far as we can hear, has been attended by only one casualty—an assault in Brown's Square, Westminster, on a young soldier, Charles Wilkes, of the Wellington Barracks, by two of the frantic army of the terror stricken. The injured man was removed to St. Thomas' Hospital, while his assailants were taken to Rochester Row police station, and we have only to regret that the clerical panic maker himself has not yet shared the fate of his followers. Late last night the authorities, recovering from their extraordinary supineness, issued a warrant for his arrest, but up to the time of going to press he had escaped the vigilance of the police.

Glory was breathing audibly as she read, and Liza, who was drawing up the blind, looked back at her with surprise.

"Liza, did you mention to anybody that Father Storm was here last night?"

"Why, no, miss; there ain't nobody stirrin' yet, and besides——"

"Then don't mention it to a soul. Will you do me that great, great kindness?"

"Down't ye know I will, mum?" said Liza, with a twinkle of the eye and a wag of the head.

Glory dressed hurriedly, went down to the drawing room and wrote a letter. It was to Sefton, the manager: "Do not expect me to play tonight. I don't feel up to it. Sorry to be so troublesome."

Then Rosa came in with another newspaper in her hand, and without saying anything Glory showed her the letter. Rosa read it and returned it in silence. They understood each other.

During the next few hours Glory's impatience became feverish, and as soon as the first of the evening papers appeared she sent out for it. The panic was subsiding, and the people who had gone to the outskirts were returning to the city in troops, looking downcast and ashamed. No news of Father Storm. Inquiry that morning at Scotland Yard elicited the fact that nothing had yet been heard of him. There was much perplexity as to where he had spent the previous night.

Glory's face tingled and burned. From hour to hour she sent out for new editions. The panic itself was now eclipsed by the interest of John Storm's disappearance. It appeared that his followers scouted the idea that he had fled from London. Nevertheless, he had fallen. As a pretender to the gift of prophecy his career was at an end, and his crazy system of mystical divinity was the laughing stock of London.

It does not surprise us that this second Moses, this mock Messiah, has broken down. Such men always do, and must collapse; but that the public should ever have taken seriously a movement which——

And then a grotesque list of John's followers: one pawnbroker, one waiter, one "knocker up," two or three apprentices, and so on.

As she read all this Glory was at the same time glowing with shame, trembling with fear, and burning with indignation. She dined with Rosa alone, and they tried to talk of other matters. The effort was useless. At last Rosa said:

"I have to follow this thing up for the paper, dear, and I'm going tonight to see

if they hold the usual service in his church."

"May I go with you?"

"If you wish to. But it will be useless; he won't be there."

"Why not?"

"The prime minister left London last night. I can't help thinking there is something in that."

"He will be there, Rosa. He's not the man to fly away. I know him," said Glory proudly.

The church was crowded, and it was with difficulty they found their seats. John's enemies were present in force—all the owners of vested interests who had seen their livelihood threatened by the man who declared war on vice and its upholders. There was a dangerous atmosphere before the service began, and notwithstanding her brave faith in him, Glory found herself praying that John Storm might not come. As the organ played and the choir and clergy entered the excitement was intense, and some of the congregation got on to their seats in their eagerness to see if the father was there. He was not there. The black cassock and biretta in which he had lately preached were nowhere to be seen, and a murmur of disappointment passed over friends and enemies alike.

Then came a disgraceful spectacle. A man with a bloated face and a bandage about his forehead rose in his place and cried, "No popery, boys!" Straightway the service, which was being conducted by two of the clerical brothers from the brotherhood, was interrupted by hissing, whistling, shouting, yelling, and whooping indescribable. Songs were roared out during the lessons, and cushions, hassocks, and prayer books were flung at the altar and its furniture. The terrified choir boys fled down stairs to their own quarters, and the clergy were driven out of the church.

John's own people stole away in terror and shame, but Glory leaped to her feet as if to fling herself on the cowardly rabble. Her voice was lost in the tumult, and Rosa drew her out into the street.

"Is there no law in the land to prevent brawling like this?" she cried; but the police paid no heed to her.

Then the congregation, which had

broken up, came rushing out of the church and round to the door leading to the chambers beneath it.

"They've found him," thought Glory, pressing her hand over her heart. But no, it was another matter. Immediately afterwards there rose over the babel of human voices the deep music of the bloodhound when it is in full cry. The crowd shrieked with fear and delight, then surged and parted, and the dog came running through, with its stern up, its head down, its forehead wrinkled, and the long drapery of its ears and flews hanging in folds about its face. In a moment it was gone, its mellow note was dying away in the neighboring streets, and a gang of ruffians were racing after it. "That'll find the feller if he's in London," somebody shouted—it was the man with the bandaged forehead—and there were yells of fiendish laughter.

Glory's head was going round, and she was holding on to Rosa's arm with a convulsive grasp.

"The cowards!" she cried. "To use that poor creature's devotion to its master for their own inhuman ends! It's cowardly, it's brutal, it's—oh, oh, oh!"

"Come, dear," said Rosa; and she dragged Glory away.

They went back through the Broad Sanctuary. Neither spoke, but both were thinking, "He has gone to the monastery. He intends to stay there until the storm is over." At Westminster Bridge they parted.

"I have somewhere to go," said Rosa, turning down to the underground.

"She is going to Bishopsgate Street," thought Glory, and they separated with constraint.

Returning to Clement's Inn, Glory found a letter from Drake:

DEAR GLORY—How can I apologize to you for my detestable behavior of last night? The memory of what passed has taken all the joy out of the success upon which everybody is congratulating me. I have tried to persuade myself that you would make allowances for the day, and the circumstances, and my natural excitement. But your life has been so blameless that it fills me with anguish and horror to think how I exposed you to misrepresentation by allowing you to go to that place, and by behaving to you as I did when you were there. Thank God, things went no farther, and some blessed power prevented me from carrying out my threat to follow you.

Believe me, you shall see no more of men like Lord Robert Ure and women like his associates. I despise them from my heart, and wonder how I can have tolerated them so long. Do let me beg the favor of a ~~man~~ ^{man} consenting to allow me to call and ask your forgiveness.

Yours most humbly,
F. H. N. DRAKE.

Glory slept badly that night, and as soon as Liza was stirring she rang for the newspaper.

"Didn't ye 'ear the dorg, mum?" said Liza.

"What dog?"

"The farver's dorg. It was scratching at the front dawer afore I was up this morning. 'It's the milk,' sez I. But the minute I opened the dawer up it came ter the drawerin' room and went snuffling rahnd everywhere."

"Where is it now?"

"Gorn, mum."

"Did anybody else see it? No? You're sure? Then say nothing about it, Liza, nothing whatever; that's a good girl."

The newspaper was full of the mysterious disappearance. Not a trace of the father had yet been found. The idea had been started that he had gone into seclusion at the Anglican monastery with which he was associated, but on inquiry at Bishopsgate Street it was found that nothing had been seen of him there. Since yesterday the whole of London had been scoured by the police, but not one fact had been brought to light to make clearer the mystery of his going away. With the most noticeable face and habit in London, he had evaded scrutiny and gone into a retirement which baffled discovery. No master of the stage art could have devised a more sensational disappearance. He had vanished as though whirled to heaven in a cloud, and that was literally what the more fanatical of his followers believed to have been his fate.

Among these persons there were wild eyed hangers on telling of a flight upwards on a fiery chariot, as well as a predicted disappearance and reappearance after three days. Such were the stories being gulped down by the thousands who still clung, with an undefinable fascination, to the memory of the charlatan. Meantime the soldier Wilkes had died of his injuries, and the coroner's inquiry was to be opened that day.

"Unfeeling brutes! The bloodhound is an angel of mercy compared to them!" thought Glory. But the worst thing was in the thought that John had fled out of fear, and was now in hiding somewhere.

Towards noon the newsboys were rushing through the Inn, crying their papers against all regulations, and at the same moment Rosa came in to say that John Storm had surrendered.

"I knew it!" cried Glory; "I knew he would!"

Then Rosa told her of Brother Andrew's attempt to personate his master, and with what pitiful circumstances it had ended.

"Only a lay brother, you say, Rosa?"

"Yes, a poor half witted soul, apparently—must have been to imagine that a subterfuge like that would succeed in London."

Glory's eyes were gleaming. "Rosa," she said, "I would rather have done what he did than play the greatest part in the world!"

She wished to be present at the trial, and proposed to Rosa that she should go with her.

"But dare you, my child? Considering your old friendship, dare you see him?"

"Dare I?" said Glory. "Dare I stand in the dock by his side?"

But when she got to Bow Street and saw the crowds in the court, the line of distinguished persons of both sexes allowed to sit on the bench, the army of reporters and newspaper artists, and all the mass of smiling and eager faces without ruth or pity, gathered together as for a show, her heart sickened, and she crept out of the place before the prisoner was brought into the dock.

Walking to and fro in the corridor, she waited the result of the trial. It was not a long one. The charge was that of causing people unlawfully to assemble to the danger of the public peace. There was no defense. A man with a bandaged forehead was the first of the witnesses. He was a publican who lived in Brown's Square, and had been a friend of the soldier Wilkes. The injury to his forehead was the result of a blow from a stick given by the prisoner's lay brother on the night of the Derby, when, with the help of the

deceased, he had attempted to liberate the bloodhound. He had much to say of the father's sermons, his speeches, his predictions, his slanders, and his disloyalty.

Other witnesses were Pincher and Hawkins. They were in a state of abject fear at the fate hanging over their own heads, and tried to save their own skins by laying the blame of their own conduct upon the father. The last witness was Brother Andrew, and he broke down utterly. Within an hour Rosa came out to say that John Storm had been committed for trial. Bail was not asked for, and the prisoner, who had not uttered a word from first to last, had been taken back to the cells.

Glory hurried home and shut herself in her room. The newsboys in the street were shouting, "Father Storm in the dock!" and filling the air with their cries. She covered her ears with her hands and made noises in her throat that she might not hear.

John Storm's career was at an end. It was all her fault. If she had yielded to his desire to leave London, if she had joined him there, how different everything must have been! But she had broken in upon his life and wrecked it. She had sinned against him who had given her everything that one human soul can give another.

Liza came up with red eyes, bringing the evening papers and a letter. The papers contained long reports of the trial, and short editorials reproving the public for its interest in such a poor impostor. Some of them contained sketches of the prisoner, and of the distinguished persons recognized in court. "The stage was represented by —" And then a caricature of herself.

The letter was from Aunt Rachel:

MY DEAR, MY BEST BELOVED GLORY!

I know how much your kind heart will be lowered by the painful tidings I have to write. Lord Storm died on Monday and was buried today. To the last he declared he would never yield to make peace with John, and he has left nothing to him but his title, so that our dear friend is now a nobleman without an estate. Everybody about the old lord at the end was unanimous in favor of his son; but he would not listen to them, and the scene at the deathbed was shocking and terrible. It seems that with his dying breath and many bursts of laughter he read aloud

his will, which ordered that his effects should be sold and the proceeds scattered among the missions for lepers in the islands of the South Seas. And then he told old Chalse that as soon as he was gone a coffin was to be got and he was to be screwed down at once, "for," said he, "my son would not come to see me *living*, and he shan't stand grinning at me *dead*." The funeral was at Kirk Patrick this morning, and few came to see the last of one who had left none to mourn him. But just as the remains were being deposited in the dark vault a carriage drove up and an elderly gentleman got out. No one knew him, and he stood and looked down with his impassive face while the service was being read, and then, without speaking to any one, he got back into the carriage and drove away. The minute he was gone I told Anna he was somebody of consequence, and then everybody said it had been Lord Storm's brother and no less a person than the prime minister of England.

It seems that the sale is to come off immediately, so that Knockaloe will be a waste, as if sown with salt, and so far as this island is concerned all trace of the Storms, father and son, will be gone forever. I ever knew it must end thus. But I will more particularly tell you everything when we meet again, which I hope may be soon. Meantime I need not say how much I am, my dear child, your ever fond—nay, more than fond, *devoted* auntie,

RACHEL.

LXXI.

"YES," said Rosa, across the dinner table, "the sudden fall of a man who has filled a large space in the public eye is always pitiful. It is like the fall of a great tree in the forest. One never realized how big it was until it was down."

"It's awful—awful!" said Glory.

"Whether one liked the man or not, such a downfall seems hard to reconcile with the idea of a beneficent Providence."

"Hard? Impossible, you mean!"

"Glory!"

"Oh, I'm only a pagan, and always have been, but I can't believe in a God that does nothing—I won't, I won't!"

"Still we can't see the end yet. After the cross the resurrection, as the church folks say, and who knows but out of all this—"

"What's to become of his church?"

"Oh, there'll be people enough to see to that; and if the dear archdeacon—but he's busy with Mrs. Mackray, bless him! She has gone to wreck at last, and is living hidden away in a farm house somewhere that she may drink herself to death without detection and interruption. But

the archdeacon and Lord Robert have found her out, and there they are hovering round like two vultures waiting for the end."

"And his orphanage?"

"Ah, that's another pair of shoes altogether, dear. Being an institution that asks for an income instead of giving one, there'll be nobody too keen to take it over."

"Oh, God! Oh, God! What a world it is!" cried Glory.

After dinner she went off to Westminster in search of the orphanage. It stood on a corner of the church square. The door was closed, and the windows of the ground floor were shuttered. With difficulty she obtained admission and got access to the person in charge. This was an elderly lady in a black silk dress and with snow white hair.

"I'm no the matron, miss," she said. "The matron's gone, fled awa' lik a' the lave o' the grand sisters, thinking sure the mob would mak' this house their next point of attack."

"Then I know who *you* are. You're Mrs. Callender," said Glory.

"Jane Callender I am, young leddy. And who may ye be yersel'?"

"I'm a friend of John's, and I want to know if there's anything—"

"You're no the lassie hersel', are ye? You are, though; I see fine you are. Come, kiss me; again, lassie. Oh, dear, oh, dear! And to think we must be meeting same as this! For a' the world it's like clasping hands ower the puir laddie's grave."

They cried in each other's arms, and then both felt better.

"And the children," said Glory, "who's looking after them if the matrons and sisters are gone?"

"Myself just, and the puir bairns them-sel's, and the wee maid of all wark that opened the door til ye. But come your ways and look at them."

The dormitory was on an upper story. Mrs. Callender had opened the door softly, and Glory stepped into a large dark room in which a hundred children lay asleep. Their breathing was all that could be heard, and it seemed to fill the air as with the rustle of a gentle breeze. But it was hard to look upon them and to think of

their only earthly father in his cell. With full hearts and dry throats the two women returned to a room below.

By this time the square, which had been full before of people standing in doorways and lounging at street corners, had become crowded with a noisy rabble. They were shouting out indecent jokes about "monks," "his reverend lordship," and "doctors of diwinity," and a small gang of them had got a rope which they were trying to throw as a lasso round a figure of the Virgin which stood in a niche over the porch. The figure came down at length amid shrieks of delight, and when the police charged the mob they flung stones which broke the church windows.

Again Glory felt an impulse to throw herself on the cowardly rabble, but she only crouched at the window by the side of Mrs. Callender and looked down at the sea of faces below, with their evil eyes and cruel mouths.

"Oh, what a thing it is to be a woman!" she moaned.

"Ay, lassie, ay, there's mair than one of us has felt that," said Mrs. Callender.

Glory did not speak again as long as they knelt by the window holding each other's hands, but the tears that had sprung to her eyes at the thought of her helplessness dried up of themselves, and there came in their place the light of a great resolution. She knew that her hour had struck at last—that this was the beginning of the end.

The theaters were emptying, and carriages were rolling away from them as she drove home by way of the Strand. She saw her name on omnibuses and her picture on hoardings, and felt a sharp pang. But she was in a state of feverish excitement, and the pain was gone in a moment.

Another letter from Drake was waiting for her at the Inn.

I feel, my dear Glory, that you are entirely right, and entirely justified in your silence; but to show you how deep is my regret, I am about to ask you to put it in my power to atone, as far as I can do so, for the conduct which has quite properly troubled and hurt you. You will put me under an eternal obligation to you if you will consent to become my wife. We should be friends as well as lovers, Glory, and in an age distinguished for brilliant and beautiful women, it would be the crown of my honor that my wife

was above all a woman of genius. Nothing should disturb the development of your gifts, and if any social claims conflicted with them, they, and not you, should suffer. For the rest I can bring you nothing, dear, but—thanks to the good father who was born before me—such advantages as belong to wealth. But so far as these go there is no pleasure you need deny yourself, and if your sympathies are set on any good work for humanity, there is no opportunity you may not command. With this I can only offer you the love and devotion of my whole heart and soul, which now wait in fear and pain for your reply.

Glory read this letter with a certain quivering of the eyelids, but she put it away without a qualm. Nevertheless the letter was hard to reply to, and she made many attempts without satisfying herself in the end. There was a note of falsehood in all of them, and she felt troubled and ashamed.

When I remember how good you have been to me from the first, I could cry to think of the answer I must give you. But I can't help it, oh, I can't, I can't! Don't think me ungrateful, and don't suppose I am angry, or in any way hurt or offended, but to do what you desire is impossible, quite, quite impossible. Oh, if you only knew what it is to deny myself the future you offer me, to turn my back on the gladness with which life has crowned me, to strip all these roses from my hair, you would believe it must be a far, far higher call than to worldly rank and greatness that I am listening to at last. And it is. A woman may trifle with her heart while the one she loves is well and happy, or great and prosperous, but when he is down, and the cruel world is trampling on him, there can be no paltering with it any longer. Yes, I must go to *him* if I go to anybody. Besides, you can do without me, and he cannot. You have all the world, and he has nothing but me. If you were a woman you would understand all this. But you are loyal and brave and true, and when I look at your letter and remember how often you have spoken up for a fallen man, my heart quivers and my eyes grow dim, and I know what it means to be an English gentleman.

After writing this letter she went up to her bed room and busied herself about for an hour, making up parcels of her clothing and jewelry, and labeling them with envelopes bearing names. The plainer costumes she addressed to Aunt Anna, a fur lined coat to Aunt Rachel, an opera cloak to Rosa, and a quantity of under-clothing to Liza. All her jewels and nearly all the silver trinkets from the dressing table were made up in a parcel by themselves and addressed back to the giver, Sir Francis Drake.

The clock of St. Clement's Danes was

chiming midnight when this was done, and she stood a moment and asked herself, "Is there anything else?" Then there was a slipped foot on the stair and somebody knocked.

"It's only me, mum, and can I do anything for ye?"

Glory opened the door, and found Liza there half dressed, and looking as if she had been crying.

"Nothing, Liza, nothing, thank you. But why aren't you in bed?"

"I can't sleep a blessed wink tonight somehow, mum," said Liza. And then looking into the room: "But are ye goin' away somewhere, Miss Gloria?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"Thort ye was. I could hear ye down stairs."

"Not far, though—just a little journey. Go back to bed now. Good night."

"Good night, miss;" and Liza went down with lingering footsteps.

Half an hour or so afterwards Glory heard Rosa come in from the office, and passing up to her bed room on the floor above. "Dear, unselfish soul!" she thought. And then she sat down to write another letter.

I am going to leave you, but there is no help for it—I must. Don't you remember I used to say if I should ever find a man who was willing to sacrifice all the world for me I would leave everything behind and follow him? I have found him, dear, and he has not only sacrificed all the world for my sake, but trampled on Heaven itself. I can't go to him now—would to Heaven I could!—but neither can I go on living this present life any longer. So I am turning my back on it all, exactly as I said I would: the world, so sweet and so cruel; art, so beautiful and so difficult, and even "the clapping of hands in a theater." You will say I am a donkey, and so I may be, but it must be a descendant of Balaam's old friend, who knew the way she ought to go.

Forgive me that I am going without saying good by. It is enough to have to resist the battering of one's own doubts without encountering your dear solicitations. And forgive me that I am not telling you where I am going to and what is to become of me. You will be questioned and examined, and I feel as much frightened of being overtaken by my old existence as the poor simpleton who took it into his head that he was a grain of barley, and as often as he saw a cock or a hen he ran for his life. Thank you, dearest, for allowing me to share your sweet rooms with you, for the bright hours we have spent in them, and all the merry jaunts we have had together. There will be fewer creature comforts where I am going to next, and my foot will not be so

quick to do evil, which will at least be a saving of shoe leather.

Good by, old girl—loyal, unselfish, devoted friend! God will reward you yet, and a good man who has been chasing a will o' the wisp will open his eyes to see that all the time the star of the morning has been by his side. Tomorrow, when I leave the house, I know I shall want to run up and kiss you as you lay asleep, but I mustn't do that; the little druggeted stairs to your room would be like the road to another but not a better place, which is also paved with good intentions. What a scatterbrain I am! My heart is breaking, too, with all this disseverment of my poor little riven cords. Your foolish old chummie (the last of her),

GLORY.

Next morning, almost as soon as it was light, she rose and drew a little tin box from under the bed. It was the box that had brought all her belongings to London when she came first from her island home. Out of this box she drew a simple gray costume—the costume that she had bought for outdoor wear when she was a nurse at the hospital. Putting it on, she looked at herself in the glass. The plain gray figure, so unlike what she had been the night before, sent a little stab to her heart, and she sighed.

"But this is Glory, after all," she thought. "This is the granddaughter of my grandfather, the daughter of my father, and not the visionary woman who has been masquerading in London so long." But the conceit did not comfort her very much, and scalding tear drops began to fall.

Tying up some other clothing into a little bundle, she opened the room door

and listened. There was no noise in the house, and she crept down stairs with a light tread. At the drawing room she paused and took one last look round at the place wherein she had spent so many exciting hours and lived through such various phases of life. While she stood on the threshold there was a sound of heavy breathing. It came from the dog, which lay coiled up on the sofa asleep. Reproaching herself with having forgotten the little thing, she took it up in her arms and hushed it when it awoke and began to whine. Then she crept down to the front door, opened it softly, passed out and closed it after her. There was a click of the lock in the silent gardens, and then no sound anywhere but the chirrup of the sparrows in the eaves.

The sun was beginning to climb over the cool and quiet streets as she went along, and some cabmen in the square looked over at the woman in the nurse's dress, with the little bundle in one hand and the dog under the other arm. "Been to a death, p'raps. Some uv these nurses they've tender 'earts, bless 'em, and when I was in the awspital—" But she turned her head and hurried on, and the voice was lost in the empty air.

As she dipped into the slums of Westminster the sun gleamed on her wet face, and a group of noisy, happy girls, going to their work in the jam factories of Soho, came towards her laughing. The girls looked at the sister as she passed, their tongues stopped, and there was a hush.

(To be concluded.)

OVER THE BORDER.

OVER the border of dreams I drift,
And you are waiting me, only you.
The stars grow dark as your eyelids lift;
The night is cool with the wind and dew.

Your voice, so low in its rhythmic fall,
Like music dying to less than sound,
Makes love forever the all and all,
The hope past measure, if hope be found.

Over the border of dreams I drift;
A word enfolds me, a look enslaves.
I fall to tears as the clouds were rift—
I seek for yours mid the grass grown graves.

Lewis Worthington Smith.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

IX—JEAN MARC NATTIER.

A leader of the group of painters who immortalized the most brilliant of the old Bourbon courts—Nattier's portrait gallery of the princesses and the beauties of the days of Louis Quinze.

JEAN MARC NATTIER fell quite naturally into the court circle of Louis the Fifteenth, and became a favorite portrait painter in the days when Vanloo and Boucher, Watteau and Greuze, Vernet and Vien, quite unconsciously to themselves, were painting the history of French social life for every one who walks through the old palaces to read. We know exactly what sort of people they were who delighted in those wall decorations, who sat in those chairs, and whose sweet, roguish pink and white faces look at us from the old canvases.

In one of the rooms of the palace of Versailles we are shown today five portraits by Nattier of the daughters of Louis the Fifteenth and Marie Leczinska. Their dainty little faces smile back at you out of the time dimmed frames as if the corruption of the age in which they lived had never touched them.

Marie Leczinska is here also, not half as sad in Nattier's pictures as we hear that she was. This Polish princess, daughter of the dethroned king, Stanislas, was seven years senior to her husband, and perhaps her life was not so essentially different from that of other women, in history and out of it, who have married men older than themselves. At any rate, one would imagine that her five daughters would have gone a long way toward consoling her if Nattier has painted them as they were.

He was considered to be one of the best portrait painters of the age, for the reason that he painted actual likenesses. His father, Marc Nattier, was also a portrait painter, an artist of esteem in his day, and his mother, Marie Courtois, was a successful miniaturist. His parents gave him his first instruction, and he afterward studied in the picture gallery of the

Luxembourg. We lay stress upon technical knowledge in these days, and men spend years in the schools studying from life models under the greatest masters before they feel able to attempt any important work. Yet we find that most of the men who have left great pictures in our galleries plied their brushes to good purpose at a period of life when the young artists of today are discussing the muscles in the shoulders of the Discobolus, as they try to put them down in black and white.

Nattier was born in 1685. At thirty we find him already a distinguished portrait painter, going with Le Fort, Peter the Great's ambassador, to Amsterdam, where the Czar then was, to paint the Russian court. His portrait of Peter has been engraved, but he appears never to have finished his picture of the Empress Catherine. His name is associated primarily with portraits, but he did much work beside. It was he who made the drawings for the engravings which were taken from Rubens' very exuberant pictures of Marie de Médicis, and we find examples of his work in the Louvre and in the English National Gallery.

Nattier owes his fame most of all, we think, to the fact that he lived in the time of Mme. de Pompadour, and was one of her favorite artists. If we were to expurgate French history, we should of course leave the Pompadour out, but with her we should take a great slice from France's annals. Even the Revolution cannot be properly understood without taking her into consideration. For twenty years she was the ruler of her country, and she ruled not alone because she had charm and beauty, but because she had cleverness of an unusual sort as well. She knew how to encourage the



MADAME VICTOIRE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.
From the painting by Jean Marc Natlier in the Versailles Museum.



MADAME SOPHIE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.

From the painting by Jean Marc Nattier in the Versailles Museum.

arts, for she was herself an artist who could paint and engrave with a skill that might have sufficed to make her famous. This is not the place for moralizing, but the life of the Pompadour illustrates a fact which is too often lost sight of, that the individual whose life is a success, from the standpoint of the world, succeeds because of inherent qualities which achieve results, however questionable the

means adopted. Such was Mme. de Pompadour, and in more commendable endeavor her inborn force would have brought her a degree of fame incomparably brighter than that the world concedes to her today.

M. Hainault, who was one of the circle which gathered about Marie Leckzinska, writes of the Pompadour in 1742: "One of the prettiest women I ever saw is Mme.



HENRIETTE DE BOURBON-CONTY, DUCHESSE D'ORLEANS.
From the painting by Jean Marc Nattier, at Versailles.

d'Étioles; she sings with all possible gaiety and grace; she has composed a hundred songs, and acts the comedies at Étioles on a stage as good as that of the Opéra."

white and small, and her hair blonde. Her mouth was charming in her youth, but long years of restraint, of pride, of bitterness, made her lips thin and pale.



MADAME LOUISE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV, AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by Jean Marc Nattier.

We may see not only in Nattier's portraits, but in those of Boucher and Latour, how beautiful she was. She was very tall, with the whitest and smoothest of skins; her eyes were brilliant, her teeth

Added to her other charms, she possessed unusual grace of manner, an exquisite taste in dress, and, what is almost as important, an understanding of backgrounds. Every country of the earth,



HENRIETTE DE BOURBON-CONTY, DUCHESSE D'ORLEANS.
From the painting by Jean Marc Nattier in the Versailles Museum.



MADAME ADELAIDE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by Jean Marc Nattier.

every artist and artisan of worth, was called upon to decorate her apartments, and when she died she had so much furniture that the sale of it lasted for a year. In such matters she established the taste of her time, and there is not a writing desk, a toilet table, a jewel, or a slipper which comes down from her time that

does not bear silent witness to her sovereignty in the world of art.

Mme. de Pompadour came of a very common family. She was a Mlle. Poisson, and her grandfather was a peasant, but she was educated by a wealthy acquaintance. She had the greatest teachers of her day in singing and dancing,

declamation, *belles lettres*, and all the other accomplishments of a young woman whose destiny was to be great, for her mother anticipated greatness for her child.

a fine house in town and another in the country ; such men as Voltaire and Montesquien were her friends ; she had a beautiful daughter, and the prospect of



A DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV AS A VESTAL VIRGIN.

From the painting by Jean Marc Nattier, in the Louvre.

When she was nineteen, the nephew of the man who educated her fell in love with her, and, with his uncle's sanction, married her. Her position then became in every way a good one. She was liked and respected by the most distinguished people in France. She was rich, she had

continued happiness. And yet she spent her time scheming to break up her home and to gain the position that was to make her notorious in the eyes of Europe, a position that was to give her twenty years of wretched anxiety, of hourly and daily jealousies, of agony of soul under the



MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co) after the painting by Jean Marc Nattier.

eyes of the envious and malignant, and which finally sent her to her grave, mocked by the king she had ensnared.

But if she had wanted to govern, that boon was given her. Never in the history of the world was a monarch so ruled as Louis the Fifteenth. He became, through her, the most despised king in Europe, but he was not really a man of mean attainments. He was far her superior, and to govern him she had to study the weaknesses of his character, to be ever ready, ever alert and resourceful, to humor him. She had not only to rule Louis, but to fight his enemies. For years she waged a war to exterminate every possible rival. Any day a new mistress might come and bid her give up her dominion. Then away with the splendors, the gifts, the queenly state! So desperately did the Pompadour feel this that she purchased the great tomb of the Trémouille family on the Place Vendôme, meaning to be buried alive there in case the king deserted her.

Finally there came up a set of rivals whom even she could not send away—the king's own daughters, these five innocent little creatures whose portraits Nattier has given us. Still, she did much to counteract their influence, and succeeded

in ousting them from Versailles. The greatest weakness of Louis was his love of gossip, and it was the Pompadour who invented for him that delightful pastime of having private letters taken out of the post and cleverly unsealed for his perusal. The royal family was, of course, bitterly against her, and these gentle little girls are said to have spent a considerable portion of their time inventing ways to torment her.

Mme. de Pompadour has the seven years' war to answer for, and she succeeded in sending into exile all the strong men of the French court, so that in her country's hour of adversity none but incapable favorites were in command. On the other hand, she is responsible for Sèvres porcelain, and for the military school which started Napoleon on his career. It was through her influence that the Jesuits were expelled from France, because one of their priests refused to give her absolution.

Nattier painted her in her prime, and painted her again when her beauty was beginning to fade, for he lived until 1766, two years after her death. It is interesting to note that he also immortalized all her rivals and enemies, from Marshal Saxe to Louis' daughters.



RUBAIYAT.

MUST we despair, because blind fate outbars
From full attainment, and forever mars

Our noblest striving? No! What use were sight,
If with our touch we reached and felt the stars?

Then toward the infinite that beckoneth,
Still infinitely distant, every breath

Shall bring us nearer, glorying in the strife;
Attainment were nirvana—which is death.

To give soul beauty form, our art were fain;
Our thought, to cage the Eternal in a brain!

We fail, and looking on the grand attempt
Know it impossible—yet strive again.

Curtis H. Page.

LITERARY CHAT

"HUGH WYNNE" AND ITS AUTHOR.

It is not often we see so striking an example of versatility of talent as that afforded by the work of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. As a physician he has had a long and brilliant record, as an authoritative writer of medical books he is accepted everywhere, and as a novelist he has made a reputation for ability which his latest and most ambitious book, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," will confirm beyond dispute.

Though we are certainly not ready to draw any parallels between the literary work of Dr. Holmes and that of Dr. Mitchell, there is a striking similarity in the lives of the two men. Dr. Mitchell, like Dr. Holmes, achieved distinction in medicine, and has held a high place in medical circles for many years. Then, like Dr. Holmes, he gained greater distinction in letters, for both men will go down in history as men of the pen first and of the lancet and scalpel afterward.

"Hugh Wynne" is the outcome of Dr. Mitchell's predilection for the study of tradition and history. He has produced a valuable and strikingly vivid novel of Revolutionary Philadelphia, giving us just the view we would wish to have had of those times, and he has written in a literary style of such unquestionable quality that there is every reason to believe "Hugh Wynne" will rank high among American books. His other works are by no means inconsiderable; his poems, which have been published in book form, are much above the average of current poetical endeavor, and a former novel, "Far in the Forest," was conspicuous for its many strong characteristics.

Dr. Mitchell is a man of robust physique, and still continues the practice of his profession, though he has seen seventy years, many of them years of the keenest activity. He is a lover of outdoor sports, and such men bring to their literary work a wholesomeness and a quality of human interest that the bookworm and the recluse can hardly equal.

They say that Dr. Mitchell took up writing novels as a relief from the strain of his professional duties—a pastime, if you like. But we prefer to believe that the two phases of the man's life are, in equal measure, the expressions of a wholly rounded nature.

A LITERARY FAMILY.

It was the daughter of a celebrated American novelist who declared, when the irrepressible Mr. Bok was running his series of

articles on "Unknown Wives of Well Known Men," in a contemporary periodical, that she lived in terror lest he should start a series on "Infamous Daughters of Famous Men." Before undertaking the project the gentleman in question might print a few columns on the sons of American authors, several of whom are winning, or have already won, considerable distinction.

A notable instance is that of Mr. John Howells, only son of Mr. W. D. Howells, who has just added his name to the short list of Americans who have graduated in architecture from the Beaux Arts in Paris, completing his course in two years less than the regular period. Mr. Howells is a Harvard man, and has already done some creditable literary work. The talent for writing, by the way, is shared by several members of this family. Miss Mildred Howells, the only surviving daughter of the novelist, has for several years contributed farces and verses to well known periodicals, and an older daughter, Miss Winifred Howells, who died several years ago, wrote admirable verses. A sister of Mr. W. D. Howells is the wife of Louis Frichette, the Canadian poet.

Just before Mr. Howells sailed for Europe last summer, he told a friend that he had a literary project on hand which might keep him traveling on the other side during the whole of the winter. His announced plan was to go to Carlsbad, where he hoped to be cured of the illness that has lately been troubling him. During his absence he will doubtless write some sketches of his travels. He surely could not stay in Carlsbad long enough to take the cure without wishing to describe the curiously conglomerate and picturesque life of the place, with representatives of every part of the civilized world, which surges twice a day up and down the Alte Wiese.

THE BIOGRAPHER OF THE IRON HORSE.

Cy Warman, who can call "down brakes" to Kipling when it comes to telling locomotive stories, has deserted the "woolly" West, and has taken up his residence in the shadow of the beautiful new library on Capitol Hill, Washington. Mr. Warman has doffed the blue jeans of the engineer, deserted the cab, and has seated himself to write about what he has seen in his days at the throttle. Actual experience guides his pen from slipping over those details which tell whether a man writes

whereof he has lived or whether the stories are born of imagination tempered with the conceit of knowing it all. Mr. Warman has just brought out a book of his stories of the road; and, while they prove rather "fast express" reading for the ordinary folk, they are exciting with the clean excitement that holds its skirts aside from the "Deadwood Dick" classics; or, in other words, the "dime novels."

The beautiful city of Washington is a place after the social lion's heart. In no other city on the face of the globe is so much purring and petting done as in Washington. If you have achieved something for yourself, you are taken up at once without any questions as to the whenceness of your whereness or the bulk of your bank account—matters which bother the inhabitants of Boston and New York. This is making the national capital a favorite place of residence for authors after their fame is secured in some other city.

Into the light of Washington hospitality came Mr. Warman, but for some time his presence was unknown to the better class of the people. His debut was made in a most striking manner, one characteristic of Mr. Warman and his tales.

Mr. Warman, after deserting the iron horse, had taken kindly to the steel one, and it was while enjoying a ride on his "bike" that he encountered an unpoetical grocery wagon, which smashed his wheel to smithereens and threw him forcibly upon the asphalted street. Being of a practical and judicious turn of mind, he promptly had the driver of the wagon arrested and brought into court, but in spite of Mr. Warman's graphic testimony, the judge dismissed the case. He had never heard of Cy Warman and his engine stories evidently. But the people of Washington had, and when they learned that the author was among them they promptly hunted him up and proceeded to lionize him.

Cy Warman is tall, broad shouldered, dark, and handsome, with a rich, red glow in his cheeks, and his appearance at swell functions as a reader was hailed with delight. So, though he lost his suit for damages, the bicycle accident which made known his presence in Washington has more than proved a paying advertisement.

MR. PAGE'S COLONIAL MANSION.

Thomas Nelson Page now possesses the handsomest city residence which it is the good fortune of any writer to own. This new home, into which Mr. Page and his family have just moved, grew out of the wish of the distinguished author to reproduce in Washington an ideal Southern mansion.

As one looks at this stately house, built of rough brick such as was imported for old Virginia homes in the days of the cavaliers, its broad entrance porch with white, fluted columns, its roof balustrade and quaint dormer windows, he can easily imagine it a home transplanted from the green lawns and wooded hills of an old Southern place and set down among the up to date houses of the fashionable quarters of the capital.

The interior of the house is everything that it should be. The great, wide hall has a magnificent staircase up and down, which a quartet can walk abreast. The second floor, which is the principal floor, contains the parlor, hung in flowered green silk, and the grand library, furnished with cedar bookcases set off with panels of myrtle green velvet. This room, with its old fashioned brick fireplace, sweeps across the breadth of the mansion and commands a delightful outlook over the surrounding country.

But it is in the author's sanctum where we find the genial depicter of Southern scenes and characters. Under the broad mantel, in place of tiles, Mr. Page has had set the electrotype plates from which were printed "Mars Chan, a Tale of Old Virginia," the story which established his fame.

Of this pathetic tale there is a story, said to have been related by the author to some of his friends. In the latter end of the seventies, a friend showed to young Page an old love letter, taken from the pocket of a Georgia soldier who was killed in action at Malvern Hill. From the simple missive it was gleaned that the writer—a girl, of course—had trifled with her lover, and after he went to the war her better feelings overcame her spirit of coquetry, and she wrote to tell him that she had loved him since they were school children together. She concluded by writing: "Don't come home without a furlough, for unless you come honorably I will not marry you." A short time afterwards the young soldier was killed, and was written down as having received the most honorable furlough ever accorded to a warrior.

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

We all remember Du Maurier's unpleasant experience with his portrayal of the eccentric artist, *Joe Sibley*, and Mr. Whistler's vigorous protests against the supposed caricature. Nor is this the only case in which an artist's vivid pen sketches have made trouble for him and notoriety for the supposed originals. In fact, suits for damages founded on such work have not been uncommon.

We were told by an official of a well known subscription library in Washington, that one day a young man came in and wanted to buy

out all the back copies of *Lippincott's* which contained Harriet Riddle Davis' novel, "In Sight of the Goddess." Every one who has read this story will remember the prominent part which the social secretary, *Stephen Baradale*, played in it. It is said that a certain parvenu Senator and his family are portrayed in the novel, and that the social secretary is also drawn from real life in Washington. It was an envoy from this Senator who was making the rounds of the book stores, libraries and news stands for copies of the magazine. When the librarian, mentioned above, informed him that she could not part with the Cle copy, he insisted that he must have it at any price. He then cautiously stated his reasons for wishing to secure it. Again she refused to give him the file copy, adding:

"The story is out in book form, too."

"Is that so!" he exclaimed; and aghast at his fruitless task he bolted out of the door.

Now, here's a chance for the struggling young author. If sensitive people, especially wealthy as well as sensitive people, would offer themselves as original characters for faithful portrayal in miscellaneous fiction, they would help the cause of the authors immensely. And, while the latter may be perfectly astounded at the revelation that they have so faithfully depicted the character of men they never met, they should take the goods that fools let fall to the children of wisdom—and be silent!

BERNARD SHAW.

When Mr. Mansfield appears in a play by Bernard Shaw, surely never were author and actor so entirely *en rapport*. Mansfield is a peculiar genius, and so is Mr. Shaw. Each understands and strengthens the other. We may look over the whole field, English and American, without finding another actor who would know exactly what to do with *Dick Dudgeon*. Mr. Mansfield is the character, and he gives us in "The Devil's Disciple," as he gave us in "Arms and the Man," an intellectual treat.

We have no such satirist as Mr. Shaw. There is a core of the deepest philosophy in everything he writes. He does not force it on you, but he leaves you to find it for yourself, as you inevitably will, just as you would discover it in life itself if you were clever enough to shuck the husks of irrelevant events from the kernel of truth.

After all, it is the province of the artist in painting, music, literature, and acting to take away the confusing lines, sounds, and images with which nature overloads her products, and give us, according to his talent, the *motif*, the theme.

Mr. Shaw is an Irishman. Leaving school

at the age of fourteen he went to work, and at twenty he was in London trying to get some literary work to do. For years he was not able to find even a place to report police news on a daily paper. Then editors began to take his art criticisms.

He went into the socialist movement in 1883, and began to be much noticed as a member of the Fabian Society, of which Mrs. Ward had so much to say in "Marcella."

Mr. Shaw helped to form the program of the Fabian Society, and he was one of the men who did much to drive revolutionary socialism out of English politics. One of his best known essays, published by the Fabian Society, was called "The Impossibilities of Anarchism." Another of his essays, "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," is one of the text books of the advanced woman.

At first Mr. Shaw could find no manager bold enough to take his plays, and "Widowers' Houses" was produced by the Independent Theater. It created so much discussion that when "Arms and the Man" was written it was immediately produced and at once gave the author a position as a dramatist.

They have some difficulty in understanding Mr. Shaw in England, we are told. He says himself that he is accused of "levity, audacity, and paradox." But he has a vein which appeals to something in the American temperament. It is an artistic exaggeration of that dry humor which we have called American, although it is possible to name ancient Greeks and Romans, whose works have been preserved in its salt for some thousands of years.

AN AMERICAN ON LONDON SOCIETY.

A quick witted, appreciative American who is fortunate enough to secure access to the best circles of English society can always find there abundant material for his pen. This is exemplified by a new book called "The Folly of Pen Harrington," by Julian Sturgis, an American who has lived in London for a great many years, and has evidently viewed society there with a cynical and observant eye.

Mr. Sturgis, who understands the art of recording his impressions in an agreeable narrative form, deals with the class of people that furnish the fashionable world in London with plenty to talk about. His heroine, *Pen Harrington*, is a new woman who does not disdain to hunt incoming celebrities at the railway station, or to devote her evenings to a working girls' club of which *Kitty*, the dancer, is an active member. One of her friends is a ponderous duchess of bovine methods of thought; another is an African traveler, evidently suggested by Mr. Stanley.

She also numbers among her acquaintances two delightfully amusing little snobs known as *Mr. and Mrs. Bobby*, who are forever "seeking the elusive forefinger," or, in other words, thrusting themselves upon persons of rank who do not want to know them.

"They are always trying to be asked to Plumley," observed the duchess, following her slow train of thought.

"Oh, ask them, ask them!" cried *Lady Linda*, laughing again. "They are most useful in a country house; they do little things after dinner—imitate pigs and chickens and all that."

The *Bobbys* finally do appear at Plumley, where they artlessly confess to another guest that they were not really invited, but simply came because the duchess "is so gracious, you know."

The African traveler is of the house party also, and so is a certain *Mr. Otho Pharamont*, who is described as one of the most desirable matches in London society. Both pay court to *Pen*, and the latter, with characteristic feminine inconsistency, accepts *Mr. Pharamont* for no apparent reason except that she is in love with his rival. On her return to London she learns that *Kitty*, the little dancer of her working girls' club, has gone to dance in the apartment of a certain flashy city man named *Pesaro*, and thither she follows her young protégée to prevent such a disgrace. She finds the girl in company with her own fiancé, and the result is the breaking off of the engagement and her subsequent acceptance of the traveler.

The plot of the story is distinctly melodramatic, but its scenes are very cleverly and accurately painted, while its characters are amusing, and in more than one instance drawn directly from the life. It is obvious that the author intended to satirize, under the name of *Pen's Clique*, the famous "Society of Souls" which was so much talked about in London a few seasons ago.

ZOLA'S ADVERTISING.

No man on this earth realizes the value of advertising more fully than Emile Zola. He makes his bids for it so naturally, he wins his point so entirely, that we all admiringly assist him. It is as if, when he begins to write a book, he divides his tremendous energy and talent into two parts, one going into the book, the other into advertising it by entirely original methods, and with the display of marked ability for this kind of business enterprise.

We have, in his new book, "His Excellency," a preface by Ernest Vizetelly, in which we are told that Zola makes up his characters from composite portraits of real people. For example, *Clorinde*, who is

interesting after the style of some of the earlier feminine creations of Zola, is said to have been made up from the Countess de Castiglione and the Empress Eugénie.

While Mr. Vizetelly is printing these facts, M. Zola is making "important statements" concerning his forthcoming book, "Paris." In the first place, he emphatically denies that his new book is a "*roman à clef*," or novel with a key. He says solemnly that it is entirely against his principles to introduce people under false names.

"I await," he says, "the usual criticism which has been passed on my other books, but I hope after my death to be treated with more justice. It will then be acknowledged that I am neither a pessimist nor a corrupter, for the love of life and passion for work are stamped on every page of the "*Rougon-Macquart*" series.

This "*Rougon-Macquart*" series constitutes Zola's claim to renown. "His Excellency" shows *Eugène Rougon* in the title rôle. It must be confessed that as Zola grows older and more philosophic he becomes less entertaining, and *Eugène* in the Chamber of Deputies is less interesting than the early heroines of the series who shocked the philistine world, and set it to buying the author's books by the hundred thousand.

"FREAK" BOOKS.

It is not always safe to judge a man by his clothes, but you can tell a good deal about a book from its binding. The intelligence that directs and controls the letterpress, controls the covers, and if that intelligence is not normal, its eccentricity will appear on the outside, as well as in the text of the volume.

The chief display of abnormal tastes is found in the choice and combination of colors in book covers. Such wild, unearthly blends are chosen nowadays as being correct color schemes for up to date bindings that a book lover hails any rational, conventional cover with delight. Contrast such a cover with one of those horrible examples which are suffered to exist even where the Beardsley cult is howled down. The latter are not tacitly ignored as other public nuisances are, but unfortunately they are recognized and accepted.

The extreme of freakishness in covers is represented by a recent monstrosity called "The God Yutzo." This comes from a reputable publishing house, which should know better than to put out such an absurdity. "The God Yutzo" is bound in sackcloth, the loose ragged edges of which hang flapping from the covers, while the interior of the wretched thing is in keeping with its exterior.

The author's explanation "is worth the

price of the book." He informs us that he has put his book "before the world modestly, for if a binding of sackcloth is not modest, I don't know what is." We have heard of sackcloth—with ashes—as the accompaniment of penitence, but as a synonym for modesty it is new.

But these queer ideas are not, unfortunately, confined to the covers. Volumes there be now which are curios, not books as the word is understood. The matter seems nothing; it is the manner in which it is presented to the reader—observer or sightseer would be a more appropriate word—which is supposed to appeal. For example, in one variety of these "freak" books the margin occupies all but the upper inside corner, where a few lines of print are doled out. Volumes of this sort are not, as a rule, very heavy reading, but they make excellent notebooks. Still, in the matter of dollars and cents, one cannot help feeling he has paid a high price for a notebook.

BIRDS AND BEASTS IN LITERATURE.

When *The Black Cat* made its appearance, débonair and bizarre, little did the reading public, amused by this unique production, realize it was to be the head of a lengthy procession of zoological periodicals. But, before the self satisfied purrs of the dusky feline grew too loud, there came hoots of opposition from *The Owl*, and then, in sight of the Golden Gate, arose the note of *The Lark*, singing songs of praise—for itself; and then, in the City of Brotherly Love, *The Yellow Dog* gave his initial howl. This was soon brought down to a minor key by *The White Elephant*, which, pointer in hand, took his seat in the editorial sanctum ready to pass on all kinds of unhealthy literature such as only an elephant might digest with safety. Then, out of that State which gave us our last President, appeared a timid *White Rabbit*, and whether he will nibble only grass and cabbage remains to be seen. The goat is a paper loving animal, and the more thickly printer's ink is spread on his paper the better he likes it. The goat has not yet shown his horns, but we have hopes and fears, for has not *The Yellow Kid* appeared, saucy as ever and still backward with his second teeth?

Literature! Who is bold enough to say, in the face of this menagerie of periodicals, that we are not progressing? The Elizabethan age is very dim in contrast with the last quarter of the nineteenth century—an age that gives us cats, dogs, birds, and toothless infants as titles for alleged choice readings.

Some innocent person asked the other day how these animals, or their keepers, managed to live; how they could keep up in the face

of so many good periodicals? The wise man replied that their days were numbered, that with this belief in mind he was making a collection (one copy of each being sufficient) of these literary freaks, to be handed down to posterity as a proof of the zoological tendencies of the time. There is only one of these periodicals to which he grants a long lease of life, but we do not propose to state which that one is. He also has an idea, not copyrighted, that a new periodical called *The Cuckoo* might meet with success, provided care is taken that the borrowing bird does not get entangled in the copyright snarl. *The Cuckoo* could live easily by copying from more prominent periodicals, and hinting to young authors, in a mild way, that it never pays on publication, or at any other time, and that unreturned manuscripts will be used to feather its nest. It could also add that it would look on inclosed stamps as evidence of good faith!

SOCIETY AS CERTAIN WRITERS SEE IT.

There are certain authors whose good fortune it is to be able to estimate the sales of their books by the hundreds of thousands, instead of by the thousands or hundreds, and whose books, moreover, are read with a degree of feverish interest that is never awakened in any breast by Mr. Howells, or Mr. Du Maurier, or Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, or any of the men or women who have followed conventional literary lines. The names of the authors of these widely circulated works seldom appear in the newspapers, except in the advertising columns, and their books are almost unknown to people in the upper circles of society, despite the fact that they deal largely with the doings of millionaires, bankers' daughters, and other members of the enchanted circle somewhat vaguely known as the "four hundred."

These romances are of a highly imaginative order, and are enormously popular with those young men and women who may be seen early every morning hurrying by elevated train or cable car, or on foot, to their places of work. These students of literature are frequently carried many blocks beyond their own station because they have lost themselves in the pages of "The Mad, Mocking Marriage at Midnight," or some other equally lurid tale of love and mystery.

The writers who give these exciting stories to the world owe their success not only to their story telling skill, but also to their ignorance of all social laws and conventions, and to the spirit of solemn awe with which they describe everybody of high social position. It is for these reasons that their work strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the

great mass of ignorant people, who really believe that the members of the four hundred are a superior and wonderful class by themselves, and therefore hail with delight those stories in which they find the fortunate ones of the earth portrayed in the glowing colors that rightfully belong to them. In other words, these most successful of all story tellers owe their popularity to the fact that they describe New York society not as it is, but as their readers like to think it is.

For example, when the heroine of one of these romances receives her lover in the drawing room of her Newport cottage, she comes down to greet him clad in a low necked dress, and with costly diamonds in her ears and at her throat, despite the fact that it is eleven o'clock in the morning, and that earrings have not been worn by anybody in New York, with the exception of Italian chestnut venders, for several years. In real life, a young woman of this sort would appear clad in the simplest manner, and would never dream of offering her visitor anything stronger than tea; unless she happened to belong to a very fast set. In a novel of wide circulation, however, she would bid the servant bring "a small bottle and two glasses," and the readers on the early elevated train would give her their unqualified approval, because to them a small bottle means champagne, and champagne is the hallmark of all that is wealthy, cultivated, and refined.

The men who figure in these stories are, to tell the truth, infinitely superior to the men in real life in point of wealth, clothes, elegance of diction, personal bravery, and good looks; while the fashionable villain is invariably a worse scoundrel than was ever seen in any New York club or parlor. The villain is ever in pursuit of poor but beautiful working girls, and has a habit of snapping them up as they are crossing Twenty Third Street at Broadway, and carrying them off in his carriage despite their cries and struggles. They are never made away with, however, because there is always a hero to save them—a hero with a black, curling mustache, soulful eyes, noble brow, and choice raiment. This desirable and thoroughly eligible character is always on hand at the right moment, and never fails to marry the young bonnet trimmer or feather curler or telephone girl whom he has saved.

As a matter of fact, the history of the city of New York records but few cases in which young men of fashion have saved young working girls from the toils of the abductor, and in not one of these instances did the deliverance result in marriage. But the elevated train readers love to believe that such matches are common, and they will

eagerly read stories in which they are so represented.

There are other authors of decided literary pretension who have not been above this portraying things as their readers would like to have them. Bret Harte did it in his idealized stories of camp life. Ouida has done it in every book she ever wrote, and scarcely a novelist who has dealt with New York society has told the simple, cold truth about it.

THE DEMAND FOR SHORT STORIES.

"I want a book of interesting short stories," said a subscriber to a librarian, the other day. "I haven't time to wade through a novel, am tired of heavy matter, and want something to rest me for a little while."

On being interrogated, the librarian stated that the demand was not an unusual one, and that it was steadily increasing. Occasionally even the most studious of patrons called for volumes of short stories. They say that these are restful after deep reading, do not take up too much attention, and may be picked up and put down at will. Those who have long journeys to and from business look for this kind of literature, and for the railroad traveler and the solitary excursionist it is preferable to the ubiquitous railroad novel. Many of those in charge of libraries told the same story, and spoke of the demand for these volumes of unconnected yarns.

The fact may make authors think whether it is better to write problem novels or to cater to the demand of the army of readers who read as they run, by giving them good short stories.

Max Pemberton, whose new serial, "The Woman of Kronstadt," will begin next month in *MUNSEY'S*, is an interesting figure among the younger novelists. His first novel came out six years ago, though a large number of his shorter stories had previously appeared in the English magazines. He is a systematic worker, and his literary labors are conducted with unusual regularity, but there is nothing "machine made" about his stories. Few writers possess such great patience in the giving of minute attention to historical details and the various lesser points so essential to a well balanced story.

Mr. Pemberton is devoted to games and sports, particularly of the athletic sort. He is a good horseman, and is quite an expert at lawn tennis, cricket, and golf. He is also said to be a capital oarsman.

His last book, "The Queen of the Jesters," is particularly worthy of note, for it is a thoroughly wide awake story, and there is not a dull page or a slow passage in it. The

book consists of a series of anecdotes of a brilliant and witty young woman of the time of Louis XV, *Corinne de Montesson*, recounting her eccentric pastimes and tragic jests.

"The Woman of Kronstadt" is a thrilling story of political intrigues directed against the military system of the Czar's dominion, and is told in Mr. Pemberton's energetic and forceful manner. Our readers will find it to be a narrative of absorbing interest.

* * * *

When the manuscript of Mrs. Humphry Ward's most famous work was finished, the hero rejoiced in a surname that was anything but satisfactory to the author. She had determined that his Christian name should be Robert, and Robert it remained to the end of the chapter; but the other was not to be disposed of so easily.

She was in London at this time, and one day her husband playfully suggested that the fresh air at their home at Haslemere might sharpen up her wits and prove an inspiration.

"Haslemere!" she repeated dreamily; "Haslemere—Elsmere! I have it!—*Robert Elsmere!*"

Exactly what connection there is between "Haslemere" and "Elsmere" still remains an unsolved problem, but the minds of the great are mysteriously and wonderfully made.

* * * *

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has permanently abandoned the home her husband made in Samoa, and has come back to the United States to live. Almost any one can imagine why. Their place in the island was created by him and he was its spirit—as he would have been the spirit of any place he had chosen. Lacking his presence, it is only a dull bungalow in a wilderness peopled by semi savages.

Mr. Stevenson's last book, "St. Ives"—to which we referred in our October "Chat"—was not finished by himself, but by Arthur Quiller Couch. The task was offered to Dr. Conan Doyle, but he refused it. At the best, it is a thankless task to do any part of another man's work. Mr. Couch has tried many methods of novel writing, and—possibly for that reason—did as well as any one could have done. The plot had already been worked out by Stevenson, and for that reason Mr. Couch had fewer difficulties. The character of *St. Ives* was drawn boldly and without subtleties. He was the "devil may care" hero who is not unfamiliar to any of us.

But we wonder what Stevenson would have thought of his work being pieced out by anybody into a "finished story" before the public would accept it!

* * * *

The description of the music that helped in

the damnation of *Theron Ware* did not come, as one might think, from the author's storehouse of knowledge. It is stated on good authority that Mr. Frederic is not a musician, though he is passionately fond of music. So, when he was ready to write the Chopin scenes, he hied him to a musical friend and proceeded to be saturated with Chopin music and to cram Chopin phrases until he succeeded in making you, and every one else, believe he was master of the subject.

This information, so lately given us, may create many unbelievers in Mr. Frederic's Chopin; but, on the other hand, we know that he did not have to go outside himself for a description of the intoxication which a music lover experiences, no matter how ignorant he may be of the mysteries of music making.

* * * *

In our June issue we spoke of an imaginative tale of El Dorado, the mystical city which Mr. Aubrey's far seeing optics descried at the summit of Roraima. This mountain being one of the hitherto inaccessible parts of the earth's surface, we said that Mr. Aubrey's account of it would remain unchallenged unless a trip were made to its summit by balloon. We were nearer the truth than we knew, for a number of scientists have been planning to ascend this same mountain by balloon.

It is evident that if the novelist is determined to elude the pursuit of the insatiable scientist, whose inquisitive nose is ever ready to be thrust into the privacy of the story writer's storeroom of wonders, he must follow Kendrick Bangs to the brink of the Styx, and even thither his scientific pursuer is sure to follow sooner or later.

* * * *

When Gutenberg commenced to whittle out crude wooden types for his primitive hand press, four centuries ago, he little realized the enormous extension of his new art of printing as applied to newspaper work.

In the United States alone there are two thousand daily and fourteen thousand weekly papers. Assuming a low average size for these papers, our figures mean that one hundred million words of alleged reading matter are prepared and printed during each twenty four hours. Giving each paper a circulation of one thousand copies, a low average assumed for the sake of argument, we may say that no less than one hundred thousand million words of printed matter a day are dealt out as news to the people of the United States. On the basis of the last census, this is sufficient to give every man, woman, and child in the country a complete liberal education every three months!

STORIETTES

A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE WING.

It was not at all a typical Christmas Day, for perfect torrents of rain beat and dashed against the windows of Bachelor's Glory, as if trying their best to drown the sounds of woe which came from within.

"I call it a shame," exclaimed Tommy, as he swung his slipped feet frantically over the arm of the chair on which he sat, "to promise us a bang up Christmas dinner, and then send it to us in such a state of perfect nature!"

"He might at least have killed it, but I suppose he didn't think," said MacRae apologetically, while Dexter muttered, "Ye gods, think of the feathers!" and the whole trio groaned in unison as they gazed dolefully at a wet and muddy box near by, from whose slatted top stuck the rakish and defiant head of a big turkey gobbler.

MacRae, who was kneeling beside another box, a smaller one, slowly pried off the cover, and began to unpack it.

"Celery," he announced in his deepest tones, "and cranberries—also in the raw. Think you can make 'em jell, Tommy? Mince meat, done up in a can instead of a crust. Turnips, carrots, cabbage, onions! Jove, what a country box, and never a thing in it we know how to cook! I say, boys, let's go out to a 'table doty' and buy our dinner."

"Go on, do," moaned Tommy, from the depths of his chair. "You're rich, you are. Do you know that I've got just fifty cents to carry me over to the first of the month, and that Dexter's been out of cash for days?"

"Well," said MacRae, rather hotly, "I've given as many presents as you have, and you know very well that all my articles have been turned down lately. I've only got two dollars."

"There's the rent," said Dexter, waving his stubby pipe towards a dingy tobacco jar on the mantel, which served as a household bank; but the others shook their heads decisively, and even the unwelcome turkey gave a protesting gobble.

As that sound reached his ears, Tommy pulled himself up from the depths of his chair and gazed at the bird long and steadily. Then he flew up and across the room to clap his two chums vigorously on the back, while he cried joyously, "I've got it, boys; I've got it!"

"Got what—a spell of insanity?" queried MacRae; but Tommy went on, heedless of the insult:

"You know those girls down stairs?"

"No; wish we did," muttered Dexter, and they all smiled as they thought of the four bright bachelor maids they passed so often on the stairs.

"Well," said Tommy, "you know who I mean. I heard them talking today—no, Mac, I didn't listen at the door; it was through the air shaft—and it seems only one of 'em has gone away for Christmas, and the others meant to go out somewhere, and now it's pouring so they don't want to, for fear they'll spoil their tips. By the way, isn't that rather queer? Thought tips were what women wore in wet weather;" and he paused questioningly. But as the others shook their heads in despair of understanding the details of feminine apparel, he went on. "At least they seemed awful blue about it—didn't have much Christmas stuff in the house, and kind of down hearted, any way—you know;" and the others nodded sympathetically. "Well, my idea is this: we've got the dinner and no cook, they the cook and no dinner. Now I propose to make a grand combination of labor and capital;" and Tommy swelled with pride, though the others looked doubtful.

"But as I remarked before, we don't know them," protested Dexter. "We can't march boldly down and say, 'Maiden, cook my dinner!'"

"And then," drawled MacRae, "you really must remember the feathers. Even if we had been bosom friends for years, it's not likely they'd let us kill a turkey in their front parlor."

Tommy looked hurt, but not discouraged. "I should think," he remarked plaintively, "that you fellows might have known me long enough to trust me. Don't I always get what I want?"

"I must admit that you generally do," assented Dexter, "but—"

"There are no 'buts' in this case," said Tommy. "Do what I tell you and you'll be happy. Mac, you sneak down to their door, and let me know when you hear them all in the parlor. Dex, you take out that fowl. Careful now!" As, with many gobbles, squawks, and shrills of laughter, the scheme began to work.

Meanwhile, in the flat below, gloom hung heavy.

"Isn't it just too mean?" wailed Nan, as she watched the blinding sheets of water dash themselves against the pavement below. "Who ever heard of a thunderstorm on Christmas? Only, there isn't any thunder. Mary, if you don't stop pounding that piano, I'll eat you."

"Well, then, I'll go right on," said Mary, as she strummed out the "Dead March in Saul." "I don't know how else you will get anything to eat. Do you realize that there is nothing but four stale muffins, a pound of butter, and one cold sausage left from breakfast in this house? I suppose we can toast the muffins, and draw lots for the sausage, but—" and her hands dropped disconsolately down on the keyboard with a crash of discord that made Nan jump.

"Maybe we'd better go out after all," said a meek little voice from the sofa. "I'm awfully hungry, and we can't live on candy;" with a disdainful look at the dainty boxes piled on a table.

But Nan was down on her at once with, "Don't be silly, Dora. You know we'd ruin our clothes, and then you and Mary have such colds that it would be simply suicidal. It isn't so bad, for there's milk and coffee, and we can raid the janitor for bread. Wish we knew those boys up stairs. They had two big boxes come a while ago."

"Yes; and just hear what a good time they're having," muttered Dora, as a perfect roar of laughter swept down through the thin partitions. "They've been laughing like that nearly half an hour, and I wish they'd stop. It makes me feel blue—why, what's that?" and she bounced to her feet as they all stared stupidly at each other, for a very loud and determined knock had sounded at their door.

"You go, Nan—you're tidiest," said Mary, in a stage whisper that was plainly audible outside; and with one little touch of her fluffy hair and a pull at her collar, Nan obeyed, just as the other girls scuttled into the next room. But when she saw who was outside her blue eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," the other girls heard a deep voice say pleasantly, "but could I go through your rooms a minute? You see our Christmas dinner is on your fire escape."

"W—w—what?" exclaimed Nan, while the portières near her became strangely agitated.

"Yes," went on Tommy serenely—for it was that wily villain himself—the other boys had refused to come. "It—it got away from us, you see, and flew right down by your windows. I'm awfully sorry to bother you, but if I could go through and get it—"

"Why, certainly," said Nan, in a tone of much louder warning than was necessary, for the other girls were already frantically preparing to receive this mysterious guest. "Come right in. Maybe you'd better hurry—will it fly any farther, do you think?" and then she giggled nervously. She had never heard of an animated Christmas dinner before.

"No," said Tommy, "I am quite sure it will not;" and then, with his most winning smile—Tommy's smile was always irresistible: "You are Miss Lorrimer, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," said Nan, "and you—"

"Oh, I'm just Tommy," answered that individual blandly. "Everybody calls me that;" and he followed Nan to the little dining room, where the other girls were discovered innocently engaged in reading.

"Miss Bradley, and Miss Dora Bradley," said Nan solemnly. "Mr. —" and she stopped, fully expecting the stranger to fill up the blank, but he did not; he merely smiled, and explained:

"You see, I had to come down to get our dinner—it's out on your fire escape, I suppose—may I look?"

All three girls trooped after him to the kitchen.

"O-oh!" cried Dora, the foremost one, and then came little exclamations of surprise from the others, for there, against their window, was huddled a big, live turkey gobbler, looking as forlorn and wet and bedraggled as a gobbler could.

"There," cried Tommy excitedly, as he threw up the window with a great deal of unnecessary clatter, "I'm sure to get him now!" and it seemed to sharp eyed Nan that she saw a suspicious looking string jerked hastily into the air.

"Now, you beast—quiet there—let me catch your legs—Miss Lorrimer, would you mind holding that blind open? Steady now, steady—don't flap your wings so—ugh, how wet you are!—have you got something I could wring him out in? I'm afraid he'll drip all over the house. Thank you—funny, isn't it? A live turkey in a little flat. But that's not the worst of it. You see MacRae's uncle—MacRae's one of my chums—promised to send us a Christmas dinner, so we didn't make any other plans; and now it's come, just as he promised, but all in the raw—vegetables, and cranberries, and mince meat, and this fowl. We're worse off than ever, for we've not a thing in the house, and can't cook what was sent us. I'm very sorry to have bothered you—I'm going down now to have the janitor help me get him ready to cook—and oh, could you tell me what to do with him after he's emptied? I have to

fill him up again, don't I? You see we can cook steaks and chops all right, but we never tried to roast—we're awfully helpless."

Now, if anything will appeal to a woman's heart it is a hungry man who is trying to cook his own dinner, and can't. The girls had been exchanging meaning looks and nods during the latter part of Tom's artistic speech; and when he paused, Mary, as the eldest of the little household, stammered blushing, "We—we'd be only too glad to show you. If you'll bring him down when he's ready, we'll stuff him for you—that is, if you've got the bread;" with a little gasp of dismay as she remembered the muffins.

"Bread? Oh, barrels of it! But"—with well feigned hesitancy—"we couldn't bother you, you know. You must have your own things to get, and—"

"No," said Mary, flushing scarlet, "we were going out. It will be no trouble; and Nan can make your jelly. She makes very good jelly."

Tommy beamed upon her like a small sun. "I tell you what," he said, "we'll let you help cook him, if you'll only promise to stay and help eat him. Unless"—dolefully—"your invitation is very pressing."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Dora, despite Mary's frown of disapproval, and five minutes later, after the impatient Dexter and MacRae had been brought down, introduced, and informed of the "great and most unexpected kindness of their neighbors," there was such a scurrying up and down stairs, such peals of laughter and exclamations of wonder and dismay from the girls over the strange and awful culinary feats of their guests, that even the grim old janitor smiled to himself as he sat among a fast growing heap of turkey feathers, and the people in the other flats came into the halls to see what was the matter.

Though served very late, dinner was acknowledged by all hands to be an unrivaled success. After it was over, when the men had "cleaned up" in a sweeping and wholesale fashion that made the girls gasp with wonder and pray for their crockery, these six young bachelor folk settled down to as merry a Christmas evening as ever was seen, and parted, at the end of it, firm friends and comrades.

After the doors of their flat were safely locked for the night, MacRae and Dexter came solemnly over to Tommy, who sprawled in state upon a table, and bowed down before him.

"Tommy," said Dexter, "you're a genius."

"I can't help feeling," murmured MacRae, "that it was kind of mean to fool them so. What a time we had to lower that bird!"

Tommy grinned. "Um," he ejaculated

comfortably, "and the string was so miserably evident. I was sure they'd see it and spot the base deceivers. But after all, it's awful easy to fool a girl!"

With which wise remark he tumbled off to bed, just as a sleepy voice down below came out of the darkness: "Girls, that turkey's wings were clipped and his legs were tied. He couldn't *ever* have got there alone."

Two little giggles answered from the next room, as another voice announced, "I know—I saw them pull back the string."

There were three giggles this time, and then silence reigned through Bachelor's Glory.

Mary A. Dickerson.

THE SPINSTER'S CHRISTMAS.

MISS PRIME was the village spinster. There were, of course, several other maiden ladies of certain and uncertain age in Evandale, but, in the same way that many wives belong to their husbands, Miss Prime belonged to the residents of the little town. She was theirs in sickness and in health; to the poor and to the rich, to the good and to the bad, she gave herself; and when death appeared in any of the little homes, Miss Prime was always summoned. All of which proves that she was beloved in Evandale.

She was a comely little woman, and looked not much older than she had looked fifteen years before, when her spinsterhood had commenced. That was when Elliott Scudder had gone away from Evandale. Every one knew that Angy Prime had sent him, that her heart had gone with him, that she would thenceforth listen to no words of love, that the love story of her life had been told. Many and various were the ways in which her neighbors tried to lighten the loneliness of her life, and there was an unspoken compact among them that she should never be left alone on holidays. On Christmas, on New Year's Day, at Thanksgiving, she was always invited to join some family group.

Deep in her heart the little woman knew that this was all prearranged. While she was well aware that she was not looked on in the light of a burden, she knew that she was invited out of sympathy, and sympathy is often an alias of charity. Sometimes—but only to herself, of course—Miss Prime rebelled, and wished that she might have the courage to refuse the kindly invitation, but she never had; at least she never had had until this particular Christmas.

The invitation to eat dinner with Mrs. Tait had been duly delivered, and Miss Prime was sitting at her little rosewood desk preparing to write her acceptance. Suddenly

she determined that she would not go; she would refuse for once. She hurriedly wrote a note declining the invitation, and, hastily putting on her bonnet and shawl, took it immediately to the post office, thus giving herself no time to change her mind.

When she reached home again she closed the doors and drew down the blinds, so that if any one from Mrs. Tait came to inquire her reason for this unusual act it would appear as if she were out. Having started in upon a career of deception, Miss Prime found that one white lie had to be followed up with another; but she needed time to form her plans, time to invent a reason for having refused to dine with a neighbor on Christmas Day. All day long she sat in her kitchen thinking over what she could say.

Night is an early visitor in December, and in the shaded kitchen Miss Prime's work fell from her hands long before it was time for tea. She leaned her head back against the cushioned rocker; and a little procession of ghostly *ifs* passed before her eyes. There was the Christmas that might have been if she had not listened to those idle tales—if he had not gone away without asking her reasons for sending him. There might have been a merry little group around *her* table, if—there might have been childish voices at *her* Christmas tree, if—

And then a strange resolution formed itself in Miss Prime's mind. She would have the same dinner that she would have had for him and for them. No one would know! And why might she not have the joy of preparing a real Christmas dinner just once?

To say that Miss Prime's response to Mrs. Tait's invitation caused consternation in Evandale would be to express it mildly. It was the one subject of gossip at tea tables and other meeting places. Farmer Gleason reported that Miss Prime had bought a good fat turkey, and then it was decided that Angy must have friends coming from the city to spend the holiday with her. Such a thing had never happened before; still, it was possible. Old Greig, the grocer, told his wife—and the village knew all about it the next morning—that Angy Prime had bought nuts and candies and a lot of little tinsel gewgaws for a Christmas tree, and village curiosity was on tiptoe with excitement about the unwonted visitors.

Christmas Day broke wild and stormy. A dozen sleighs might have driven up to Miss Prime's door, and no one have been the wiser. In the little spinster's house there was an unusual air of festivity, but it was a ghostly festivity, for an intense silence reigned. Once or twice Miss Prime essayed to sing a Christmas carol, but at last she gave it up.

"I can't make noise enough for a whole family," she said aloud.

Her face was flushed, and over her best black silk gown was carefully tucked a snowy apron. The kitchen was redolent with Christmas fare. The turkey was done to a turn, when suddenly Miss Prime sat down in the high backed rocker.

"I declare to gracious," she cried, "I do believe you're plum crazy, Angelina Prime! Suppose somebody should come in and find you carryin' on like this! A home for the feeble minded'd be the next place you'd be asked to."

In a few moments, however, she rose from the chair, walked to the door of the best room, and opened it. There was spread the Christmas table; a tiny branch of fir bending with Christmas candies and gilded nuts, with red cheeked apples and golden oranges, occupied the center; around it were drawn four chairs, and on it were covers for four. Tears sprang to Miss Prime's eyes, but the moisture was quickly dried by a fiery determination to carry out her plan to the end. She placed the turkey on the well loaded table, seated herself, and then bowed her head.

"For what we—I——"

Her words ended in a moan. Her Christmas comedy had turned to tragedy. The empty chairs of imagined husband and children mocked her loneliness. For almost the first time in fifteen years the dreariness of her life confronted her, and the unshed tears of fifteen years before fell thick and fast.

The turkey had grown cold, the candles were burning low, but still Miss Prime sat before her family table. She heard a knock at her door, but paid no attention to it. Then, realizing that only some one in need would be abroad on Christmas night, and in such a storm, she rose to answer the summons. She extinguished the candles, and as she closed the door of the best room, she locked it and slipped the key in her pocket. No one should know of her folly.

For an instant the glare from Miss Prime's kitchen light flared out on to the snow. Then the man who had knocked stepped inside, and, taking the lamp from the woman's shaking hand, placed it on the table. Neither had spoken, for to Miss Prime this was but another of the day's ghosts, and although the man had planned many phrases, in the presence of the woman he had loved for fifteen years and more his tongue was tied.

"Do you still believe that I am not worthy of your love, Angy?" he said at last.

It was almost as if he had been gone from her fifteen minutes instead of fifteen years, and her answer was given as it would have

been had he come back for an explanation in that far away past.

"No, I never did believe that."

"But you listened to the stories against me."

"I—I didn't believe them."

"But you sent me from you."

"I only wanted to be sure that I loved you."

"And you are sure now?"

"Yes, Ell."

After a little while Miss Prime said shyly: "Our supper's ready, Ell." Then a crimson flush dyed her cheeks. "Goodness' sakes," she cried, "you sit right here and don't move until I call you!"

Then she disappeared into the best room. The knives, forks, plates, glasses, napkins, and chairs were quickly removed from the sides of the table, and when Miss Prime called her lover she added:

"I thought it would look more sociable for you to see the table set for two."

Kathryn Jarboe.

THANKS TO A PURPLE HAT.

ALSDORF came out of the house and walked slowly down the steps, buttoning his glove, and trying to understand himself. For two years he had been with Margaret almost every day. At home he was always framing endearing speeches which should pave the way to a proposal, but when he was with her she talked so entertainingly, played, sang, showed him her drawings, and they discussed art and books; in the summer they sailed, drove, and fished—well, there never seemed an unoccupied moment for the discussion of love affairs.

Alsdorf didn't feel at all comfortable at the thought that they had almost realized Plato's ideal. He wasn't striving after Greek excellencies; he was an American—an ordinary American, he reasoned—and the high thinking which had brought about this condition of affairs was Margaret's.

He longed to look back and get a last glimpse of her—perhaps she was at the window, but calm second thought told him it would be childish, and he walked straight on, fervently hoping that she was still watching him.

Again the question, "Why have I not proposed?" forced itself upon him. The fact that there never seemed to be an opportunity merely proved her superiority. He had had hundreds of opportunities to propose to other women; his family approved of the match; he had no reason to believe that her people had any fault to find with him, and he felt certain that Margaret wouldn't refuse him.

By this time he was two blocks below her house. A trap came rapidly up the street, and something prompted him to watch where it was going. It stopped before her house. He recalled what a fine looking man was driving, and the thought that it was one of his rivals made him tingle to his fingers' ends. Perhaps this fellow was bolder than he, and would force a proposal on Margaret; and then—if Margaret should accept? Alsdorf didn't dare to look back any longer. In a few minutes he saw Margaret spinning up the avenue with the fine looking man—he would have recognized her purple hat anywhere.

Several days later, Alsdorf's engagement to Margaret was announced, but the lady's maid never knew what a service she did her mistress in going for a drive and in borrowing the hat that afternoon.

Charles S. Smith.

THE PINK SILK LADY.

THERE was once a little girl who had many strange companions, though no one but herself ever saw them. One was Mrs. Gobbellooster, a sociable person who was always dropping in to ask about the baby and exchange domestic gossip. Another was Rain or Shine, a twinkling, rainbow fairy, who must have had a very kind heart, for she held one's hand when the hall was dark and spooky, and crept into bed with one at night to whisper marvelous things too precious to print. And then there was Cricky, who committed all the little girl's sins, and should have received the punishment, only the little girl wasn't mean enough to tell on her; and a dozen besides, with whom she played every day of her life. But of them all, the dearest was the Pink Silk Lady.

The Pink Silk Lady lived in a pink silk house, where she sewed on a pink silk sewing machine, cooked on a pink silk stove, and ate off pink silk china. She had pink silk roses climbing all over her pink silk porch, and a pink silk dog with a pink silk chain kept watch at her pink silk gate. Everything she wore, from her shoestrings to her hair ribbons, inclusive, was made of pink silk, and an inspiring glow came down from the pink silk sky that stretched over her head. All her furniture was pink silk, and so was her canary bird; and—this was the crowning detail—her children wore pink silk dresses when they went out to play in the dirt. Oh, rapturous, rustling, resplendent Pink Silk Lady! She cast a rosy glamour over all things luxurious and forbidden, and flung a chilling desolation around blue check gingham so that it lay like lead over the heart.

All the beauty of the world, all its riches and its enticements and its unfulfilled dreams, were summed up in the shining garments of the Pink Silk Lady, and the vision radiated light and satisfaction through the very center of the little tropical heart that was trying to grow up in northern surroundings. How did she find her way into a home whose very cornerstone was simplicity? To the little girl, Sunday morning was merely a setting for her best three button white kid shoes, and she lay flat on her back with her little legs in the air for half an hour before church, that she might drink her fill of their rich magnificence. While they prayed against the pomps and vanities, she sat with the precious boots straight out in front of her, her fingers fondling the chenille fringe that dripped from her mother's mantle, and her head dizzy with the dream of the Pink Silk Lady.

That was a great many years ago. The Pink Silk Lady is outwardly dead and mummified into a family anecdote, but her spirit still lives in all the earthly splendor that flames before the eyes of one who walks in gingham. And if ever this devotee comes across another small person whose heart is set on the Pink Silk Lady, she will build a high fence around her back yard—for she is not unmindful of neighborly comment—and will dress that small person in pink silk and send her out to play in the dirt. Some may say that, with no audience, there will be no delight, but such do not understand the heart of the true worshiper.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

"SHE WAS A BEAUTEOUS LADY, RICHLY DRESSED."

SOFT, velvety carpets; rich draperies; rare old paintings in deep gold frames; quaint cabinets, richly carved, filled with treasures from many lands. The air was heavy with the fragrance of hothouse flowers; the distant murmur of a fountain made a low, dreamy melody.

A woman reclined in a wide easy chair. She was in perfect harmony with the beauty of her surroundings. Her exquisite face, outlined against the dark background, looked like a rare cameo. Jewels gleamed at the snowy throat and in the golden hair, dressed high and looking, in the dim light, like a queen's coronet.

The portières parted and a little girl came dancing into the room; a little girl with such blue eyes, such golden curls, and such tiny, satin shod feet, that she looked more like a fairy than a human child. As she rested her dimpled elbows on the woman's

lap, and looked with childish eyes into the face so like her own, one knew at once that they were mother and daughter.

"Mamma, hasn't Annette made me look pretty?"

"Yes, dear."

"Won't papa and the company come soon?"

"Presently."

"And, mamma, may I have all the creams I want? Oh, dear! It's so stupid. I wish they would come. Mamma"—fretfully, as the lady did not speak—"what are you thinking about? I'm so lonesome. Annette said I would have a lovely time; but—" The blue eyes were full of tears.

"Don't cry, dearie; they will come soon. Shall I tell you a story?"

"Please do, mamma."

"Well, sit here—so. Once upon a time," began the lady, in a low, musical voice, "there lived a little girl who had blue eyes and yellow curls, like yours, dear, but she didn't have such pretty gowns. No; she wore little gingham aprons and sunbonnets, and ran all day with her little feet bare—"

"Oh, mamma!" interrupted the child petulantly; "I don't want to hear about poor little girls!"

"Ah, child! She was not poor, but rich—oh, so rich!"

"But she had bare feet!"

"True. But she was rich, for she possessed earth's rarest jewels—youth and innocence and love. There was a boy—a dear, noble little boy—who always played with this little girl. He always knew where the first spring flowers grew. The violets came first, in the back pasture, where an old mossy log sheltered them from the wind. And the buttercups! How they grew around the spring—"

"Mamma, what did the little girl do?" interrupted the child.

"Ah, Mignonne, mother forgets. Well, the little girl loved the little boy. He had such a great, good heart! And the brownest eyes—oh, such beautiful eyes!"

"Were they like Mr. Barnett's, mamma?"

The lady started, and a soft pink flush crept into her cheeks. She glanced quickly at the child; it was only a child's thoughtless question.

"Yes, they were like—and yet so unlike!"

"Did the little boy love the little girl, mamma?"

"Oh, so much, Mignonne! But the little girl grew up, and every one told her that she was beautiful. And—and—child, when she looked at other girls, and then at her own reflection in the mirror, she saw how much more beautiful she was than they. Well, one

day a—a prince came, and he told the girl that she was too lovely to stay on the farm with the brown eyed boy. He asked her to go with him, and promised that she should have every pleasure the great world held; gowns and laces and jewels, and operas and balls—everything that her foolish heart longed for. And so, Mignonne, she married the prince, and went away with him, far away from the boy, and——”

“Did the prince give her the nice things, mamma?”

“Oh, child, they were not nice! The pure gold was in the buttercups by the old spring; the real diamonds were the dewdrops on the wild roses that grew along the lane; the sweetest music was the singing of the little brook over the pebbles; the only happiness was by his side.”

“Whose? The prince’s?”

“No; there was nothing there but misery, baby, misery! She saw always the boy’s brown eyes; she listened always for his voice. Oh, child! To think that he is famous now; and she——”

“Wasn’t the princess happy, mamma?”

“No! Oh, no! Her heart was always aching. She would laugh and dance, and dress in costly laces and jewels; but she never could forget the ache, because——”

“Why?”

“Because her heart was broken.”

“Oh, mamma! Here they come!” exclaimed the child, forgetting all about the story, as a murmur of voices broke the silence. Again the portière parted, and a lady entered, followed by two men in evening dress: one a thick set man, with cold gray eyes and iron gray whiskers—the master of this palatial home; the other a tall, distinguished looking man, with dark curling hair and deep brown eyes.

The lady arose as they entered, and advanced to greet them. She was lovely before; she looked radiant now. The blue eyes shone, and the fair face glowed with pleasure—or perhaps excitement, for her hands trembled.

The tall gentleman took a seat, and began talking to the child.

“What have you been doing to amuse yourself, fairy?” he asked, smiling down at her.

“Mamma has been telling me a story. Do you like stories?”

“Sometimes. Was this a good story?”

“Not very,” said the child frankly; “mamma almost cried about it, but I didn’t think it was sad. No one died in it.”

“What was it about, Mignonne?”

“Well, it was about a poor little girl with bare feet”—glancing at her own dainty slippers—“only mamma said she was rich.”

“Indeed! Why?”

“Well, ’cause she had love and flowers by a spring, and had a farm. Did you ever see a farm, Mr. Barnett?”

“Yes. But the little girl?”

“Well, she loved a little boy.”

“Ah!”

“Yes, ’cause he knew all about flowers, and had brown eyes. Mamma said they were about like yours. He loved the little girl, too, and he had an awful great heart.”

“What became of the girl?”

“A prince came along—she was growed up then—and told her that she could have everything she wanted—diamonds and laces and things——”

“Did she marry the prince?”

“Yes, and mamma said his gold wasn’t real gold at all.”

“What was it?”

“Just misery.”

“Did—did she say the princess loved the little boy?”

“Oh, more’n anything!”

“And wasn’t she happy with the prince?”

“Oh!” said the child, looking up with eyes that were strangely like those which had looked into his from beneath the hood of a checked sunbonnet in the springtime of a long past youth. “No, her heart was always aching for the boy; and I guess heartache must be awful bad, ’cause mamma just about cried when she told me.”

“What did she say?”

“She said,” began the child, toying idly with her bit of a lace handkerchief, and looking rather longingly at the group at the other end of the room, for she was tired of the story—“she said the girl’s heart was broken.”

“Come, Mignonne; you will tire Mr. Barnett with your chatter,” called the sweet voice of the lady. “I think I hear a carriage. The others will soon be here.”

“Mignonne has been telling me a story,” said Mr. Barnett to the lady; then, reaching out his hand to detain the child, as her mother moved away, “listen, dear; I will tell you the rest of the story. I know it.”

“Do you? Mamma hadn’t finished when you came,” replied the child, with returning interest, thinking that perhaps the story would yet prove interesting.

“Tell your mamma that the rest of the story is——” He paused and glanced at the beautiful lady.

“What?” questioned the child impatiently.

Stooping down and whispering softly in the child’s pink ear, he said:

“That the boy’s great heart is dead.”

Gertrude Davenport.

THE STAGE

THE SUCCESS OF MAUDE ADAMS.

Only a little more than five years ago—in the spring of 1892—the name of Maude Adams was third from the last in the bill of Proctor's Theater, as *Nell*, a cripple, one of three girls from "the works" in "The Lost Paradise." Today she is the most successful star in Charles Frohman's firmament, having broken all records for receipts at the Empire Theater during her season there as *Babbie* in "The Little Minister." More than this, as we predicted last month, her hit caused the postponement of John Drew's New York opening for two weeks, and although the original plan called for only a month's stay in the metropolis, it is now decided that she will remain all winter at the Garrick.

The English *Babbie* is to be Winifred Emery, who was *Renée* in "Under the Red Robe."

"THE FIRST BORN."

After one has seen the two plays, it is easily understood why David Belasco laughed when he witnessed a performance of "The Cat and the Cherub," which had forestalled "The First Born" in the metropolis. The latter is a little classic, a mosaic of Chinese emotions, which, at bottom, are the emotions of all humanity. It may be said to bear the same relation to the conventional drama that "Cavalleria Rusticana" does to grand opera.

This little fifty minute piece ran ten weeks in San Francisco last summer—an unprecedented record for that city—and on its presentation at the Manhattan in New York scored a triumph which has warranted the prompt organization of many duplicate companies to play it on the road. In tempo, atmosphere, culminating effect, "The First Born" is a gem. Its author, Francis Powers, who appears in the cast, is a young actor who may never again rise to such heights in constructive ability. A later effort, a play on a Greek theme, failed dismally.

A WELCOME REVIVAL.

If all stars could cause such rejoicing among their followings as E. H. Sothorn has done by simply taking an old play off the shelf and blowing the dust from it, this would be a sorry day for young authors. His revival of "The Lady of Lyons" atoned for the mistake of "Change Alley."

The "Lady" has never before been so sprucely gowned. And while the eye is pleased by the soft colorings, the ear is refreshed by hearing again the old fashioned phrases which, though they may have become the laughing stock of burlesques today, yet are free from the taint of pessimism and decadence. All theater goers will want to see Sothorn as *Claude Melnotte*, and his wife, Virginia Harned, as *Pauline*.

"The Lady of Lyons" was written after Bulwer had made two failures at play constructing, and came about by chance, one might say. Macready was complaining at the titled author's dinner table of the difficulty in procuring another piece like John Tobin's "Honeymoon," whereupon, without saying a word, Bulwer took the same facts out of which "The Honeymoon" was built, and, with these as a foundation, produced "The Lady of Lyons" in ten days. He handed the manuscript over to Macready as a gift, only requiring that the play should be presented anonymously.

On the first night Lord Lytton was detained in Parliament until late; then, hurrying to the theater, he met a literary friend on the steps.

"How is it going?" Bulwer inquired.

"Oh, it's very well—for that sort of thing," was the reply.

The unsuspected author hastened on to Lady Blessington's box, and was in time to see the last act, which finished amid a storm of applause.

"Hum!" remarked Bulwer, looking down upon the scene. "It's very well—for that sort of thing;" and then hurried back to the House again.

"It's the first time," observed Lady Blessington, "I have ever seen him jealous."

A NAVY GIRL ON THE STAGE.

Few of the thousands who saw "The Geisha" at Daly's, last season, realized that among the "other attendants on the tea house" was a girl who had lived three years in Japan, where she was a personage of no small importance in diplomatic circles. This was Alethe Craig, the only child of Joseph Edgar Craig, United States Navy, now chief hydrographer in Washington, but who until recently was in command of a cruiser stationed in Asiatic waters.

Miss Craig has accompanied her father on many voyages, and has received attentions.



MAUDE ADAMS, AS "BABBIE," IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

From a photograph by Savory, New York.

from high sources. Her one ambition, however, is to shine in the dramatic firmament, and she counts no toil too hard, no sacrifice too costly, if it but bring about this end.

She entered the Sargent school, but when half of her two years' course was finished, passed to Daly's. While here she appeared

sooner than was anticipated. "The Physician" is badly in need of the services of a doctor of some sort. And yet the fault with it is of such an inherent nature that it is probably beyond remedying. Its theme is a subject for a novel, not for a play.

The dialogue, it goes without saying,



ALETHE CRAIG.

From a photograph by Jones & Lotz, San Francisco.

as *Rosa* in "Countess Gucki," besides her work in the chorus. For the present season she is a member of the stock company at the Girard Avenue Theater, Philadelphia, which will give her an excellent opportunity to acquire experience in many fields.

Miss Craig is a splendid horsewoman, an exceptionally good swimmer, and has also a reputation as a composer.

WILLARD AND "THE PHYSICIAN."

"The Christian" will doubtless take its place in Mr. Willard's repertoire much

is clever, and the absence of either asides or soliloquies is especially to be commended. Mr. Willard does masterly work in the name part, and Oswald Yorke makes all that is possible out of the young temperance preacher who is himself a drunkard.

Barrie's "Professor's Love Story" is still a potent drawing card in the Willard repertory. Its unconventional fashion of dealing with the canons of play building makes it a refreshing novelty in spite of its age.

Mr. Willard's leading woman is Maud Hoffman, who took small parts in his company

when she first began to act, some four years ago. She is an Oregon girl, a great granddaughter of Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer, and she was educated in Boston. Her first important creation was that of *Berenice*, the patrician, in "The Sign of the Cross," when Wilson Barrett first produced the play in America. Subsequently she ac-

and besides having small parts in "Twelfth Night" and "Taming of the Shrew," took a course in pantomime and dancing. In the revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" some two seasons ago she was seen as *Titania*.

It is the intention of the management to alternate the performances of Miss Rehan and the dramatic company with evenings of



MAUD HOFFMAN, LEADING WOMAN OF THE WILLARD COMPANY.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

companied Mr. Barrett to England. Last year she was at Daly's, where she played *Grace Harkaway* in "London Assurance."

A CLEVER PANTOMIMIST.

When "The Circus Girl" was revived at Daly's after the summer vacation, there was a new *Lucille*, the wire walker. It was Mary Young, and her deftness in pantomime brought out many favorable comments. Miss Young has been a member of the Daly company since the production of "The Foresters," in the spring of 1892, when she was twelve years old and appeared as *Fay*. Later she went to London with the organization,

musical comedy, as was done with so much success last season.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

Cléo de Mérode can go back to her inconspicuous position among the ballet dancers at the Paris Opéra, crowned with the distinction of having made the most successful failure of the season. Critics and public joined in a chorus of disappointment after her first appearance at Koster & Bial's, and yet she has set a new fashion in personal adornment, crowds mark her progress on the street, and large audiences assemble to see her.



MARY YOUNG, OF "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Unlike Guilbert, Chevalier, and other star importations of the music halls, she has no separate act, being only a part of the "Faust" ballet, whose general magnificence quite eclipses the dancing of this particular participator in it. It is on her beauty alone that de Mérode's fame rests. Of the quality of this our readers may judge from the accompanying portrait. Her photographs sell more widely than those of any other person in France. How much of this

vogue is due to her good looks, and how much to a curiosity awakened by the King of Belgium's alleged preference for the subject, must be left to conjecture.

Mlle. de Mérode is said to be a half sister to Otero, and has been a member of the Grand Opéra ballet for some three years.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

The best thing in "The Belle of New York," the Casino's latest *ragout*, is the



CLEO DE MÉRODE.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

travesty on the reportorial methods of the so called "yellow journals." It takes place in what is supposed to be Huyler's candy store, and some clever acting loses none of the snap Mr. McLellan has put into the dialogue.

For the rest, "The Belle of New York" has a deal of music which cannot help being

fall Mr. Hammerstein changed its name to the Lyric and opened it with "La Poupée" and Anna Held—two sensations, for the fame of Audran's comic opera about the living doll had preceded it across the Atlantic by several months, and Miss Held had learned English especially to appear in the piece. The result



ANNA HELD.

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, New York.

"catchy," as it is reminiscent of only the brightest bits from other scores, contains several episodes which are as silly as they are shocking, and—wondrous to relate—a real moral. This is embodied in the influence a Salvation Army lassie has on a young man about town, and in promoting Edna May from the chorus to impersonate the part the Casino directors have made a happy selection.

"LA POUPÉE" AND THE CRITICS.

Last winter the theater part of Olympia was closed for about half the season. This

is placed before our readers in the shape of a mosaic made up from the opinions of the metropolitan critics printed the next day. They are certainly striking when collated in this form, however unenlightening they may be as to the real merit of the work under discussion.

"Anna Held," said one reviewer, "saved the day. Her songs were all most effectively given."

"She was nearly always unintelligible," remarked another, "and the music which fell to her went for nothing."



VESTA TILLEY.

From a photograph by White, Birmingham.

"She had mastered her English very nicely," observed a third, while a fourth declared that the audience's "heartiest laughter was evoked by Miss Anna Held's original pronunciation of 'necessity.'"

"The most enjoyable elements of 'La Poupée,'" ran a fifth opinion, "are Anna Held and Edmond Audran," but a sixth affirmed that "Audran's score is a poor sample of his muse." Again, one reviewer dubbed the music "perling and delicious," while another stated that it was "not necessary to make any remarks about Audran's music, because it is not remarkable."

But the most divergent opinions of all were those concerning the English comedian, G. W. Anson, who, to one critic, was "pretentious, labored, and wearisome," while he convinced another that "quiet, genuine humor was possible in comic opera." "The old toy maker," remarked a third, "is worthily done by Mr. G. W. Anson, whose

humor is plain and substantial"; while a fourth called his performance "lacerating."

The opera has proved a big hit at the Prince of Wales' Theater in London, with Willie Edouin and Courtice Pounds in the cast, and Alice Favier as the doll.

THE BEGINNING OF A WELL-KNOWN CAREER.

Between twenty and thirty years ago the manager of a theater in Nottingham, England, was in the habit of putting his five year old daughter on the table to sing her baby songs for the entertainment of his audiences. One night he returned to his dressing room, after doing a turn himself, to find that the child had got his top hat down from its hook and was strutting up and down the floor under it, as pleased as Punch. This put an idea into the father's head.

He had a man's suit made for the baby, and in this costume the child sang with treble the effect, and was, moreover, wild with delight



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

over the disguise. And so, at such an early period of her career, did Vesta Tilley begin to enact men's parts.

Twelve years ago she went to London, and at the Alhambra made a sensation which gave her the name "London's Idol." She has visited America twice, at Tony Pastor's, before her present engagement at Weber & Field's, which is a markedly successful one.

Her reputation as a correct dresser in men's styles has made her as good as a fashion plate for the "Johnnies," but among all the suits composing her extensive stage wardrobe, the most valued is the tiny one she wore in Nottingham when she first trod the boards as a male impersonator.

Nearly all the portraits of Miss Tilley show her in character. MUNSEY'S herewith presents her as she looks off the stage.

ETHEL BARRYMORE ABROAD.

Henry Irving thinks that the stage is a factor in international politics. In the course of a recent interview with an English reporter, he observed: "I think we might also say that the drama helps to increase the friendship of nations. The courtesies and amenities of artists have done much to associate the peoples of the earth, for the actor gets very near to them."

Irving himself helps along this happy state of things by now and again engaging actors from this side for his company. Only lately he had Julia Arthur, and on September 6 Ethel Barrymore made her debut with him at Stratford on Avon. The play was "The Bells," and she appeared as *Annette, Mathias'* daughter. A local critic says that the part "was very sweetly played, exhibiting womanly tenderness, sympathy, and devotion to her father."

Miss Barrymore, who is only eighteen, has advanced rapidly to the front. To be sure, she had a good opening with the Drew company (John Drew being her uncle); but that she deserved all the promotion she got was proved by her splendid work, last season, as *Priscilla* in "Rosemary." Her future career will be watched with close interest by a host of friends on this side the water.

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE."

G. Bernard Shaw is a London critic who takes delight in impaling hapless authors on the sharp shafts of his wit, usually served up in the columns of the *Saturday Review*. He writes as one who has no patience with the commonplace; and in "Arms and the Man," which Mansfield produced some three years ago, he certainly lived up to his own precepts. The play was an artistic success, but its lines of satire were too finely drawn

to make it a winner on the financial side. Now, with "The Devil's Disciple," Mr. Shaw accomplishes the rare feat of pleasing Tom, Dick, and Harry, as well as the critics. To be sure, he has been obliged to throw a sop to Cerberus and eat a few of his own diatribes against the conventional; but this is only done at the eleventh hour, and he has covered up the concession with such a uniquely conceived "curtain" that, to use a homely figure, the pill is down before it is tasted.

"The Devil's Disciple" is a daring play in other respects than its topsy turvy fashion of treating dramatic canons, but although the spectator holds his breath now and again, no real offense is given to either morals or religion. The piece bristles with wit that is never cheap.

Mansfield has a rôle after his own heart in *Richard Dudgeon*, the scapegrace son, who ruthlessly tells everybody just what he thinks, and tears the mask from the face of hypocrisy. The play promises to rank with "Beau Brummell" and "A Parisian Romance" in drawing power. It is, of course, infinitely superior to either in literary merit. So for once, in a way, the judicious may stop grieving and rejoice.

"A LADY OF QUALITY."

Mrs. Burnett's latest effort in the dramatic line seems bound to make history. First there was the dispute over the selection of a star to play it; then, while Julia Arthur was rehearsing the piece, came the slight unpleasantness between star and author as to the latter's right to make suggestions; and later, the burning of the theater in Detroit two days after the first performance, and the destruction of all the scenery and costumes. But these were duplicated in all their original costliness in time for the announced metropolitan opening at Wallack's on November 1.

The result was a triumph for the star and a fresh demonstration that Mrs. Burnett is better between book covers than before the footlights. As a play, "A Lady of Quality" is talky to a wearisome degree, is well calculated to befog all who have not read the story, and presents an atrocious example of badly proportioned construction. Altogether too many important incidents are told about instead of being enacted, and when really stirring moments are reached, they are cut short with exasperating lack of judgment.

Mrs. Burnett had the assistance of Stephen Townesend, the actor, in making her dramatization, and many of the departures from the story are well planned; but when dialogue from the book is preserved it frequently savors of being lugged in by the heels. Above all, the

play is too episodic, lacks a continuous thread of interest, and requires the concentrating of one's attention, instead of riveting it by a natural sequence of events.

Miss Arthur's consummate ability stands forth in contrast to the unworthy vehicle with which it is associated. Her beauty is dazzlingly conspicuous, and her reading at all times intelligent and grateful to the ear. The episode in the rose garden, where she asserts her independence of *Sir John*, is especially to be commended for its repressive moments.

Scenery and costumes are beautiful. The production is in every sense of the word a feast for the eye. Miss Arthur's personal success was undisputed by the critics. She demonstrated her right to stellar distinction, and in any venture she chooses to make will worthily command the serious attention of theater goers.

"CUMBERLAND, '61."

Amelia Summerville is treating the public to a series of surprises. Some three years ago she taxed our credulity by showing us, in a "Trilby" burlesque, the buxom *Mountain Maid* of "Adonis" transformed into a sylph, and now, in "Cumberland, '61," she adds delightful comedy work to her accomplishments in the musical and extravaganza field. As *Mrs. Victor*, a Missouri widow of war time, she is a charming embodiment, and is certain to be in demand for all work of this sort, now that her abilities have been discovered. Last year she was *Baby Malone* in "Brian Boru."

As to "Cumberland, '61," itself, its central theme is supposed to be a Kentucky feud, with the war used only as a background; but the feud element is far from convincing. The strongest feature of the melodrama is the effort of the half breed Indian cadet (played by John E. Kellard, who was the villain in "The Heart of Maryland") to make his rascally father acknowledge his parentage and declare that he has no negro blood in his veins.

"AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

New York was decidedly pleased with its first view of Mrs. Ryley's Nat Goodwin play. It was originally produced at the end of the disastrous Australian tour, and might have redeemed the season there had it been put forward earlier. As it is, Mr. Goodwin has redeemed himself with it in the eyes of New Yorkers, who did not throng to see him so eagerly when he gave them "David Garrick."

"An American Citizen" is rather an elaborate production for a comedy, and is enriched by the presence of Maxine Elliott as leading woman. The rôle of *Beatrice*

Carew is no tax on the abilities of one who has done such clever work as Miss Elliott did at Daly's, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Goodwin, during his stay at the Knickerbocker, will not allow the success of "An American Citizen" to deter him from giving at least a few performances of "The Taming of the Shrew," already announced as in contemplation.

Gertrude Elliott, sister to Maxine, plays a young girl's part with a happy absence of affectation.

What sacrifices a man—or woman—will make for the pleasure of having his own way. Here is Fanny Davenport insisting on retaining "A Soldier of France" in her repertory simply because she had pinned her faith to it in advance.

Amy Busby, who is now the wife of Mr. Eugene Howard Lewis, a New York lawyer, is no longer attracted by the stage. She and her husband are enthusiastic "golfers," and during the past summer played on some of the best links in the country.

"The Wizard of the Nile," "The Sere-nade," "The Idol's Eye"—all the work of Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, and all three successful! This is the record of the two years' association of the leader of Gilmore's band with the author of the "Robin Hood" libretto.

"The Idol's Eye" is another good fit for Frank Daniels. No effort has been made to make it dissimilar to "The Wizard"; and while this might possibly reflect on the ability of the authors in the creative line, it is certainly no drawback to the enjoyment of the public.

De Koven and Smith frankly attempt to give the public a second "Robin Hood" in "The Highwayman," which has its metropolitan production at the Broadway Theater December 6. *Dick Scarlet* is the leading character, and the wild life of an English forest in the olden time furnishes the background of the story just as it did in the opera which made the fame of the Bostonians. The new one is to be enacted by the Broadway Theater Company, and the *Dick Scarlet* is in the capable hands of Joseph O'Mara, who scored heavily last season at the same house as *Mike Murphy* in "Shamus O'Brien."

Mr. O'Mara is about thirty years old, is a native of Limerick, Ireland, and has sung in Italian opera at Drury Lane. He was *David* to Jean de Reszke's *Walther* in "Die Meistersinger," and has appeared with Fames in "Faust" and with Calvé in "Carmen."

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

PEOPLE WHO ARE COMING THIS SEASON.

Ysaye, the famous Belgian violinist, will open his American season with the New York Philharmonic Society on the 12th of November. He will play the "Brahms Concerto in D Major," which Brahms himself said realized in Ysaye's hands what he had dreamed when he wrote it.

Ysaye will appear with the majority of the orchestral societies throughout the country. He has contracts with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, the Cincinnati Symphony Society, the Boston Symphony, and the Musical Art Society in New York, and he will also appear at the Metropolitan and at the Astoria concerts with Anton Seidl.

Pugno, the French pianist, will make his debut in this country this year. He is professor of piano and harmony in the Paris Conservatory, and his repertory is a large and brilliant one, comprising twelve concertos of classic and modern composers. It is expected that he will be one of those who are always coming over to rival Paderewski in the hearts of the music lovers. It is a little remarkable that men almost always succeed as pianists in this country, whereas even the best players among the women are not very successful. Fanny Bloomfeld Zeissler and Therese Carreño barely make a living here. But Paderewski's personality gives him a place that the morning stars singing together could not disturb.

Jean Gerardy brings his violincello from Belgium again this year. Four years ago he came here in knee breeches, and had some of the critics saying he was the best 'cellist in the country; and there are Europeans who are giving him the same homage over there.

Then, we are to have Nordica and Plançon, two of our old favorites, and two of those who are able to appear successfully in concert, because each has an authority sufficient to carry a company. They will visit California. Nordica's concert tour last year was a great success financially, and it is probably to her advantage that Mr. Grau is unable to give opera this year.

There has always been a demand for Plançon in concert. When his great voice thrilled an audience with its power, they wanted more of it. Societies all over the country tried to secure his services, but owing to his operatic engagements these were never successful. This year, being free, he sings his way to the Pacific and back. California

is lucky this year. She is getting many of the greatest concert artists.

THE ASTORIA AS A MUSICAL CENTER.

The new Astoria bids fair to be the music center this winter. The Musical Art Society will give a series of vaudeville concerts there, about eight in all. The most noted new feature introduced in these will not be musical, but most material, consisting of refreshments served all through the performances, with supper afterward. The "grand ball room," where these concerts are to be given, has a seating capacity of two thousand, in addition to the forty three boxes.

Both the Apollo Club, which is the magnificent chorus of men's voices conducted by Mr. Chapman, and the Rubinstein Club, also under his direction, will have their recitals at the Astoria this winter. The Mesurgia Club—made up of over one hundred male voices, under the direction of Dr. W. K. Simpson—will also bring its audiences there.

The Seidl concerts will not prevent Mr. A. Morris Bagley from having "Four Mondays in December," as usual.

But it is these Seidl concerts which will give the Astoria its musical vogue. There are to be twelve of them. There is a list of subscribers which might almost stand for a catalogue of millionaires, comprising, as it does, the names of Astor, Vanderbilt, Sloane, Whitney, Marquand, Morgan, Gould, Rockefeller, and a dozen others. The concerts will be given by Seidl's orchestra of eighty pieces, and the programs have been arranged with the greatest care.

Paul Steindorf has obtained permission of Mr. Daly to conduct the opera comique and ballet performances which are to be given in the hotel on December 6.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

Mme. Sembrich, coming back to New York after an absence of twelve years, finds the people eager for music. The panic over the lack of opera at the Metropolitan this year has been followed by efforts to bridge over the musical season with other attractions, with the result that never in the history of New York has there been a more satisfactory outlook for a long season of good music.

Mme. Sembrich has not stayed away because we have not wanted her. She was always a favorite here. But she has been so

successful in other countries, and the inducements to remain there have been so strong, that she could not be persuaded to cross the ocean.

This year she comes under the happiest auspices. Bevignani is the conductor of the orchestra which accompanies her. The accompanying soloists at her first concert were William Lavin, tenor, and David Bispham, baritone.

Mme. Sembrich is the wife of a professor of music in the Conservatory of Dresden, and in private life she is Mrs. Wilhelm Stengler. She has two big, handsome boys, who are at school in Dresden, and she very frankly says she does not wish to make a musician of either of them. Mme. Sembrich (or Stengler) is a Pole by birth, but through her life as a prima donna she has become a cosmopolite, one speaking almost every European language and with the manner of a woman accustomed to all countries. Much of her singing in recent years has been in St. Petersburg, where she is a great favorite.

Oddly, for a woman who is a Pole, and who may be supposed to be subject to Teutonic influences from a husband in a German school of music, Mme. Sembrich does not make a specialty of Wagnerian music. She prefers to sing the old operas which owe their charm to their melody. She has an idea that the reason they are no longer so popular is because there are no voices able to sing them. She says there are few good teachers left, and few singers who really understand the methods of singing. She declares that the success which has often followed the efforts of a young girl with a great voice, but no training to speak of, when she has attempted the heavier Wagnerian rôles, has been most disastrous from a musical point of view.

Mme. Sembrich calls attention to the fact that when this generation of singers has gone, there will be nobody to take their places. Last year Mme. Sembrich made her husband a gift of an album containing portraits of herself in every rôle in which she has ever appeared, painted from photographs. She has had fifty rôles.

Her next rôle in opera will be as *Mimi* in Puccini's "*Bohème*." She has had an unusual musical education, as in her early girlhood, and before her voice developed, she was a violinist.

COLONEL MAPLESON'S OPINION.

It is a little curious to see how Colonel Mapleson, who was the impresario of the Italian school of singers, regards the subject on which Mme. Sembrich touches.

He, like her, thinks that Wagnerian music injures the voice, but he thinks the craze for

Wagnerian opera has been greatly fostered by the singers who have lost their power to sing arias. Like her, he thinks that if the public could have an opportunity to hear the old operas sung as they were by Patti and Nilsson, instead of thinking them "thin" and unintellectual, it would discover it heard them with delight. But, while he asks "Who among the tenors of today could sing the great Italian music?" he does not agree with Mme. Sembrich that Italy is not producing singers who could. He says there are in the small Italian towns men and women with the old musical ardor and power, who are only waiting for their opportunities. As he took many of the greatest singers when they were quite unknown and gave them opportunities, he should be listened to with respect.

Colonel Mapleson has a great many interesting stories to tell of his experiences as an impresario. He was responsible for the high salary craze which has done so much to wreck opera in this country. Nilsson was just about to be married, and—as she thought—to retire from the stage into domesticity. Her personal manager approached Colonel Mapleson and asked him what he would give Nilsson for two or three "farewell" performances in London. After a good deal of bargaining it was decided that she should receive one thousand dollars apiece, which was more than any prima donna had ever been paid for one performance.

It happened that Patti was singing at this time in London, and when she heard Nilsson was to have a thousand dollars an appearance, her manager was sent for and had a bad quarter of an hour. In the end Mme. Patti refused to go on unless she received at least one thousand and fifty dollars, and as everybody knows, Patti's prices have never come down.

AMERICANS IN THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.

The Carl Rosa company, which is now in possession of Covent Garden, is having a great success. London houses are filling up as if people expected to have a brilliant winter season. The prices at Covent Garden just now are in the ratio of a shilling to a dollar, compared with those we charge, or those of Mr. Grau and Lady de Grey's season in the early summer. But people are crowding the house and listening with delight to "*Faust*," "*Tannhäuser*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," and the rest of the general favorites.

These performances are of particular interest to Americans, as two American male voices are among the best heard there. One of these belongs to Lloyd d'Aubigné, whom we used to see at Daly's several years ago,

and who afterward made some appearances at the Metropolitan.

Mr. d'Aubigné is in private life Mr. Dabney of the old Virginia family of that name. His father, who was the reader for one of the large publishing houses here, lost his fortune during the war. He was a man of beautiful character, and the author of several novels of Southern life. His children were all more or less artistic, and this son, who is still very young, will probably take a better position every year. He is the leading tenor in the Carl Rosa company.

George Ferguson is the baritone who has succeeded David Bispham. He has never had an opportunity to sing in America in anything but light opera, and this he refused.

A ROYAL LIBRETTIST.

Some time ago we mentioned that the Marquis of Lorne was writing the libretto for a Scotch opera. Ordinarily, the composer of the music gets all the credit, and the librettist goes comparatively unknown. When the latter, however, happens to be a marquis, and the son in law of a queen, it is the other way round. The Scotch opera is called "Diarmid," and the noble lord who wrote the lines says modestly that he has tried to do for Scotland what Wagner did for Germany; but even the English critics say that any comparison with Wagner would be absurd. The performance by the Carl Rosa Opera Company was fairly good, and society naturally made it into a function. After the performance the marquis and Mr. McCunn, the composer, were called before the curtain.

It is, however, quite safe to say that, lacking the presence of the semi royal author, the opera will never be heard here. In London, almost everybody in society had heard the opera, as it had been produced over and over again in private houses—in fragments, and without scenery. Considered as a society event it was a success.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

It has become almost a national custom in England to perform, during the Christmas season, the beautiful oratorio of "The Messiah." In this country it has been sung many times by societies and choirs. This great work was written in the astonishingly short period of twenty four days, as is proved by the autograph score preserved in Buckingham Palace. The first performance took place in Dublin in 1742, and it was sung thirty four times during Handel's life. At its first performance in London, in 1743, at the Covent Garden theater, King George II and the entire audience rose to their feet the moment the superb "Hallelujah Chorus"

burst forth, and remained standing in reverence to the genius who had composed it. This tradition has been remembered, for since that time an English audience always stands during the singing of this number. "The Messiah" is never given exactly as Handel wrote it, but with the additional orchestration, which is the work of Mozart. Today the chorus has become more conspicuous than the orchestra, for often in New York an orchestra of seventy pieces is made to balance a chorus of 550 voices; whereas at the Handel commemoration at Westminster Abbey, in 1784, there were 256 instruments and 267 voices. This great oratorio, with its magnificent fugues, graceful arias, and "Pastoral Symphony," contains so many elements of grandeur, sublimity, pathos, and beauty, that its popularity will always endure.

A few weeks ago Arrigo Boito, the composer of one of the most magnificent operas ever written, "Mefistofele," and the author of the librettos of "Otello" and "Falstaff," received a small casket from Verdi with the words, "To be opened after my death." It is thought that this contains an opera on "King Lear," or else "Romeo and Juliet," both of which have long been talked of by Verdi.

* * * *

Verdi is now eighty four years of age, and one of the most wonderful men of the century, not only in his accomplishment, his development, and his intellectual gifts, but also in his benevolence. He is now interested in preparing a great gift to his fellow countrymen. Outside the Gate Magenta of Milan a building is in course of construction which Verdi says is not to be inaugurated until after his death. The *Casa di Riposo* (House of Rest) is the result of a philanthropic idea that occurred years ago to the great composer, for it is destined to provide a shelter for old and impoverished Italian artists of all classes. The building was designed by Camille Boito (Arrigo's brother), and it will cost \$80,000. There will be accommodations for sixty men and forty women, each person will have a private room, and there are to be pleasant reading rooms, dining rooms, drawing rooms, and a concert hall. Verdi has paid the costs from his private purse, and for its yearly maintenance has set aside a part of the income from his copyrights.

* * * *

The French are nothing if not original. The other day *Le Gaulois*, one of the prominent Parisian journals, sent a lot of letters about to various people inviting them to say what they thought of Verdi's works. The comments of the men who replied are interesting.

Saint-Saëns wrote: "Verdi is one of the most salient figures of the age. He is Italy itself, with her faults, which one pardons, and her irresistible seduction. 'How happy are the Italians!' said Chabrier to me one day, and going to the piano, he sang 'Parigi, O Cara!' They can write like that. It is ravishing. We cannot."

Massenet wrote: "That master, robust and incomparable, for whom I feel as much respect as admiration."

Ristori: "Guiseppe Verdi, glory of the Latin races, inspired creator of divine harmonies, has made himself immortal in touching all the chords in the lyre of humanity!"

There were many others, and *Le Gaulois* published them all on Verdi's birthday, putting them like a bouquet on the master's table.

* * * *

A rather pretty story is told of Sembrich, when a little girl, meeting with Liszt, who asked her to play for him. Very modestly she asked, "What shall it be, master, Bach or Beethoven, Schumann or Chopin?"

Liszt laughingly questioned, "It seems you have a repertory?" The little girl dropped a courtesy, and demurely said, "Perhaps some Liszt." Seating herself at the piano, she dashed into the "Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody." Her boldness of attack, fire, and sure touch delighted the great pianist, yet he banteringly said, "What else?" Whereupon Marcelline took out her violin, tuned it, and played one of Wieniawski's Polish melodies.

"Anything else, young lady?" demanded Liszt sarcastically. Then the child sang like a bird for him, and Liszt, applauding enthusiastically, said, "My little angel, God has given you three pairs of wings with which to fly through the country of music; they are all equal; give up none of them, but sing, sing for the world, for you have the voice of an angel."

* * * *

Mr. Seidl is in great demand as a conductor and introducer of new singers this year. It was under his direction that the Belgian soprano, Mme. Dyna Beumer, made her appearance, early in November, with Paolo Gallico, pianist, and Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone singer.

Mme. Beumer has a large and varied repertory, but her favorite composer appears to be Massenet, whose music she sings most beautifully. She has long been a favorite in Europe. Her father, Henri Beumer, was professor of the violin at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Brussels, and he partly educated his daughter. While still very young, the French baritone Faure heard her sing, and asked that she might be sent to him as a

pupil. She has an expression which interprets the French and Italian music with great charm, and she selects this, never touching German music.

* * * *

Ysaye, Plançon, Gerardy, and Pugno, who are all here for the Philharmonic and Symphony concerts, will also be heard at the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan. Of all, Plançon is the most popular. He and Nordica together will probably bring to these Sunday night concerts as brilliant an audience as would be seen on an opera night. Plançon's voice is so essentially human, he has a vibrating note in his voice which takes it out of the range of calm criticism. To thoroughly enjoy his singing one should be near enough to see and understand the personality of the singer. For this reason he is more enjoyable in concert than in opera.

* * * *

We hear that the de Reszkes have been "desired" by the Czar to give a series of Wagnerian performances at the Theater Marie in St. Petersburg next March. The season has been arranged by M. Paradies, the president of the Russian Wagner Society. Dr. Löwe will bring his orchestra from Breslau, and will conduct the performances, which will be given by the de Reszkes, Mme. Malten of Dresden, Mme. Moran-Olden, Mme. Olitzka, and the tenor Wallnofer and the baritone Reichmann. It is probable that Mme. Eames will also appear.

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Wagner's early opera, "Die Feen," whose libretto was founded on a fable of Gozzi, will be represented this winter in the Vienna Opera House. "Die Feen" was written in Würzburg, in 1833, while Wagner was directing a chorus in the theater of that town. The music shows the influence of Wagner's two idols, Weber and Beethoven, and is said to contain many fine passages. Only a few fragments of the opera have been heard. The manuscript became the property of the King of Bavaria.

It is not generally known that one of the best Wagner museums is at Eisenach, Martin Luther's town. It has recently acquired the piano on which Wagner practised when taking lessons from Theodor Weinlig in Leipzig. Its latest addition is, however, the score of "Rienzi," the first work which attracted attention to the name of Richard Wagner. "Rienzi" was first sung in Dresden in 1842. One of the most interesting relics of Wagner is the slate on which he used to write the hours for rehearsals at Bayreuth. This is preserved under glass in a small room in the Festival Theater, and bears his last orders.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE,
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

WHOLESALE GRATITUDE.

When a girl is to be married, there is added to the inevitable hurry and excitement of the last few days a burden of numberless little notes of thanks. The presents come in droves, and if each is to have a separate acknowledgment, elaborate lists must be kept, that the gratitude for the butter knife may not go to the sender of the asparagus fork. No private secretary can help her out with these endless notes, and the freedom of the wedding trip itself must be infringed on to get them despatched. Her pleasure in the gifts is genuine, for no human girl can be indifferent to the ownership of silver and gold and cut glass; but their multiplicity makes it a great strain.

Some of the independent spirits have adopted a new way of acknowledging their wedding presents. A conventional phrase of gratitude is chosen and written across the backs of a number of visiting cards, which are slipped into little envelopes. Whenever a present arrives, one of these envelopes is addressed to the giver and sent off, and so the bride goes to the altar one degree farther away from nervous prostration.

There is no denying that this method is not universally satisfactory from the standpoint of those who have brought the offerings. When one has denied oneself in a dozen little or big ways for the pleasure of sending the new couple something that shall be of lifelong value to their household, it is a little disconcerting to receive back, "Many thanks for your pretty present," while "With much gratitude for your lovely remembrance" loses some of its force when one finds it applied equally to a gold toilet set and a pair of plated sugar tongs. This wholesale acknowledgment is apt to leave an injured sense that one needn't have bothered oneself, and yet it is a real boon to the bride.

After all, it comes down to a question of whether one sends wedding presents for the pleasure of giving or the pleasure of being thanked.

THE RICE SCRIMMAGE.

The white rice storm still rattles gaily about the shoulders of the newly married, in spite

of the rigorous efforts that have been made to suppress it. Statisticians have counted up the thousands of bushels yearly wasted in a foolish ceremony, and have urged that all this nutritious grain should be put into the mouths of the poor rather than down the backs of the opulent. Physicians speak of the eyes that have been injured or made permanently blind by the flying particles. Half the people present secretly resent the stinging hail, and the departing couple are compelled to amuse the public at large for the next three days by shedding rice with every movement.

One must be very young and very excited thoroughly to enjoy the rice scrimmage, yet it goes on year after year, a rowdy but permanent adjunct to the accepted white satin and Lohengrin. Boston tried to substitute inoffensive white flakes made of gelatine, but the public was not to be moved from its rice orgie, and the flakes had only a temporary acceptance.

And now the simple flinging of handfuls is being changed for an elaborate mechanical distribution. At a recent wedding breakfast a bomb was arranged under the flowers in the center of the table, and, at the pressing of an electric button, this blew up, scattering rice in every direction. The next device will probably be a rice shower, arranged on the principle of stage rain, and falling alike on the bridal couple and everybody else.

Half the time, if these young couples knew the original meaning of the rice ceremony, they would take especial pains to have every grain in the house hidden, or boiled and eaten, before the wedding. For it simply signifies: "May you have a great, great many children!"

CHRISTMAS ATROCITIES.

Who gets all the dreadful little Christmas presents that flood the shops at this time? In the chamber of holiday horrors no object of torture is lacking, from a red plush horseshoe to a plaster lady with artificial cherries dropping from her lips. The album, in all its hand painted atrocity, lies in wait for a thousand unsuspecting front parlor tables, and frescoed, distorted vases (in pairs) stretch

their wide mouths for the winter flowers, which must wither up for very shame at being so pilloried. Vulgarly, cheap and expensive, grotesque and commonplace, displays itself in every direction, to vitiate the public taste, and to waste the public money in a pointless distribution of gifts.

Surely a great crop of insincerity must be the harvest of every Christmas time. No one could feel true gratitude for a brass monkey pushing a wheelbarrow over a slab of malachite, by way of a paperweight, or a portly china maiden about to draw water from a corrugated match safe well. Nevertheless, it is the accepted law of Christmas that one must be effusively delighted at everything, from a frosted and steepled card to a home made oil painting; and so the victim goes through a polite spasm about the lovely gift, and soothes her native honesty by acknowledging that it was lovely of the donor to send it, any way.

So it was, if the true spirit of Christmas giving moved the sender, if the match safe was the outcome of a generous glow of good will towards men. But very often it merely represents an unspoken thought, "She'll expect something, and this is cheap." When a Christmas infliction comes in that way, there is nothing about it that calls for gratitude, and what was once an exquisite expression of human brotherhood has become a degenerate humbug.

A VERY MILD INFERNO.

"Slumming" as a pastime promises to be even more popular than ever, this winter, with the members of that section of New York society which is usually called the "four hundred." Now the four hundred do not form a constellation, but a nebulous body consisting of thousands of individual particles, which might be compared to a comet's tail. In certain quarters any well dressed idler is supposed to belong to this charmed and charming circle, and a slumming party is pretty sure to be credited with membership in the late Mr. McAllister's flock.

When people of the class that live in brown stone front houses talk of "slumming," they mean going down through the Bowery, the chief thoroughfare of the east side, and visiting such objects of interest as the Chinese theater and restaurant, the Atlantic Garden, the Hebrew theaters, or some of the densely populated portions of the tenement house district. It frequently happens that detectives are employed for even the least adventurous of these expeditions; and the central office is always called on when daring spirits desire to visit opium joints or other dangerous resorts.

Mulberry Bend was at one time the Mecca of nearly every sightseer from up town; but since the ancient rookeries have been torn down, and the ground on which they stood turned into a public park, the place has no interest for "slummers." Cleanliness and decency and good order have no attraction for visitors of the morbidly curious class. They care for nothing that is not morally or physically foul, and they resent the march of reform and improvement in the same way that the most conservative ruffians and beggars on Cherry Hill resent the visits of the board of health officials with their pails of whitewash and disinfectant.

In the region which the slummers regard as their own happy hunting ground there are residents who consider the intrusion of gaping visitors an impertinence; but on the other hand, there are many who profit by these expeditions, and would do everything in their power to encourage them. For example, there are various saloon keepers of local renown, whose places of business have long been numbered among the "sights" of the city; and these men are glad enough to establish and maintain a reputation for interesting "toughness" and dirt, because they know that those features appeal strongly to the fashionable element.

One of these saloons is kept by a man who began life as a bootblack and newsboy, and has won for himself an almost national reputation by his skill in keeping himself before the public. It is doubtful if any man in New York has secured as much free advertising during the past fifteen years, though nobody could well have smaller claims on fame. He owes his notoriety not to his persistency as a pusher, nor to any worthy exploits, but rather to the possession in a remarkable degree of what is termed in journalism the "news sense." In other words, he knows precisely what sort of a happening will attract most public attention, and hastens to connect his name in some way or other with whatever will interest the newspapers.

For example, when Coxey's army was marching towards Washington, this man organized an auxiliary army to meet daily in front of his Bowery saloon. When the commander of the Salvation Army went slumming, he induced the well meaning evangelist to disguise himself with false whiskers, and then accompanied him on the trip, knowing perfectly well that he would be arrested for wearing a disguise, and that they would see their names in the newspapers the next day. It is a singular fact that this man, who has literally made a fortune out of his "news sense," has never been able to learn to read or write.

One of the most popular places on the east side, just now, is a Hungarian restaurant in which, on certain evenings in the week, one can hear music from the very same gipsy bands that play in the most fashionable drawing rooms in town. The place is not a "slum" in any true sense of the word, but people who visit it fancy that it is a delightfully low and wicked spot, and take great pleasure in their dinner, which is served in a cellar, in the midst of dusty casks and barrels, and to the accompaniment of music as good as anything that can be heard in the city.

Young men and women usually derive great enjoyment from these expeditions, which seem to them to be spiced with no small degree of danger and adventure; but the older men recall the days when the city could boast of slums that were worthy of the name, and were not second in point of filth and brutality and degradation to any described in the pages of Charles Dickens' novels. Every one of them has been either wiped out or else purified and reformed beyond recognition, and although it often happens that some stranger in the town will ask to be directed to Harry Hill's, or Billy McGlory's, or Owney Geogehan's, or the Burnt Rag, or the Five Points, those places are now nothing more than a memory.

THE OWL HAT.

Here we have folly in the judge's wig—the maid of today flitting down the street under the brooding plumage of the introspective owl. Above her riant face looms the solemn head of wisdom; the quick glancing of her eyes is emphasized by the glassy yellow orbs that stare out in somber fixity over the rim of her careless pompadour. The closed, cynical beak is a sharp commentary on the restless mouth below; the stately gray feathers reprove the gay locks frilling beneath them and all the little jiggling ruffles which dance to her movements.

In light hearted defiance, she tilts the bird of wisdom to the angle that pleases her fancy, and forces him to attend her triumph through the streets where all may see him in the stocks, his anatomy cramped and distorted to suit the caprices of millinery, the gravity of his unutterable knowledge serving but to treble the homage paid to laughing folly beneath.

It is cruel. Could she not have contented herself with all the little stark bodies and scalloped wings that had no meaning beyond song and beauty? Could she not leave the somber prince of mysterious wisdom to his beloved darkness? The glitter of the winter city is well enough for her whose heart

warms to it. But the owl, for all his feathers, is acold.

AN UNLAMENTED DECEASE.

That obnoxious infant, the "Yellow Kid," who was for a long while the principal colored feature in the Sunday edition of two metropolitan newspapers, and afterwards spread over the country like a plague in the form of cigar lighters, candy, paper weights, and perfume bottles, finally succeeded in obtaining a brief footing on the variety stage, and even threatened to become the central figure of a legitimate drama. He actually appeared, too, at fancy dress affairs within the sacred precincts of the four hundred. It is hoped that he has now been choked off, and will disappear from the land in which he made himself a nuisance.

When his obituary comes to be written, however, credit should be given to the man who originated the undeniably funny figure that impressed its individuality on a whole city, and acquired a certain fleeting fame. The newspaper artist who first portrayed him in the colored supplement of a New York daily, and then transplanted him to the supplement of a rival journal, never succeeded in drawing any other faces that were in any way equal to that of the "Yellow Kid," nor did the other newspaper artist who succeeded him in the work of exploitation originate any enduring pictorial characters. The reason for this may be found in the fact that the comical little child was really a creation of the clever English cartoonist, Phil May, who first drew him as an illustration in one of the numbers of "Phil May's Almanac," a humorous annual that is extremely popular in London. It is said that it was the wife of a New York newspaper proprietor who suggested the idea of making him the central figure of a series of pictures of comic low life in the American metropolis.

POOR AND PROUD.

When a girl who has little goes on a visit to a wealthy family, there is often a bad half hour for her on her arrival, while she is kept talking and laughing down stairs, knowing all the time that a proud lady's maid is at work with her poor little belongings in her room above. She would not mind if her cotton linings and laceless petticoats and wood and celluloid toilet articles were betrayed to her hostess, but the scorn of an inferior cuts deep. When she goes to her room, everything will be unpacked and put away as punctiliously as if she had come with fourteen Saratogas, and the servant will offer to help her dress with flawless deference; but the maid will know why her offer

is refused, and the visitor will know that she knows, and will, for the moment, hate the world which has forbidden her the joys and appurtenances of wealth.

It is a foolish pride, of course, but then, girls are foolish. Nobody ever denied that. A hostess who is truly tactful will give such a visitor a chance to be left alone with her luggage, that no alien may discover its pitiful secrets.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE AND FOREIGN STUPIDITY.

From across the ocean comes a strange tale of assault on the sacred person of royalty. The story has probably been heard and commented on by nearly everybody in Vanity Fair who takes the slightest interest in the doings of foreign courts—and who is there in Vanity Fair who does not?

It seems that Lieutenant von Hahnke served on the yacht Hohenzollern, on which was his majesty the Emperor of Germany. The latter spoke one day in the most brutal and insulting manner of the mother and sister of the young lieutenant, who was standing close by. Forgetting all prudence, difference in rank, respect for the sacred person of his sovereign—everything, in short, except his manhood—the soldier turned and gave his imperial master a blow in the face which knocked him down and rendered him unconscious for two or three minutes. The officers of the yacht seized the offender, and, after a hasty consultation, sent him ashore with orders that he must kill himself, there being, in their opinion and his own, no other way out of the terrible position in which he had placed himself by his sacrilegious act.

Nothing better illustrates the enormous difference between latter day Americanism and the medieval atmosphere of the Berlin court than the fact that this unfortunate young man actually did take his own life, believing that he had disgraced himself irretrievably in the eyes of his fellow officers and of the world. Yet, had he but known it, he was standing on the very threshold of wealth and fame at the moment when the yacht's launch landed him on the desolate shore where he expiated his gallant folly. Fortune knocks once at every man's door, and this time, although the blow was strong enough to stretch his sovereign by divine right unconscious on the deck, the young naval officer utterly failed to grasp its significance, or to comprehend the fact that it pointed out a smooth and easy route to worldly success.

Suppose that, as he stood disconsolate on the lonely seashore, watching the launch as it disappeared in the twilight shadows, an American theatrical manager or circus agent

had found him and inquired the cause of his trouble. Then let us imagine the face of this impresario as the simple minded Teuton unfolds his tale of woe, and the quick witted projector of entertainments realizes that a veritable Klondyke in the way of a drawing novelty lies before him. How long would it take that glib tongued manager to persuade his new acquaintance that life on the boundless Western continent as a money making attraction is far preferable to death in a German uniform? What brighter picture can the fancy paint than the sanguine joy of these two men as, a five years' contract having been signed, they sit down together to plan their American tour?

When we recall the fact that the misguided ancient who fired the dome of Ephesus failed to win a fame comparable to that which has been bestowed by a devout and admiring generation of our countrymen upon the nameless hero who struck Billy Patterson, we can form some idea of the enthusiasm with which America would greet the man who had the courage to resent an insult by knocking down the best advertised ruler in all Europe.

What a glorious company of clubs and excursion steamers would go down the bay to greet him on his arrival in the new world! What political society or trades union is there in the land that would refuse to march up Broadway as his escort? What soap manufacturer would not gladly pay ten thousand dollars for the privilege of supplying the finest wares for the daily cleansing and perfuming of the honest hand that struck the nose of William II? Is there a brewer who would not pay an equally large sum for his indorsement, or a distiller who would not cheerfully contribute to his purse for the pleasure of making him familiar with some special brand of American whisky?

And when we think of the insurance, suburban land, piano manufacturing, gold mining, and other vast commercial interests in which the "man who struck Billy Hohenzollern" could be employed to pecuniary advantage, the brain becomes dizzy in the attempt to estimate the income that this misguided suicide might have enjoyed during the remainder of his life had he only been properly "handled" from the moment when fortune knocked at his front door. The show business, and the delightful profession of writing signed articles for Sunday newspapers, and managing bread funds and soup houses and bicycle contests, would simply have figured in the lucky soldier's scheme of life as pleasant duties for his leisure evenings, and would have netted him a trifle of perhaps \$100,000 per annum.

ETCHINGS

CHRISTMAS.

YEAR by year have the children of men
In verse and carol and anthem vied,
Telling the story of Christmastide ;
Yet ever the tale must be told again.

Back through the past the spirit creeps,
Back through the centuries dim with crime,
Back to the light of the Christmas time,
And lowly kneels where the Christ child
sleeps.

A little while, and in dawning spring,
With voices silenced and bells grown dumb,
Sad and humble of heart, we come
To mourn the death of the martyred King.

Oh, marvelous story of death and birth,
Thou hast brought the secret to mortal
ken,
That they who die for the love of men
Shall live as never they lived on earth.

Margaret Hammond.

NEGLECTED.

My head is bowed and my tears fall fast,
The moon is rising, an empty crescent ;
And I sit with the ghost of a Christmas past—
For I haven't the ghost of a Christmas
present.

Gertrude Elliman.

YOU.

YOU know, surely, whom I mean ;
No, not you—nor *you*—but YOU.
(It must certainly be seen
You're the one I'm talking to.)
Persons three the grammars say,
Second, third, and first there be.
(I would write in briefer way ;
Only one is known to me.)
You my learning and my art ;
Chaos all—from you apart.
You my wealth, my heart's desire
Burns for you with deathless fire.
Trinity of letters—see,
Heart and soul are bound in thee !
Y for years of yearning past,
O for open heart at last,
Y-O-U for perfect whole,
You my haven and my goal.
Alpha and omega span
Naught that's dearer than these three ;
Ne'er was writ of mortal man
Word more worshipful to me.
To the sun the sunflower turns,
Thus for you my spirit yearns ;

Fades the day in darkest night,
You my morning star—my light.
Firm in you I still abide,
Spurning still all else beside.
Time shall fly and, bended low,
You and I shall some time go
To that unknown otherland—
You and I, yes, hand in hand.

Harold White.

CLOUDS.

UNPILOTED save by the shifting wind,
No bourne before, no anchorage behind,
Across the upper ocean swift they fare,
These impotent armadas of the air.

Clinton Scollard.

BETWEEN LINES.

How still the earth but a brief while ago.
Pulseless and calm, as when the silent dead
Is wrapped in burial cloths from foot to
head ;
So lay earth in her winding sheet of snow.

Yet at His voice once more life's current
thrills
The pallid form with warm and pulsing
life ;
Once more the dormant arteries are rife
With action that a newer life instills.

And he who understands and rightly reads
Between the joyous lines of nature's spring,
May know death's winter is how brief a
thing,
And life and resurrection are God's creeds.

Henry Cleveland Wood.

THE BELLS IN A DESERTED VILLAGE.

THE bells ring down from the belfry, but
never a soul is there,
Only the sound of the bells around, stirring
the lonesome air,
Only the bats and the owls, and only the
squirrels at play,
And the beating of an angry sea coming from
far away.
The chimes are tender and plaintive, and the
chimes are soft and sweet,
And they wander away across the moor and
down the silent street,
Filling the drear old empty church, but filling
it all in vain,
Creeping about the lonesome pews like wan-
dering souls in pain ;

But only the bats and owls, and only the
squirrels at play,
Are there to hear, and the weary chimes float
mournfully away ;
And through the passing, changing time of
snow and the bursting leaf,
They are heard through all the country round,
voicing their lonely grief ;
But so long as the wailing wind comes up
from the distant sea,
Rocking the old and crumbling spire, their
tongues may not be free.

Frank H. Sweet.

THE PLOWMAN.

THE furrows are darkening into the hollow :
Lightly behind him the blackbirds follow—
By quick little journeys, they follow and
whistle.

Now a gossamer ship breaks away to the
blue—

(Who stands by the railing and waves adieu?)
All night it was moored to a thistle.

Charles Edwin Markham.

A DREAM OF RED.

THE flare of torch, the call to arms, the roar
Of revolution, violence, and flame,
The gory field, the pestilence, the shame,
And all the crimson, wanton woe of war !
The blood stained robes of saints who torture
bore,
And gained eternal life and deathless
fame—

(Far down my dream I clasp a maid whose
name
Bespeaks the buds that twine love's open
door !)

Now, royalty appears with pageant grand.

Lo ! Pharaoh and his host sink 'neath the
sea

While o'er the tide the light of Mars is
shed ;

One moment more, and straight across the
land

A scarlet sun proclaims the bondsman
free,

And holly berries crown a Christ child's
head !

Clarence Urmy.

THE SAILOR'S CHOICE.

BLOW me madly, breath of the gale,
Still will my laughter mock.
Blow away rigging and masts and sail
And dash me up on the rock.

Tear me apart in your fiendish glee,
Do all this if you will,

But leave me not on the stagnant sea
Where none can use his will.

The north wind bears no odor of palm,
But a scent of the salt instead.
So a curse on the balm, and a curse on the
calm,
Of the sea of the living dead.

Tom Hall.

A CHAMELEON.

HE paused beside a warm red flower,
And caught its rose ;
He borrowed, royal idler, from the sun
Its golden clothes ;
He slipped, a gleam of emerald, thro' the
grass,
A knight in mail ;
He crept by hap upon a white grave slab,
And turned as pale !

Catharine Young Glen.

PROGRESS.

IN that old garden of the yesterday
The seeds were sown that just now stirred
and woke

And sprang into the growing, fresh today ;
And at its birth there was a voice that spoke
In this wise : " Guard the plant with tender
care,
Aid its young strength to rise from out the
mold

That from its calyx, stainless, pure, and fair
The blossom of tomorrow may unfold."

Grace H. Boutele.

THE DIFFERENCE.

LOVE makes the heart a home of good,
Eternal while the ages roll ;
Hate dips a poisoned pen in blood,
And writes a wrinkle on the soul.

Robert Loveman.

THE TRADESMAN'S SONG.

DOLLARS and dimes, dollars and dimes !
I've counted them over a million times ;
Till my brain is weary, my heart is sick,
With memories thronging, thronging thick,
Of a low brown house and a field of clover,
With the bubbling bobolinks caroling over,
Where the droning honey bee breakfasts and
sup

In the sunshiny gleam of the buttercups.

Gold, gold, silver and gold !
What are they worth when all is told ?
Only enough to eat and to wear,
And a shelter that shields not from worry and
care !

Oh, to flee from it all for a day in the clover !
To hear the bobolinks caroling over !
With the droning bees to breakfast and sup !
And, oh, for the gold of a buttercup !

Emma C. Dowd.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

[A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY]

THE OUTGOING YEAR—OUR RECORD.

THE present issue of this magazine completes the year 1897. At the end of a year it is rather a good thing to look back over the preceding months and see if the record is what it should be.

We have given a good deal of serious thought to this magazine, and have made an earnest, tireless effort to strengthen it all along the line. In many ways it is better today than it was a year ago. I do not hesitate to say so. I know it is so. Our illustrations are better—not necessarily in theme, but in the handling. They have a much finer finish and show greater care, greater cost. The paper, too, on which they are printed is considerably heavier. This adds to the cost of a magazine, but it enables us to get better press work—clearer, firmer press work.

The letterpress is on a higher plane. The workmanship is better. The standard of the fiction, both in serial and complete matter, is higher. More men of national and international fame write for us. This is particularly true of the signed work. The unsigned work—our department work—is receiving more care all the time. Our editorial force has been materially strengthened, thus making better work possible.

These departments in THE MUNSEY—the dozen or so that it has—are the most characteristic thing about the magazine. THE MUNSEY was the first to go into departments to any considerable extent. We have had some followers, to be sure, but none has made departments the feature that we have. In them we aim to have our best work—better work, as it averages, than the signed matter by the big commercial names. Any publisher can buy “signed stuff” for his magazine if he has the cash, but there is no personality in this.

It seems to me that the reader who takes a magazine year after year looks for and expects and demands that there should be some personality in it—strong characteristics—corners, if you please; eccentricities, if you please. A publication that depends solely upon this name and that and the other that it happens to have for the hour never has any logical hold on its readers. The ideal magazine should have so much individuality in it—permeating it from cover to cover—that it would be to the reader a distinct personality, throbbing with human nature.

But the polishing and pruning and toning of the art and letterpress do not represent the sum total of the improvements in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE within the twelvemonth. A year ago today it contained but one hundred and twenty eight (128) reading pages; today it contains one hundred and sixty (160) reading pages. At the close of 1896 it was the same size as the 25 cent magazines; at the close of 1897 it is the same size as the 35 cent magazines.

Summing up the work of the year, then, it would seem that THE MUNSEY has gone forward. This is what we promised you it should do.

THE INCOMING YEAR.

AND now for the year before us. What will be the improvement in THE MUNSEY during 1898? That there will be an improvement you may feel certain. We have not stood still any year yet, and we are not going to begin now. There are endless possibilities ahead of us. A publication cannot stand still. It either goes backward or forward. The magazine that will be as good in 1898 as it has been in 1897 must be better. Everything, in all lines, is getting to be better and better. Every year shows an improvement. You expect more; you must have more.

Among other things, I shall try to infuse even more personality into this magazine than it has hitherto had. As magazines go, it has perhaps had a good deal already. But its characteristics must be further accentuated, further developed—made so strong that THE MUNSEY will be something quite apart from all other magazines.

This is the reading season of the year—the time when you subscribe for your publications for the coming year. That MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will have your subscription I hope there can be no shadow of doubt. We like to have with us the people who know us.

In this connection I want to repeat what I have said many times. It is this: There is not a family anywhere to which money means so much—ten cents means so much—that it cannot afford to exchange ten cents a month for the art and the refinement and the information and the pleasure that a copy of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will bring to the fireside. This is a pretty broad statement, I know, but it is all right—true as steel. I don't care where you look, you can't find so big a ten

cents' worth in the shape of a publication as you find in *THE MUNSEY*. You may hunt the whole world over, and you can't find it. It doesn't exist.

IT IS HERE TO STAY.

THE serial story is here to stay. You may recall that I raised the question, in one of these chats, a few months ago, as to whether it had outrun its day or not. I invited expressions from all our readers. We received a great many letters, and taken as a whole they sustained the serial story with extraordinary unanimity. The testimony was so overwhelmingly in favor of the serial that there can be no doubt of its popularity with the great majority of magazine readers.

The serial will continue to hold its ground in *THE MUNSEY*—and in all our other publications as to that matter.

NO NEW PUBLICATIONS THIS MONTH.

WE haven't started any new publications since last month. We added two then—*THE QUAKER* and *THE RED SEAL LIBRARY*. I think I have told you something about them. I fancy you may be a bit interested to know how these two youngsters are getting along. They are all right. In *fin de siècle* vernacular, they are hummers. They are making circulation at a breakneck pace. You see the price of each is so astonishingly small that everybody is subscribing for them or buying them from newsdealers.

We ought to round up the old year a little more briskly, I confess, by adding one or two more publications to our list. But then it has been a mighty busy month. Give us a little time, and we will make good this shortcoming.

Our complete list of publications stands as follows at this writing:

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.
THE ARGOSY.
THE PURITAN.
THE QUAKER.
THE RED SEAL LIBRARY.

In addition to the above are our cloth bound books. We have only nine, so far, exclusive of the bound volumes of our various periodicals. This small list furnishes a nucleus for a book business. The beginning is made. Growth will follow, and follow rapidly, as soon as I can get a little more time for it.

EVERY LEAF CUT.

It is an accomplished fact—the cut magazine. We promised it last spring, but it took a long time to construct and perfect the special machinery that was needed. It strikes me, however, that it was worth waiting for—especially since we had to wait any

way. A cut magazine is a delight to the soul. *THE MUNSEY* is the only cut magazine in the world. Our machinery is the only machinery in the world that can cut a magazine. There are trimmed magazines. Any magazine can be trimmed—a third of an inch sliced off all the way around. But to cut the leaves of a magazine in the process of manufacture, without trimming down the margins, is quite another thing. It is this that we wanted to accomplish—that we have accomplished.

THE RED STAR NEWS COMPANY.

I HAVE never told you very much about our news company. One reason for this is that until recently it has been treated as a branch of my publishing business. It is now a business in itself. It had outgrown the limitations of a "branch."

The branch idea was all right when our business was smaller. But with the greater circulation of *THE MUNSEY* and the greater circulation of *THE ARGOSY* and the greater circulation of *THE PURITAN*—to say nothing of the oncoming and forthcoming publications, our cloth books, etc.—it outran the scope of a branch.

The name of our news company is "*The Red Star News Company*." It is the outgrowth of the ten cent magazine—of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. Or I might with equal truth reverse it and say that the ten cent magazine is the outgrowth of this news company. Both sprang into being at the same time. *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* at ten cents was not possible without this news company. The established news company would not pay a price that made the ten cent magazine possible. On the other hand our news company could not have started without something tremendously strong to start on, and the ten cent magazine was tremendously strong with the people. It furnished the nucleus for what is now a large business—for what will inevitably be a much larger business, possibly a great big national or international business. I will tell you more about this news company of ours in subsequent talks.

THE BIGGEST NUMBER YET.

THIS is the biggest magazine we have ever issued, reading pages and advertising pages combined. There are the usual number of reading pages, one hundred and sixty, and one hundred and twelve advertising pages, making a total of two hundred and seventy two. Add the four cover pages and we have 276. Four years ago the ten cent magazine was merely an idea; today it is a pretty substantial fact. It was *THE MUNSEY* that gave the ten cent magazine to the people—that made the ten cent magazine possible.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE HORRORS OF SOCIALISM.

THE failure, or alleged failure, of the municipal gas works in Philadelphia is being advertised as a terrible example by those who are opposed to the control by city or State of any work or service that can feasibly be performed by private enterprise. It is stated, on the other side, that the Quaker City's lighting plant has saved, and is saving, great sums to the citizens and the city treasury; and that its mismanagement has been due to political interference and other removable causes, not properly connected with the general question at issue.

Those who denounce the municipal control of such public services as gas and water works as a "dangerous experiment in socialism" might have raised the same cry at a thousand points along the march from primitive savagery to modern civilization. The paradise of individualism was in those happy days when primeval man roamed the forests, finding his food and lodging where he could, and painting his skin with the color he liked best—wholly and gloriously free from the demoralizing supervision of a paternal government. His degenerate descendant of today is restricted and protected, served and supplied, by the power of the city or State to which he belongs, at almost every turn of his daily life. Gas and the electric light are comparatively new inventions, and they are not universally provided by the community; but they are so provided in more than two hundred American cities, and the number is increasing. Water, a similar public necessity, and likewise supplied by piping through the public streets, is now a subject of municipal control in a considerable majority of our towns; and whereas during the last fifteen years two hundred of them have changed from private to public ownership, only twenty have moved in the opposite direction—a verdict of ten to one in favor of civic control. It may be stated most emphatically, as the result of world wide experience, that where a public service has once been put under public management a return to private ownership is scarcely ever desired or even tolerated. The drift is all one way.

Those who warn us against the danger of allowing a city to light itself should logically demand that New York should sell her water works to a private corporation. They should request the Federal authorities to put the mail service into private hands, as Germany's post

office was once. They should argue for the abolition of the police force, and for a return to the days when citizens hired their own watchmen to protect their property over night. They should denounce the interference of a paternal government that stamps a certificate of value upon our money. In a word, they should invite us to return to the anarchy of barbarism.

MEMORY AS A LOST ART.

WILL memory become a lost art, or a lost function of the mind?

The question is not a matter of such idle speculation as it may seem at first glance. Our progenitors lost their caudal appendages when they ceased to live in the treetops; they shed their natural coating of hair when they adopted the effeminate habit of wearing clothes. So it has been with every member and every faculty that drops into disuse—nature abandons the purposeless labor of producing it. The present generation is told, for instance, that it is losing its teeth because it is no longer obliged to exercise them in tearing coarse food. The coming man, we are informed, will be bald and toothless, with a great dome-like forehead, a small, weak mouth and jaw, and a shrunken nose; his feet, perhaps, will have become claws, for the better grasping of his bicycle pedals; his mind will be wonderfully quick and receptive, but his memory will suffer correspondingly.

In the early days of civilization, men read very little, because there was very little to read; but what they read left an impress upon them. Earlier still, before writing was invented, memory was the only record the human race possessed. Histories and legends, thrown into verse to aid the reciter, were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth alone, to an extent almost incomprehensible to us of today. The memorizing faculty of a bookless people was comparable, no doubt, to the marvelous sense of touch developed by a blind man. On the other hand, modern conditions, with the infinite and ubiquitous multiplication of printed matter, and our universal habit of desultory reading, are highly unfavorable to the retention of the vast and miscellaneous melange presented to the mind. Max Müller, in describing the wonderful feats of recitation performed by the Brahmins of India, says that the daily perusal of the *Times* for ten

years would have sufficed to impair the strongest memory that any of them ever possessed.

That cultured minds may still possess the power of exact verbal memory to a remarkable degree was proved the other day by one Signor Edoe, a teacher in a country town in Italy, who, for a wager, repeated the whole of Dante's "Divina Commedia." The feat was accomplished in twenty hours, without prompting or aid of any sort, and after a comparatively short preparation. It seems a phenomenal one today, but in an earlier age there was a class of minstrels who won their ordinary livelihood by recitations of perhaps equal length.

THE PRESENT OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

AMERICAN humor seems to be in a transition state at present. For the first time in more than half a century our country finds itself without any writer of international renown who fairly represents any phase of our national wit. The race of broadly humorous writers that began with John Phoenix, in antebellum days, and established the fame of American humor in all parts of the English speaking world, died with Bill Nye; nor is there any legitimate successor to the throne occupied by those humorists of a higher class, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell were the acknowledged leaders.

It is true that Mark Twain, who succeeded Artemus Ward in the kingdom of humor, is still alive, but he has long since occupied himself with serious work, like his "Joan of Arc." Nor would his peculiar style of fun, admirable as it was in its day, meet the demand of a public whose standard of taste has been materially elevated during the past quarter of a century.

The humor of today has a distinct satirical tendency, and usually has a sting in it somewhere. The late George T. Lanigan, whose name is almost unknown to the mass of the reading public, lived before his time, and therefore did not enjoy the popularity which would be achieved today by any man clever enough to write "The Ahkoond of Swat" and "Out of the World Fables." The last named book, by the way, has been republished in England within the past two or three years, and has enjoyed a wide sale there.

The chief strength of the humor of the broad American school rested in its "acrobatic" qualities, to use a professional humorist's term. That is to say, it was a humor that rested largely on some one's misfortunes, and its principal ingredients were the mother in law, the stove pipe which had to be put

up in the fall and taken down in the spring—both times with comically disastrous results to those concerned in the work—inebriety in its many phases, the slippery banana peel, and the goat, an animal which may be fairly described as the cornerstone of newspaper humor. For fully a score of years our literary comedians entertained their readers with tales in which these acrobatic elements played important parts, but now their race is run, and the public demands something more subtle and of a finer literary quality.

Humorous writers we have, it is true, whose works enjoy a fair degree of popularity, but there is not one of these who fairly represents any particular form of humor, or who enjoys a reputation comparable with that of any one of the men we have named.

Who will be our next great humorist? The American public is keeping a warm corner in its heart for him.

FALSE COLORS.

A JOURNALIST once started to write up a social club that had been formed by the women employed in several large department stores. The details of the affair were readily given, and an invitation to one of the meetings was offered. "But," it was whispered, "don't refer to the members as 'shop girls.' They are very sensitive about that."

Is there any country in the world besides this spoilt, snobbish democracy of ours where such a foolish condition could be imposed—where women doing honest work for an honest living are ashamed to give it its honest name? We are always trying to sound better than we are, and can never learn that taking a high title does not lift us up; it merely pulls the title down.

In this way we have spoiled one of the loveliest terms we have—the word "lady." It stood for the grace and refinement of the world, and the great mass, vaguely desirous of these qualities, and resentful of any suspicion that they did not possess them, seized the title and insisted on their right to it so vehemently that those who had been born to it gave it up and contented themselves with the simple term of "woman." And that in itself is quite beautiful enough for anybody when a lady uses it.

These girls who worked in the big shops were salesladies, every one of them. It is a lady who comes in to scrub every week, and when the boiler needs repairing the washlady knows a young gentleman who is a plumber. It is not often, in America, that one finds a woman who is ashamed to work, but nearly all try to dress up their trade in some fancy name, as if the stigma of servility lay in the accepted term.

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" RESIGNATION. "

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